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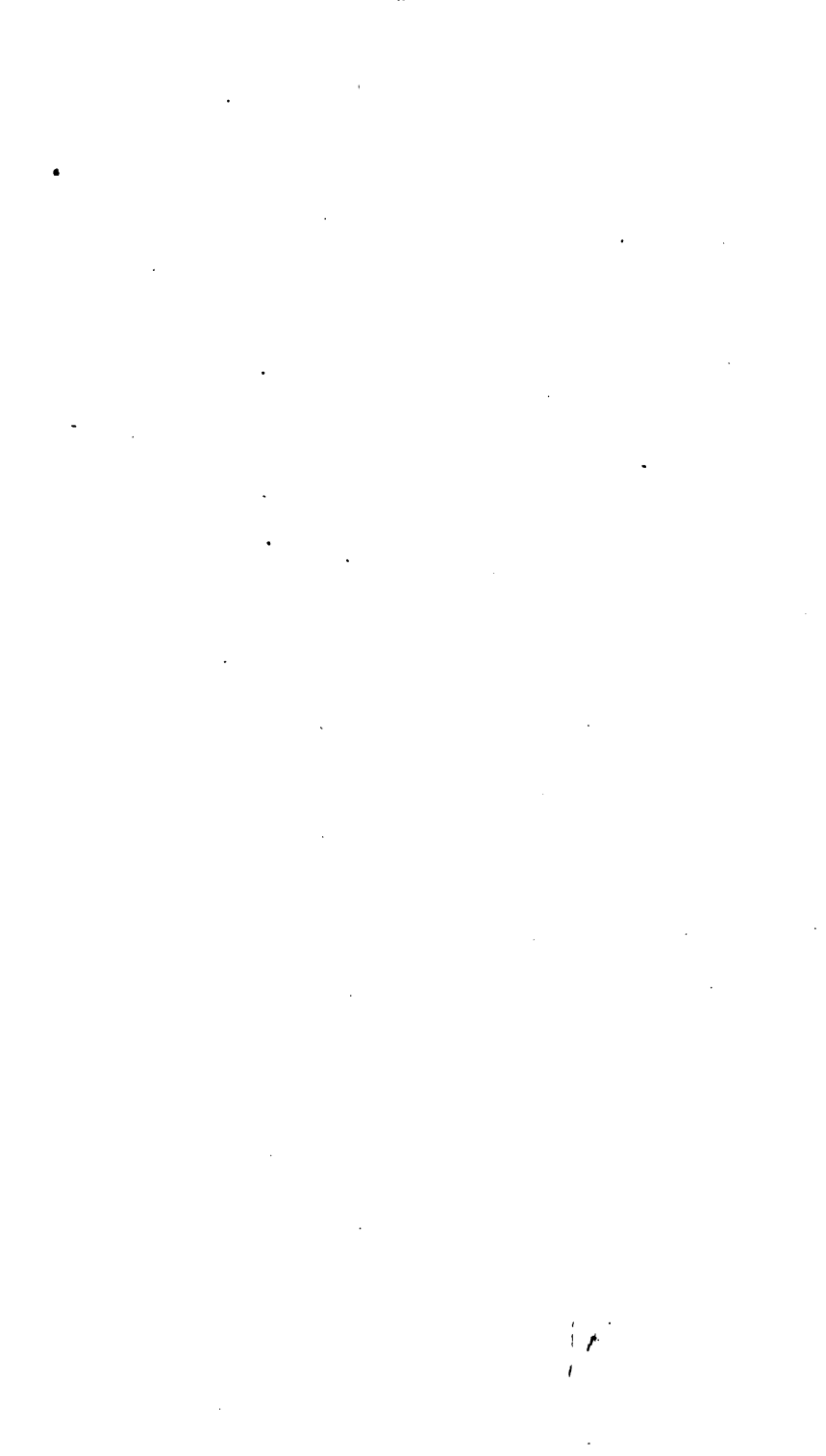
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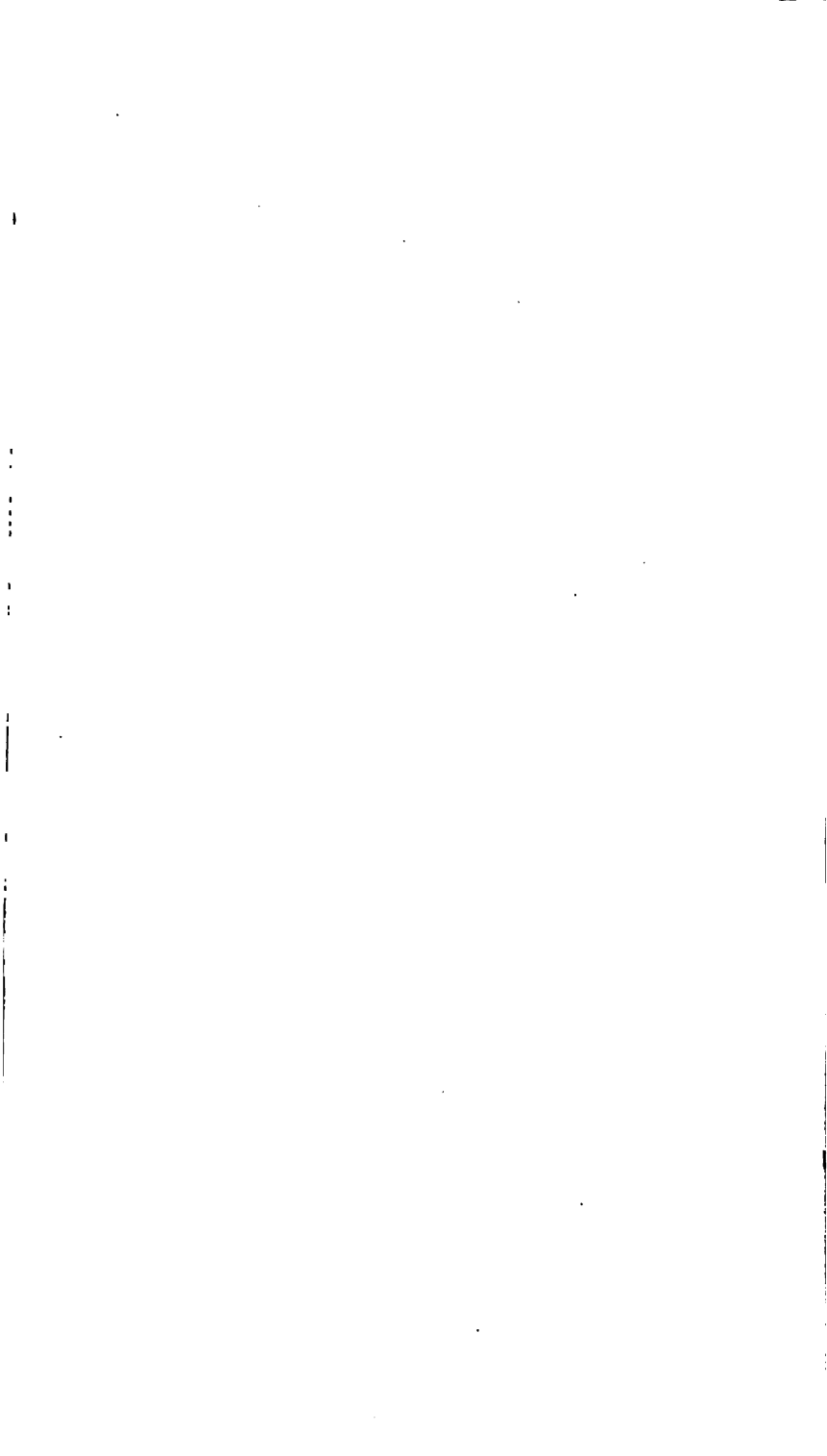
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THE  
**ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION:**

**RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY.**

**INTENDED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.**

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**BY CAROLINE FRY.**

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THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

JANUARY, 1826.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from Vol. V, page 315.)*

HISTORY OF PERSIA—FROM B.C. 333 TO B.C. 330.

ALL Syria now submitted to the conqueror. Meantime the Macedonian fleet encountered and destroyed that of Darius. The siege of Tyre, which cost Alexander seven months, we have elsewhere spoken of. While it was going on, Darius again endeavoured to treat, offered large ransom for the prisoners, and his daughter Statira in marriage, with all the conquered provinces in possession. Alexander called his council to consider this proposal. Parmenio advised it should be accepted, saying, that were he Alexander, he would consent—the conqueror replied, And so would I, were I Parmenio—the proposal was accordingly rejected, and answer returned to Darius that it was vain to offer what was no longer his, or dispose of what he had already lost: they would pursue him to whatever place he chose to retire. In the first attempt to enter Egypt, the Macedonian experienced some check, by the fidelity of the Persian commanders; which provoked him to put off the humanity and forbearance he had hitherto exercised, and commit the most excessive cruelties—



thus proving that policy, rather than humanity, had dictated those virtues for which he has been so much extolled by ancient writers; but which made no part of his real character, since they could yield to the first motive he found for acting barbarously.

The Egyptians, to whom their Persian masters were ever hateful, received Alexander as a deliverer, and put him in immediate possession of the kingdom. Darius, meantime, having made several unsuccessful overtures and found there was no hope for peace, prepared to make the best defence he could, assembled from his still immense dominions a larger army than that which fell at Issus, and marched towards Nineveh. Alexander had already crossed the Tigris, and was encamped on its banks; when an eclipse of the moon so terrified the soldiers they refused to proceed, asserting that they were dragged to the ends of the earth by their commander, against the will of the gods, who thus manifested their displeasure. The king ordered the Egyptian soothsayers to be sent for. The cause of an eclipse were fully known to them, and to all the learned of that period, but it was in vain to explain it to the vulgar—they contented them with the assurance that the sun was predominant in Greece, and the moon in Persia; therefore when the moon was thus overshadowed, it must denote the triumph of the former over the latter. This answer effectually restored their hopes—the word of these learned magicians was seldom at that time doubted.

Near the village of Gangamela, some distance from the city of Arbela, the opposing forces were again drawn up for battle. From the accounts given of this contest, we cannot but conclude that the 800,000 Persians fled before the Macedonians almost without striking a blow—the former losing only a few hundred men on the whole, while of the Persians 40,000, some say 90,000, fell. Darius, seeing his immense army thus put to shameful flight, drew his scymetar, and was for a

time in suspense whether he would not rather put an end to his life than acquiesce in such ignominy. At last he resolved to fly. After passing the Lycus, those who attended him would have persuaded him to destroy the bridge to stay the enemy's pursuit: but reflecting how many of his own people were yet behind, he refused; saying he would rather leave the way open to a pursuing enemy, than shut it to a flying friend. He reached Arbela at midnight, followed by his nobles and commanding officers. Alexander pursued him thither, but before he arrived, Darius had gone over the mountains of Armenia, leaving to the victor all his furniture and equipage, with immense sums of money. The Macedonian marched to Babylon, and thence forward into the country without any resistance. Among other spoils, he recovered two brazen statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, which Xerxes had brought from Greece, and which he sent to Athens. It is related that the robes of purple and scarlet he sent to Sisymbrius, the captive mother of Darius, together with some curiously wrought robes he had received from Macedon; with a message, that if she liked the Greek robes, he would send her those who had wrought them, that her grandchildren might learn to amuse themselves with the art. The princess at this betrayed much uneasiness, as it was considered in Persia a degradation for women to employ themselves in such works. When Alexander understood this, he waited on the princess himself, to assure her he meant no affront, but was ignorant of the Persian customs—in his country it was otherwise; for the robes he then wore were not only a present from his sisters, but wrought by their own hands.

From city to city, from province to province, Alexander marched victoriously, and reached Persepolis, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Persia. Whilst feasting and drinking here with his courtiers, and when all had drunk to excess, an Athenian courtesan proposed the burning of Darius' palace, in revenge for her native

city of Athens, by Xerxes sometime consumed, and desired that she might be permitted to set it on fire with her own hands. The king assented, arose from table, and taking a torch in his hand, followed Thais. The Macedonians, attracted by the uproar in the palace, crowded to the spot, armed themselves with lighted tapers, and burnt the palace and the city to the ground.

The unhappy Darius was now at Ecbatan, in Media, where he was once more preparing to venture a battle; but his own people betrayed him. Some of his lords, having corrupted the troops, resolved to deliver him to the enemy, that they might not share his fall. Darius had intelligence of their design. The Greeks in his service vainly entreated him to encamp among them, and trust his person solely to their care: Darius replied that he would rather suffer, than seek of strangers the protection his own people refused him, however faithful might be those strangers—he could not die too soon, if his own Persians thought him unworthy to live. Not long after, the nobles seized his person, bound him in chains of gold, and carried him in a covered car to Bactria. The cart was covered with skins, and driven by strangers who knew not the dignity of their prisoner. Alexander, hearing of these transactions, made rapid marches towards the party, in hope to surprise and destroy the traitors; but they fled at the sight of his army, and Darius refusing to follow them, those that were nearest discharged their arrows at the defenceless prince, and left him, weltering in blood, to the mercy of the Macedonians. The cart in which Darius was confined, forsaken of its drivers, was standing on a spot whither Polystratus, a certain Macedonian, pressed with thirst in the pursuit, was led by the villagers to refresh himself at a fountain. As he was filling his helmet with water, he heard the groans as of a dying man, and looking round, discovered a cart with a team of horses, unable to move for the wounds they had received. Drawing near, he saw Darius extended in the cart, and very near

his end, the darts of the traitors still sticking in his body. He had just strength enough to ask for water: when he had drunk of it, he turned towards the Macedonians, said it was a consolation that in his miserable condition his last words would not be lost: he charged them to convey his thanks to Alexander for the kindness with which he had treated his captive family, and prayed the gods to prosper his undertakings. "Give Alexander," he said, "your hand, as I give you mine, and carry him, in my name, the only pledge I am able to give, in this condition, of my gratitude and affection." Having so spoken, Darius, the last Persian monarch, expired in the arms of Polystratus, in the fiftieth year of his age, the sixth of his reign.

Dazzled by the brilliancy of his conquests and the greatness of his name, the misjudging reader is too apt to feel his bosom swell with admiration for the victor in this war, while a cold pity, not unmixed with contempt, is all our emotion towards the fallen monarch. A little more consideration changes the aspect in which we view these rivals—Alexander ravaging a territory to which he had no claim—shedding, for no adequate cause, the blood of friends and foes—humane or cruel by turns and as it suited him—pursuing no end, heeding no rights, but his own ambition: Darius, always just, mild, and pacific, defending with never-yielding courage the dominions of his fathers—risking his life rather than forsake his own people—dying with a message of kindness on his lips to his greatest enemy, his heart retaining only the memory of benefits, while injuries were forgotten: surely it is with Darius the feelings will take part; to him the meed of admiration will be yielded, while the achievements of the victor are forgotten.

History has ascribed to the unfortunate Darius no act of cruelty or injustice, nor any of the vices imputed to his predecessors. With him ended the Persian empire, after having lasted, from the first year of Cyrus, 209 years, under thirteen kings. Alexander caused the

body of Darius to be honourably buried with the other Persian monarchs: and took quiet possession of the whole Persian empire. B.C. 330.

Not to interrupt the thread of the history, we have deferred to the termination of it all mention of the manners, customs, government, &c., of the Persian empire. We have thus its history entire; it having begun after the Jews went into captivity, and ended before the coming of the Messiah. The extent of the empire we cannot exactly give; all the known regions of Asia, together with Egypt, had been merged in its greatness. Of the climate and natural productions, we could say only what they are now, which may not be what they were at the time we have written of. Persia, as it now exists among the effeminate and half barbarous nations of Asia, has little connexion with Persia as one of the first great kingdoms of the earth. The ruins of Persepolis do indeed remain to evidence the truth of what we read of its magnificence and greatness—but we must leave to modern travellers the description of these stupendous remnants of ancient magnificence, almost incredible, even as they may now be traced.

We have already mentioned that Persia was anciently called Elam—her inhabitants Elamites. The government was always monarchical, and the crown hereditary. We first hear of it as a kingdom under Chedorlaomer, in the time of Abraham; again it is mentioned as of importance in the time of Jeremiah; but its regular history begins only with Cyrus. From this time, at which Persia became the second of the four great empires, the government was entirely arbitrary, the monarchs acknowledged no law, but governed entirely by their own will and pleasure. They were revered by their subjects as deities, none daring to approach the throne, without prostrating themselves on the ground in token of adoration. While in the king's presence they were to hold their hands within their sleeves—and we read of persons being put to death for neglect of this

ceremony. There seems to have been much of real feeling in this reverence—for it is told, that when Xerxes was once in danger at sea, his vassals contended who should be first in jumping overboard to lighten the vessel, that so by their death the prince might be preserved. They lived in as much dread of the king's wrath, as of the anger of their gods; they considered it the greatest misfortune that could befall them to incur his displeasure, and were ready at the least intimation given them by their prince, to become their own executioners.

The crown was hereditary and entailed on the eldest son of the king's lawful children. In long expeditions it was the custom, to prevent all contest, to have the heir nominated by the king before he set out on his journey. On these occasions the new king was crowned at Pasagarda by the priests: the ceremony was performed in the temple of the goddess of war, where the prince was first of all to clothe himself with the garment Cyrus wore before he came to the throne. Thus attired, he ate some figs, with a small quantity of turpentine, and drank a cup of sour milk. Then the tiara or crown was placed on his head by one of the grandees, in whose family this office was hereditary, considered in Persia the greatest honour a subject could enjoy. The king's tiara was called *Cidaris*, being a kind of turban rising up in a sharp point without bending; whereas the other Persians wore turbans bending down to their foreheads in token of submission. Round the tiara the king wore a band or diadem of purple and white; for nothing is meant by the word *diadem* in the ancient writers, but a band of this sort wreathed round the forehead.

The king's birth-day was kept sacred, celebrated every where with publick sports in much pomp and magnificence. His death was bewailed by shutting the tribunals of justice for five days; and that fire, which was worshipped in private families as a household god,

was on this occasion only to be extinguished. The king's abode was seven months at Babylon, three at Susa, and two at Ecbatan, according to the season. They likewise removed sometimes to Pasagarda, sometimes to Persepolis, which at last became their chief residence. The king's palace had many gates, at each gate a body of guards, whose duty it was not only to defend the king's person, but to give him notice of whatever they saw or heard of from any part of the kingdom, whence they were called the king's eyes, and the king's ears. To these, messengers were sent from the remotest parts of the empire, when any thing happened worth the king's knowledge; and they received, besides, immediate intelligence of any sudden commotion by means of fires, which were always ready at small distances from each other, and lighted when required; so that they could, in one day, receive notice of any tumult, rebellion, or invasion, in whatever part of the empire it occurred. The king's palace was deemed holy, and respected as a temple. It was extremely magnificent and furnished with utensils of inestimable value. The walls and roof of the rooms were all covered with ivory, silver, amber, or gold. The throne was of pure gold, supported by four pillars richly set with precious stones. The king's bed was likewise of gold, and Herodotus mentions a plane-tree and vine of gold presented to Darius by Pythius, a Lydian, who, next to the kings of Persia, was accounted the richest man in the world. The body and branches of this vine were enriched with jewels of great value, and the clusters of grapes were all of precious stones. It hung over the king's head as he sat on his throne. At his bed-head stood always a chest or coffer containing 5,000 talents, which was called the king's bolster, and another at his feet with 3,000 talents. Adjoining his palace were large gardens and parks, stocked with game for his diversion. It is said of Cyrus that he cultivated one of these gardens with his own hands.

The Persian kings drank no other water than that of the river Chaaspes, which was carried about in vessels of silver wherever they went. They drank no wine but Calybonian wine, made at Damascus in Syria, and touched no bread but what was of the wheat of Assos in Phrygia, and their salt was all from Egypt. Their table was daily served with something from every nation subject to them. Among the prisoners taken by the Greeks at Damascus, we are told were two hundred and seventy-seven cooks, twenty-nine persons who took care of the dishes, seventeen who ministered water, seventy who had charge of the wine, forty employed with ointments, and sixty-six whose province it was to prepare the garlands used in banquets. During their repasts, their ears were feasted with musick and singing—three hundred women, with the finest voices, were kept for the purpose: it was their province to lull the prince to rest with their songs, and refresh his spirit on awakening in the morning. Most of the Persian kings were much given up to pleasure. Xerxes offered, by publick edict, a reward to any one who could invent a new pleasure. The king seldom admitted any one to his table beside his wife and mother; such as had this honour were so placed as to be seen by the king, but not to see him—for they thought it degrading to majesty to appear subject to the same necessities as other mortals. This desire of appearing above the level of humanity, kept them much within their palaces, and scarcely allowed them to appear abroad. The king's children, especially the eldest, were committed to Eunuchs very soon after their birth. At seven years old they learned, under experienced masters, to ride and hunt, considered the most manly accomplishments of the age; at fourteen they were put under the care of four preceptors, of whom one was to teach them prudence, another justice, a third temperance, and the fourth fortitude—qualities, if we may judge by their histories, they seldom learned.



REFLECTIONS  
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*And he said—What have they seen in thine house.—*  
II. KINGS, xx. 15.

WHAT was it likely they should see? In kings' houses are precious things, the silver, and the gold, and the spices. Nay, but consider—Hezekiah had been sick to death—the warning had come to him, and he had been bidden to set in order his boasted treasure-house, ere he parted from it for ever. But the God of his fathers had heard his prayers, and had seen his tears, and he had healed him—and in miraculous pledge of future deliverance from his enemies, the shadow had returned upon the dial of Ahaz by the degrees it had gone down. The fame of his recovery went abroad, and his royal friends sent messengers to his palace. What was it likely they should see? Some memory of the warning, some traces of the tears, some record of the miraculous deliverance, some overflow of grateful adoration? Nay, but even no more than what they saw in the far country whence they came—a vain exhibition of earthly treasure—an ostentatious display of earthly greatness—even no more than what the messengers of Israel's king had seen, had they been sent to the palaces of Babylon.

“What have they seen in our houses?” We who have heard the warning voice of Heaven, whose prayers have gone up, whose tears have fallen, whose wounds have been healed, whose souls are rescued from the hold of death eternal? When they who have heard of it come in to us, what is it we take most pains to let them see? When the stranger comes into our families, or the long absent friend returns, what is it that first takes their notice? What are we anxious they should not

overlook? Returning whence they came, what will they report of the things they have seen? The splendour of our establishment, the brilliancy of our society, the adorning of our persons, the polish of our manners, the profuseness of our expenditure, the cultivation of our minds—the rank, the wealth, the influence—“All that are in mine house have they seen: there is nothing among my treasures that I have not shewn them.” Nay, but thy treasures, the best and greatest, where were they hidden that no one took notice of them? Where was thy God, that no one heard of him? Where was thy religion, that none remarked it? Where were thy altered principles, that none perceived them? “Hear the word of the Lord”—“Nothing shall be left, saith the Lord.”

*For all they did cast in of their abundance: but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.*—MARK xii. 44.

SPEAKS not our Saviour this of more than the elemosynary gifts of human charity? Stands he not by amongst his people, taking silent notice of what is passing, as they cast back into his treasury the gifts he has bestowed, and make surrender to him of the things he has given? Jesus, what seest thou? Of their abundance they will cast in much—they will yield to thee their wasteful superfluities—time, money, talent—they will spare to thee at thy bidding or at thy taking, what they can be as well without—they will uncliothe themselves of their purple, and unsprea<sup>d</sup> their sumptuous board; and they find themselves as warm in their plain garment, and eat with as healthful appetite their homely fare—the brilliancy of talent will shine as brightly, the expenditure of time will repay itself in as ample enjoyment in thy service as in any other—nay, their bodies' health, if thy hand is upon it, they will let thee take without a murmur—care, indulgence, a spirit tranquilized and a sanctified seclusion, are much that remains

for the something that is parted from. Yes, and their outward sins they will give up to thee—their broken sabbaths and dissipated weeks—their profane and idle jests—their infidel reasonings and neglected prayers—all these their natural habits will stand corrected, in open confession of thy name. And friends, and rank, and reputation, something of these too they will let go—so much at least as being theirs upon no real merit, as their withdrawing proves, can well be spared when what was best remains. 'Tis something, nay, 'tis much—but it came of their abundance—a little, little part of their Master's prodigality of good. The world looks on, and says of them that they merit well of Heaven, and that their Master, when he comes to judgment, will surely bid them sit down distinguished in his kingdom—the much rewarded for the much surrendered. But who is she that of her want has cast in all that she had, even all her living? The world does not see what she is doing, nor what she is parting from. It is the single treasure on which all her happiness is rested—something, perhaps, that neither rank, nor wealth, nor talent can pay the loss of. Or it may be, she has none of these. Her time is given to toil, her wealth is the bare necessity of existence—perhaps as she looks out upon the abundance that others are casting at their Master's feet, she sighs that she has nothing to surrender. No task for her in all this bustle? No offering from her in this great day of sacrifice? Unmeet to be even a door-keeper in his house? Disabled even to attend upon his altars?—"Give me thy heart"—it was all I gave thee and I must have it back again. Take out of it whatever it is occupied with—purify it from every secret stain—give out of it the selfishness and pride—aye, and the self-named humility—the shame of thy poverty and the impatience of thy uselessness—give out of it thy choosing, and thy wishing, and thy willing—thy reasoning, thy distrust. Take it off from whatever it is set upon, and give it me simply, freely, and entire—in un-

divided faith, in undivided hope, in undivided love—"all they of their abundance have cast in much," but this they have withheld—they have given me of their substance, but their hearts are to others. "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury"—for she hath kept nothing back. And if there be memory of gifts in heaven, will she not sit higher than they all?

*And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish?—I. CORINTH. viii. 11.*

THERE is nothing more plainly urged in Scripture, than the necessity of considering our conduct, not only as it may in itself be right or wrong, or to ourselves injurious or beneficial, but in the effect it may have on others, with regard to the interests of religion, their present conduct or eternal welfare. As Christians are forbidden to judge each other, by reason of the difference of character, of circumstance, of knowledge, of experience, that makes them incapable of judging another justly—so are they commanded to judge themselves, with reference to that very difference. You may know, by intimate acquaintance with your own character and after long watchfulness of the movements of your heart, that certain practices are not injurious to your spiritual estate—if you are sure of this, as it regards yourself, you are at liberty to pursue them—but there is another consideration: Can your example influence any one to whom the same practice may be injurious? Then you are not at liberty—it is even one as if it were yourself whose walk to glory should so be turned aside—for the body of Christ is one and indivisible, and every member is concerned in the healthfulness of all. Again—there may be forms, exterior observances, established maxims, that to a deeply taught, and deeply stricken spirit, are a real importunity, an incumbrance to its devotion, a shackle to its heavenward elevation. But are these established maxims and external

forms, of service to the church in general, to the less experienced, less exalted, or less powerful mind? If they are, we are not at liberty, openly and confessedly, to despise them, nor under observation of our weaker and more ignorant brethren, to neglect them. For in proportion as a Christian is himself advanced, he stands in spectacle to those who are behind. "Does he see no sin in this thing? Does he think that thing not necessary? Nay then, we will do it too—we will neglect it too. He is wiser and better than we." The weak mind falls where the strong one stood, the ignorant perish for lack of what the cultivated need not—but where lies the responsibility? The Apostle has answered—"When ye sin against the brethren and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ.

*Prevenant l'un l'autre par honneur.—ROMAINS xii. 10.*

NOUS devons avoir d'un côté de très-modestes et humbles sentiments de nous-mêmes, reconnoissant nos infirmités; et de l'autre une très-grande opinion des dons de Dieu en nos prochains, pour les exalter de tout notre possible. J'avoue qu'ils ne doivent pas tous être honorés d'une même sorte; mais je soutiens que nul d'eux ne doit être méprisé. Puisqu'il n'y en a point où ne reluise quelque grace, il n'y en a point à qui nous ne devons quelque honneur; mêmes les plus relevés de nous aux plus abjets. Car il n'y a personne quelque haut qu'il soit, qui ne doive du respect à l'image de notre Seigneur, au sang de son Christ, aux rayons de son Esprit; qui reluisent dans tous les Chrétiens, au moins en quelque mesure. Mais ce n'est pas assez de le reconnoître en nous-mêmes. Il faut leur en donner des témoignages; vivant avec eux honnêtement, les saluant, leur déférant, leur parlant avec des termes modestes, et accompagnant ces démonstrations d'honneur, de services, et d'offices réels, toutes les fois que les occasions s'en présentent. Car bien que l'Ecole de Jésus Christ n'approuve nullement les cajoleries des

gens du monde, qui font evaporer toute l'honnêteté et la civilité en vains compliments et en paroles extravagantes, le plus souvent aussi éloignés de la vérité et du sentiment de ceux qui les prononcent, que le ciel est de la terre : elle ne nous recommande pas non plus la rudesse et la rusticité de je ne sais quels esprits mélancoliques, qui sous l'ombre d'une fausse et vraiment superbe humilité, ne reconnoissent les dons de Dieu en aucun, et voudroient mêler et confondre toutes choses, sans rien déférer à autrui.

DAILLE.

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## LECTURES

ON OUR

### SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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#### LECTURE THE EIGHTEENTH.

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*Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?—MATT. vi. 25—30.*

IT is decided, then, that there are two powers in contention for our services—two kings, that lay adverse claim to our allegiance—two kingdoms, of one of which we are the willing and the consenting subjects. And it is decided by a voice that errs not, that we must choose between them; for their laws are so adverse, their commands so adverse, their services so inconsistent one with the other, that of both we cannot be. The divine Word then addresses his hearers, followers, and disciples, as persons who have made their choice; and we remarked at the close of the last Lecture, that to such only are the succeeding verses of his sermon applicable. Are they who have chosen earth their master, to take no thought for it? Are they who have hired themselves to time and sense to forget their service, and not see to their reward? That were impossible. They have their good things, they have their reward—they have their treasures layed up—nothing can be expected but that they should see to them, and give to them their cares, and to them their anxieties, and to them their watchful, willing assiduities; for where these are, there will the heart be; and whatever feigned allegiance may be payed elsewhere, or form of homage done, it is the things that are loved that will be taken thought for. Would that the children of light were but as wise in their adoption as the children of this world in their generation. Then would the question of service be at rest—each master would know his own—the livery would be too distinct to be mistaken, unless worn in determined hypocrisy; and men would not group about in such perpetual twilight, that few can say for themselves, whether they be of the light or of the darkness.

But, alas! the question is not at rest. The master who has entered into competition with the Most High for the obedience of his own world, will not content himself. The crowd of willing followers that wait upon Mammon's smiles, move at his bidding, clap their hands when he applauds, and grow sad at his rebuke—throng-

ing the path-ways to earthly honour, and filling out the bowls of earthly pleasure, without a thought for any thing beside—these are not enough for him. He will have service of another's household—lures with his bribery, and dazzles with his promises, and dismays with shouts of war, those who have foregone his service to become the disciples of the Lord who freed them. And, alas! but too successfully. The chain hangs clattering about our necks, and we scarcely seem in haste to put it off—the branding of servitude hangs lowering on our temples, and we scarcely seem disposed to wipe it out. We sit in coward doubtfulness on the threshold of our master's door, wherein is plenteousness and peace, waiting to be fed and comforted from without. And after that He has redeemed us from bondage, renewed us to eternal life, engaged us for his service, nay, adopted us as his children, our Father in heaven cannot prevail with us to trust him.

Men may argue as they will about the necessity of exertion on their own behalf—about the presumption of expecting instead of procuring—about participation in the common lot of humanity: they may excuse themselves as they will with alleging that what is theoretically true, is practically false, and that while we admit the sovereignty of God, we must not act upon it—nay, nor believe upon it, nor be at peace upon it. It is so, that there is nothing in the whole world so absurd, so inconsistent, so anomalous, so contrary to reason, and philosophy, and common sense, as the anxiety with which Christians consume themselves about the things of time, while relying on their God and Saviour for the things of eternity.

We know—how should we not, when we hourly feel it?—it is one of the hardest lessons the disciple has to learn. He is so unused to be secure in any thing, his former lords have kept their word so ill with him, his own heart is so little to be trusted, his fealty so vacillating, and his service at best so pitiful, it is against his



very nature to rely on any thing or be sure of any thing—least of all, on the permanency and security of his own good things.

And well our omnipresent Saviour perceived that it would be so. He did not, as men affect to do, see danger in this holy confidence, and anticipate that if all were to be expected from above, the affairs of life would stagnate; and men, once persuaded they should not be allowed to starve, would neither toil nor sow to procure their necessary food. He knew that the balance hangs the other way, while every thing in us and around us casts its weight into the opposing scale. There needed no argument to prove, that if he who had a field, refused to sow it, neither could he reap any thing therefrom—nature had taught us that. But there did need argument to prove, what nature never taught and but hardly is persuaded to believe, that when he could sow no more and could reap no more, and all earthly aid was gone from him, he was even in the same condition as before—a simple dependent on his master's bounty. It is the nature of man to seek what he desires—it is rare indeed that he desires the things of earth too little. There have been a few fanatics who have said that when they wanted food, or raiment, or any other necessary, they asked it of Heaven and it came. If they had not the means of procuring it, they did right—if they had, whatever they may say, I doubt if they would have put themselves to any considerable inconvenience to wait the answer to their prayers. It is against the predominance of nature, and he who knew our nature best, has not thought it necessary to guard this passage, or provide with a single word of caution for such a contingency; because he never condescends to the niceties of argument, or the deductions of philosophy. It did not escape him that human wisdom would reply—if this is believed, there is no inducement left to toil or spin, and men will lie down in inactivity—but he passed the objection without regard; for he knew that when all was

said, man would rather toil the very breath from out his body to secure the thing he wanted; than trust his Maker to provide it.

But mark how strongly, how tenderly, how earnestly the Preacher remonstrates with his disciples on their distrustful anxieties, their most unfilial cares. It is impossible to misconstrue the words, unless we do so wilfully; nor could language be by any means devised, that should forbid *all* carefulness about the means of existence here, if these words do not so. "Are ye not much better than they, the worthless, despised things that flutter in mid-air, useless while they live and unmissed when they die—the frail and feeble flower of the forest, that springs up in the morning and at night is cut down and withered, and no man goes nigh to look upon it. Are ye not much better than they? Alas! no—if we may credit the throbbings of our own bosoms, no. The blitheful chirping of their morning song is heard in the wakeful chambers of man, where the night has been consumed in anxious thoughtfulness, and the morning has brought nothing but a renewal of the evening's cares—"What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed"—and he looks out on the little songster, playing on the fresh-blown roses, and drinking the dew-drop from their cups, and wishes he were even one of them. They are clothed, they are fed, they are cherished—they sow no harvest that the cold wind blights—they mend not with tangled threads their moth-worn garments—they toil not in certain anguish for uncertain gain. If there be no God in heaven that cares for us, we are not better—nay, we are more hapless far in our condition than the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field. Father so kind! well mayst thou remonstrate with us for supposing that thou wouldst leave us in such condition.

But what! replies the anxious, wakeful heart—am I to look forward to the years of my life, and see no provision laid up for them—am I to number my children and see that there is not wherewith to satisfy the demands

of their existence—am I to go on from day to day, pressed with poverty, threatened with want, rising up hopeless, and lying down destitute—the probabilities of age, and sickness, and infirmity before me, and still no path of promise opening—watching, watching, waiting, waiting—what! and take no thought, and take no care—and be like the insensible and heartless brute, enjoying to-day in stupid unmindfulness of what may be to-morrow?

You must take the answer from God that you will not from man; and surely he has reason on his side. “Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment?” He has given us in common with our race, an existence and a form insufficient to its own support, and incompetent to its own necessities. It were strange indeed, if he should forget that he has done so, and leave that life to waste, and that form to perish. He does not scatter existence in prodigal abundance, without a purpose and without an end, heedless where it falls and how it terminates. To each one of his creatures there is an eternal destination, and there is a path to it assigned—so long as he is to live on earth, there is a place for him on earth, and the means provided, without which he cannot live. It is so with the fowls of the air and with the lily of the field; and it is so with all men in common. But this is not our sufficient confidence. For it is true, that while existence lasts, sorrow and destitution may make it more wretched to live than to die—it is true that creative bounty has so far been defeated, that the gift of life is become to some a curse, and its prolongation a misery, and hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, are the pitiful provision of existence; or if it be short of these, it is the destitution of something that habit has made as necessary and affection as dear as the life thus niggardly supported. And it is as true beside, that God has left his creatures to suffering and privation, as it is that the heart of man cannot content itself with suffering, or forego the desire of enjoyment. It is not enough there-

fore to tell us that God will enable us to exist so long as he means our existence should be prolonged—we may, as thousands do, exist in want and misery—we cannot be content to do so, and where is the security that we shall not ?

It is even so: and to the unbelieving world we have no more to say, why they should not consume their souls with carefulness. Their hearts bound up in this transitory world, their all embarked upon this feeble venture, with no better pledge of its success than what seems to them a chance, or if a providence, one that may justly be against them—what can be said to them that they should not be anxious? They know the nature of the service they have preferred, and are reasonably mistrustful of their master's payments. But the disciple of Christ, the real Christian, is not in such a case. It is not true of him that he is left to take his portion among the casualties of life, and share the common condition of humanity. He is bought with the price, and is the property of another—a purchase of no common cost—a property of no despised value. If we believe this—if we do indeed believe that we have been created, beloved, redeemed in the peculiar manner that in the Gospel is set forth, it is absurd above all other absurdities, ungrateful and unreasonable, to suffer so much disquietude about our earthly interests. Awakened to a sense of our eternal destiny, we have felt ourselves only too blessed in being allowed to give it out of our own hands and repose our hopes upon our God and Saviour. Possessing ample proof of his immeasurable love, we have laid our best treasures in his bosom, and are well pleased to trust them there. Against the bitter convictions of our own ill deservings, against the daily recurring proofs of our weakness and danger, against the terrific threatenings of his broken law, we can believe, we profess to believe that we are going to immortal bliss, resting on his trusted promise and his certain power. Yet with an inconsistency that, if it were not common, would be

surely strange, we cannot on the same security repose the small, the comparatively immaterial interests of the interval that separates us from the consummation of our hopes. The same writings that have made over to us the possessions of eternity, are our security for the things of time—the same truth that stands engaged for the one, has pledged itself for the other—the same love that has said, “Ye shall never perish, but I will give unto you eternal life,” has said, “Ye shall want no manner of thing that is good.” Why is it that we believe the one and not the other?

The soldier, when he enlists upon some distant warfare, commits himself for guidance and for maintenance to the general who leads him—if he has the means to secure to himself any convenience by the way, he likely uses them to his advantage; but assuredly he does not rack his bosom with care how he shall travel or where-withal he shall be provided—he has consented to follow his commander, and he trusts him with the rest. The servant, who hires himself to the retinue of some earthly Lord, looks confidently to him for such accommodation and support as befits his station in the service: he knows that if his lord will have him of his household, he will maintain him there—it is a part of his engagement; and if he had not believed him, and could not trust him, he had surely not hired himself to his service—wherefore, provided and at rest in his condition, he thinks but to perform the service for which he stipulated. The child, a sweeter and a fitter emblem—living in the mansion of a beloved father, provided from day to day with all he needs, calculates not the contingencies of abundance or of want—he does not know how he is to be supplied to-morrow, but the ignorance is no uneasiness—he has no means of securing even to-day’s necessities, and yet is secure of having them. He lies down at night in peace, and rises up in the morning cheerful—not because he has any thing that is his own, or that is secure to him, but on the tried experience of paternal

love. The Christian, in condition like to all of these—the Christian, an enlisted soldier on his master's service, to wage a war of danger indeed, and likely of privation, but under guidance to which he has consented to commit himself—a hired servant of the Lord he has deliberately chosen, who openly claims him, and appoints him his station in his family, and the service to be performed in it—a child of a Parent who without necessity has adopted him, received him, and secured to him a rich inheritance—the Christian only, under such circumstance, is fearful, careful, unsatisfied, and insecure—he has neither the confidence of the soldier in his captain, of the servant in his master, of the child in his tried and loving parent. If he does not know by what road he is to journey, if he does not know what is the provision for to-morrow, for this year, for the next year, for years that exist, perhaps, but in his own miscalculation, he holds himself excused that his bosom refuses to be comforted, and his days consume themselves in anxious thoughtfulness of what shall be hereafter. Which of those guardians of others' destiny, the general, the lord, the father, but would feel himself aggrieved by such mistrust? And yet the Lord our God, who created us when as yet we were not, and redeemed us at a price so costly, when as yet we knew him not, has no better treatment at our hands, than to see his people, if for their earthly cares they neglect not his commands, at least for their sake forget the enjoyment of his promises; and most commonly do both, nor feel they do him wrong.

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## THE LISTENER.—No. XXXI.

WE desire that our pages should be the vehicle of others' observations as well as of our own, and we never pass by without attention any suggestion given verbally by a friend, or conveyed anonymously by letter. To

such hints we are indebted for many of the subjects of our papers—sometimes by direct request, sometimes by the accidental expression of a wish that things were not so; and sometimes in company with our younger friends, we venture to confess it, our subjects are stolen from observation of habits that to themselves we are not at liberty to remark on: and when this happens, and when some young lady finds in our pages her own words or her own follies, we are persuaded that she reads them smiling, and without offence—even as if we told her her ribbon was untied, or her feathers about to blow away: it had escaped her observation—she cannot see herself as others see her—the mirror once presented, she can judge of the justness of our remarks.

And, as in the hubbub of this noisy world, there is much passing that I may not hear, I am ever happy to let others Listen, and insert with pleasure the following paper, which has my entire approbation. If I add to it some observations of my own, I beg my correspondent to believe it is not by way of amendment to his resolutions—nor because I am determined to let no one else have all the *say*. But, alas! my young criticks are so difficult to please—if the Listener happens to be shorter than usual, they say it is a fraud—if it happens to be more grave than usual, they say it is stupid—if any one but myself has listened, they say I am asleep—if it relates to men and women, forgetting they shall some time be men and women themselves, they say it is of no use to them. Wherefore in the attempt, never in the records of humanity successful, at pleasing every body, I am often induced to spoil the composition of my friends, by tacking to it something of my own. Every thing, however, is sure to please somebody: and no one but an Editor knows how pleasant it is, when one has filled a corner with a piece of bad poetry, to hear some one say it is the best of all the book.

The following paper, on a subject it has long been my intention to touch upon, needs no apology for its

introduction: it refers to habits that may as well be the habits of youth as of age—indeed if they exist in after life, it is almost certain to be because they have been indulged in at its commencement.

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Has it ever happened to aught but myself, to listen to I, I, I; in conversation, till, wearied with the monotony of the sound, I was fain to quarrel with the useful little word, and almost wish I could pourtray its hydra head, and present it in a mirror to my oracles, that they might turn away disgusted for ever with its hideous form—if so—such will have sympathy with my tale.

I was the companion, one morning, of an invalid young lady, of rather respectable mind, and who was sufficiently recovered to take an interesting part in conversation, when her medical attendant was announced. A young gentleman entered, whom I judged to be about twenty-five; his pleasing appearance and studious countenance attracted my attention; and after the few necessary physical enquiries were dismissed, I was alert on his introduction of topics more general. I listened for some time even more than willingly, and from the wisdom of his remarks, I should certainly have given him credence for a man of reading and of thought, and as such, should have judged he gave the preference to literary society, without the unceasing assurances of these facts from his own lips. But to convey to my readers a clearer idea of my disquiet, I will give the outline of the *closing* part of the conversation, assuring them, however, that the *preceding* discussion did more credit to the doctor's pretensions.

DR. R.—Have you seen that ponderous work of Mr. S? I sat up till past midnight reading it. It is a most delightful thing, and I can never lay aside a book in the midst, when I am interested.

MISS H.—I have not seen it, but from your recom-



mendation shall be glad to do so, particularly as in this country place I can find but little society.

DR. R.—True—literary society is the charm of life: I mingle with no other, (excepting indeed professionally,) and then (introducing a splendid list of literati,) with such men as these, one can find mental reciprocity: and I have the honour of their intimate acquaintance.

MISS H.—I have read the works of C—— and of S—— you have just named. What kind of man is C—— in the parlour.

DR. R.—O, quite charming: I was very intimate with him—he exceedingly regretted my leaving town—I must stay and dine with him whenever he got hold of me; and then B—— and F——; they were my inseparable associates: after such companions I can scarcely have patience to listen to common talkers.

MISS H.—It is well for those who cannot find society to their taste that there are books.

DR. R.—I read constantly; I am quite a devourer of books, all books that I can obtain; I can pick something good out of all; but my time is very precious this morning, and my visit has already been extended; but when I get into an *interesting conversation*, I, I—and thought I, as he made his retiring bow, with the *interesting subject*, SELF, doctor, and you are not soon weary.

I will detail one other demand on my patience from this ill-favoured propensity, and I would that these were isolated passages in my *listening history*; but perhaps I may have been peculiarly consociated with egotists. At all events I know I am a great favourite with them, and that whatever they may say about literary conversation, they always prefer my attentive ear.

I took up my abode for some time with a lady, whose habits of benevolence were extensive, and of whose true philanthropy of heart I had heard much. I expected to follow her to the alms-house, the hospital, and the garret, and I was not disappointed: thither she went, and for purposes the kindest and most noble; she re-

lieved their pressing wants, ministered consolation in the kindest tone, and gave religious instruction wherever needed. But then she kept a strict calendar of all these pious visitings, and that too, for the entertainment of her company: all were called upon to hear the history of the appalling scenes she had witnessed, the tears of gratitude that had fallen on her hands, the prayers, half articulate, that had been offered for her by the dying, and to hear her attestations of disregard to the opposition she had to encounter in these her labours of love. Who, with such an appeal, could withhold their commendation? I therefore, of course, as I listened again and again to the same tale to different auditors, heard many pretty complimentary speeches about magnanimity, &c.; and getting somewhat weary, I drew nearer to the lady's guests, till I actually thought I heard from one, (he was a clergyman I believe,) an inward whisper, that he would like to refer his friend to the four first verses of the sixth chapter of Matthew, but that it would be impolite. If my listening powers were too acute when I heard this, let me now lay aside my title, and turning monitor at once, assure my young friends, if they would have their conversation listened to with pleasure, they must be economists with *self* as their subject.

## ANTHEMIS.

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THERE is one point on which God and man are agreed—their hatred of Selfishness: with this only difference, that God hates it every where, and man hates it every where excepting in himself. There he feels it not, knows it not, and never would discover it, did not the prominence of the same quality in others come in perpetual and painful collision with it in himself: and many a hard rub, and many a rude knock, must his self-love suffer, ere he discovers what part of him it is that has been wounded. Amid the thousand forms that Self assumes, in its influence upon our thoughts, and words,

and deeds, the least harmless, it may be, but certainly not the least offensive, is that in which it affects our conversation. We have indeed, like Anthemis, listened to the *I, I, I*, till we have thought it the worst-sounding letter of all the English alphabet, and only halted in our opinion between it and its compound companion, the *my, my, my*, with which it rings in everlasting changes.

On behalf of the very young, we certainly have it to plead, that they know very little of any thing but what is in some sense their own. If they talk of persons it must be their parents, their brothers and sisters, because they are the only people they know—if they talk of any body's affairs, it must be their own, because they are acquainted with no other—if of events, it must be what happens to themselves, for they hear nothing of what happens to any body else. As soon, therefore, as children begin to converse, it is most likely to be about themselves or something that belongs to them: and to the rapid growing of this unwatched habit, may probably be attributed the ridiculous and offensive egotism of many persons in conversation, who in conduct prove that their feelings and affections are by no means self-engrossed. But the more indigenous be this unsightly weed, the more need is there to prevent its growth—it has many varieties—the leaf is not always of the same shape, nor the flower of the same colour—but they are all of one Genus; and our readers, who are by this time, we trust, most excellent botanists, will have no difficulty in detecting them, however much affected by the soil they grow in. The *I's* and *my's* a lady exhibits in conversation, will bear such analogy to her character, as the wares on the stall of the Bazaar bear to the trade of the vender—or if she have a great deal of what is called tact, she will perhaps vary the article according to the demands of the market. In fashionable life it will be *my* cousin Sir Ralph, *my* father the Earl, and *my* great uncle the Duke—the living relatives and the departed fathers, the halls of her family, their rent-rolls, or their graves, will

afford abundant etalage for any conversation she may have to furnish out. Among those who, having gotten into the world they know not how, are determined it shall at least be known they are there, it is *my* houses, *my* servants, *my* park, *my* gardens—or if the lady be too young to claim on her own behalf, *my* father's houses, &c. &c., will answer all the purpose. But happily for the supply of this sort of talk, rank and wealth, though very useful, are not necessary to it. Without any ostentation whatever, but merely from the habit of occupying themselves with their own individuality, some will let the company choose the subject, but be it what it may, all they have to say upon it is the *I* or the *my*—books, travel, sorrow, sickness, nature, art—no matter—it is, *I* have seen, *I* have done, *I* have been, *I* have learned, *I* have suffered, *I* have known. Whatever it be to others, the *I* is the subject to them, for they tell you nothing of the matter but their own concern with it. For example, let the city of Naples be spoken of—one will tell you what is seen there, what is done there, what happens there, and make her reflections upon it all, without naming herself; you will only perceive by her knowledge and her remarks, that she has been in Naples: another will tell you how she came there, and why she went, and how long she staid, and what she did, and what she saw; and the things themselves will appear but as accidents to the idea of Self. Other ladies I have known, who, not content with the present display of their powers, are determined to re-sell their wares at second hand; they tell you all the witty things they said to somebody yesterday, and the wise remarks they made to a certain company last night—I said, I remarked—the commodity should be valuable indeed to be thus brought to market a second time. Others there are, who, under pretext of confidence, little complimentary when shown alike to all, pester people with their own affairs—before you have been two hours in their company, you are introduced to all their family, and all their

family's concerns—pecuniary affairs, domestick secrets, personal feelings—a sort of bird's-eye view of every thing that belongs to them, past, present, and to come: and woe to the secrets of those who may chance to have been in connexion with these egotists—in such a view, you must needs see ten miles round.

There is an egotism of which we must speak more seriously. Faults that in the world we laugh at, when they attain the dignity and purity of sacred things, become matter of serious regret. I speak nothing of the ostentatious display of pious and benevolent exertion, too well depicted in the sketch of Anthemis, to need our further remark. We live at a time when religion, its deepest and its dearest interests, have become a subject of general conversation—we would have it so—but we mark, with regret, that Self has introduced itself here. The heartless loquacity—we must say heartless, for in matter of such deep interest, facility of speech bespeaks the feelings light—the unshrinking jabber with which people tell you their soul's history, their past impressions and present difficulties, their doctrines and their doubts, their manifestations and their experiences—not in the ear of confidence to have those doubts removed and those doctrines verified—not in the ear of anxious enquiry to communicate knowledge and give encouragement—but any where, in any company, to any body who will listen—The *I felt, I thought, I experienced—my sorrows, my consolations*—sorrows that if real should blanch the cheek to think upon—mercies that enwrap all heaven in amazement—they will tell them out as unconcernedly as the adventures of the morning—the voice falters not, the colour changes not, the eye falls not. And to what purpose all this personality? To get good or do good? By no means: but that whatever subject they look upon, they always see themselves in the foreground of the picture, with every minute particular swelled in importance, while all beside is merged in indistinctness.

We may be assured there is nothing so ill-bred, so *ennuyant*, so little entertaining, so absolutely impertinent, as this habit of talking always with reference to ourselves. For every body has a Self of their own, to which they attach as much importance as we to ours, and see all other matters small in the comparison. The lady of rank has her castles and her ancestors—they are the foreground of her picture—there they stood when she came into being, and there they are still, in all the magnitude of near perspective; and if her estimate of their real size be not corrected by experience and good sense, she expects that others will see them as large as she does. But that will not be so. The lady of wealth has gotten her houses and lands in the foreground—these are the larger features of her landscape—the titles and the castles are seen at a smaller angle. Neither lady will admire the proportions of her neighbour's drawing, should they chance to discover themselves in her conversation. She again, whether rich or poor, whose world is her own domesticity, sees nothing so prominent as the affairs of her nursery or her household; and perceives not that in the eyes of others her children are a set of diminutives, undistinguishable in the mass of humanity; in which that they ever existed, or that they cease to exist, is matter of equal indifference. And she who holds her mental powers in predominance, to whom the nearest objects are knowledge, and reason, and science, and learning—she takes disgust at the egotism of the former three, and does not perceive that the magnitude she gives to her own pursuits, seems as ill proportioned to them as theirs to her. And if there be one who, disabused alike of all, of wealth, and rank, and learning, having taken just measure alike of what she has and of what she has not, has placed all in the obscurity of the distance, and in nearness to her heart and pre-eminence in her contemplation, has placed the great things of eternity—right though she is, and just though be her drawing, even she should be aware that others

see it not so; the shades that overcast her landskip, never hung on theirs—the sun-beam that lights it, never shone on them. In times and in seasons she must speak to them for good—but when good is not the object, she too must beware of offensive egotism, in speaking of joys and sorrows that they never knew, and exhibiting contempt for things that she despises, but they cannot.

It is thus that each one attributes to the objects round him, not their true and actual proportion, but a magnitude proportioned to their nearness to himself. We say not that he draws ill who does so—for to each one things are important more or less, in proportion to his own interest in them. But hence is the mischief—we forget that every one has a Self of their own, and that the constant setting forth of ours, is to others preposterous, obtrusive, and ridiculous. The painter who draws a folio in the front of his picture and a castle in the distance, will justly draw the book the larger of the two—but he must be a fool if he therefore thinks the folio is the larger, and expects every body else to think so too. Yet nothing wiser are we, when we suffer ourselves to be perpetually pointing to ourselves, our affairs, and our possessions, as if they were as interesting to others, as to us they are important.

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## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

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### CONVERSATION VII.

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Serpentine—Steatite, or Soap-stone—Gneiss.

**MATILDA.**—I think I have formed a tolerably clear idea of the substance of Granite and its constituent parts, as well as of its general position in nature. I am impatient now to know what substance is next in the series.

**MRS. L.**—You must put out of mind all idea of regu-

lar succession in the substances I describe to you. I must name them in some order of succession—but in nature their occurrence is very irregular—any one of the Primitive, or even some of the Secondary Rocks may be found in contact with the Granite—and there are some substances, such as Marble, that occurring first among the Primitive formations, are found again, under different appearances, in the Secondary or Transition Class. “With respect to the order of succession in the Primary Class, the claim of Granite to the first or lowest place is unquestioned, as has already been discussed—but after this, no further certainty can be obtained as to the next rock, or the first of the strata; since they are all occasionally found in contact with it. The usual order of superposition is that which was deduced by Werner, from his observations on the neighbourhood of Freybourg, the Brocken Mountains in the Hartz and other parts of Germany; which declared his opinion as to the relative antiquity of rocks; but subsequent observations have shown that in other parts of the world, one or more numbers of this series are wanting, or they alternate, or the order of superposition is different.” I shall make you acquainted with them in the order usually adopted. The first substance I have to present to you, therefore, after Granite, is Serpentine.

ANNE.—I do not remember to have seen this substance before. It is less hard than Granite, I think; and though it has a mixture of colours, streaked and spotted, it appears to me of one equal substance, rather than a compound of many.

MRS. L.—Serpentine, so called from the variety of its colours, resembling the skin of the Serpent, is compounded of several substances, but not distinctly visible as in the Granite. The principal constituents are Siliceous earth, Magnesia, Oxyde of Iron, and Carbonate of Lime.

ANNE.—I must stop you to ask what is exactly meant by Oxyde and Carbonate—words you continually use in conjunction with the name of an earth or a metal.



MRS. L.—That need be no difficulty to you, though as yet you are unacquainted with chemistry. An Oxyde of any thing, means that thing mixed with Oxygen—a Carbonate, any substance combined with Carbon—a Sulphate, any thing combined with Sulphur, and so on. To return to the Serpentine. “Common Serpentine is noted for the variety of its colours, which are either simple, or variously intermingled in clouds, spots, or veins. The prevailing colours are green, of various hues, black, brown, dark red, and purplish brown; yellow, pink, lilac, and pale grey, are more rare. The variations that result from the admixtures of these in different modes, are infinite. It varies further in aspect, from being intersected by veins of different minerals.”

MAT.—Under such a variety of aspects, it will not be easy to recognize.

MRS. L.—It is seldom difficult to recognize the Serpentine Rock. The variety of lively or peculiar colours it presents, generally affords a good empirical character. It is commonly simple as you have observed yourself, and with a uniform fracture, imperfectly conchoidal and splintery; but some varieties have an indistinct granular fracture, and others are even formed of small lamellar concretions. The broken surface is almost always dull and earthy; but it frequently contains natural irregular joints, with polished surfaces, having an unctuous or soapy aspect and feel. The hardness is so various, as to afford no distinction; as it sometimes resists the knife, when at others it can be scratched with great ease.”

MAT.—Does the Serpentine, like Granite, form mountain masses?

MRS. L.—Dr. Macculloch, who is as good authority as we can cite, says, “There is so little accurate information to be obtained from authors respecting this rock, and the opportunities of studying it are so few, that I cannot pretend to give much satisfactory information respecting it. As far as has yet been ascertained, it occurs almost exclusively among the primary rocks, and is therefore pro-

perly placed in the present division. It does not appear to be ever decidedly stratified, [this he afterwards contradicts] or to alternate in such a manner with the primary strata in which it lies, as to give grounds for supposing that it is a stratified substance. It presents at the same time, one striking difference from the unstratified rocks, which, of whatever date they may be, are connected with veins that branch from them into the surrounding strata. No veins have yet been detected ramifying from masses of Serpentine. As far as is yet known, it seems to form irregular masses, included among the primary strata, and resembling those which are sometimes found in the primary limestones. Rarely, it is included immediately in Granite. The masses vary in size, sometimes extending for miles, and at others, not exceeding a few feet in dimensions. In the latter case, they frequently put on a parallel figure, determined by that of the strata in which they lie, but not persistent, inasmuch as they are extenuated at the edges till they disappear. Although the varieties in the aspect of Serpentine are innumerable, and more ostensibly striking than in most other rocks, the real differences in the essential characters are very limited." In Fig. 1, Plate VI. we have a specimen of Serpentine. It is, you observe, green and deep red, but with no admixture of the two colours. Fig. 2, is another specimen of green, confusedly intermingled with pink; but appearing still a uniform substance, not like the Granite, a congregate of different substances; the fractures are smooth though irregular, which Granite is not; but are not glossy like the Felspar—try it with the knife, it scratches readily—feel it, you will find it smooth and soapy to the touch—yet it has the appearance of being a very hard and durable substance.

MAT.—I do not think I could mistake Serpentine for any of the substances I have already seen, but might not so readily distinguish it from some others.

MRS. L.—Possibly not. Another writer, speaking of Serpentine, says, "Its appearance is singularly pictu-

resque and beautiful; and it forms a delightful contrast to the sublimity of granitic districts. Serpentine has its name from the variety of tints which it exhibits, such as bright red, green, brown, yellow, and their various shades, and it often is prettily traversed by veins of a soft substance, to which the term Steatite, or Soap-stone, has been given. Fossils that are unctuous or soapy to the touch, which possess no considerable hardness, transparency, or lustre, and which have a greenish tinge, generally contain magnesia. Serpentine is a rock of this kind: its principal constituents are Siliceous earth, Magnesia, Oxide of Iron, and a little Carbonate of Lime. Some of the varieties of Serpentine admit of a tolerable polish, and such are very desirable for ornamental purposes. Serpentine is seen in Cornwall in characteristic beauty, forming part of the Lizard promontory on the southern coast of that county. It appears in variously shaped and coloured blocks and masses; it forms natural arches, columns, and caves; and the district is of very singular interest from many concomitant circumstances, especially from the blocks of Porphyry upon which the Serpentine is incumbent, and the veins of Granite associating with those of Steatite, which pervade it. Serpentine is met with also in the isle of Anglesea, upon the northern coast, near the celebrated Pary's Mine, and at Portsoy, where it is associated with Granite." "Rocks composed of Serpentine and Carbonate of Lime, are found of considerable extent, of which the Verde Antico is a striking variety."

ANNE.—You have twice mentioned Steatite in connection with Serpentine. I should like to know what it is.

MRS. L.—“Steatite is a substance of different tints of grey and green, and from its very singular unctuous feel, has been called Soap-stone. It is somewhat abundant in the Serpentine of Cornwall, one of the masses of which is called the Soapy Rock. It is there carefully collected for the porcelain works of Swansea, in which



# GEOLOGY.

PLATE V.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



it forms a very important ingredient. It also occurs in the Serpentine of Banff. Varieties of this substance are the Nephritic-stone, or Jade, and the Aye-stone, employed by the natives of the South-sea Islands for making cutting instruments. Of the common Steatite, or Soap-stone, we have here a specimen, (*Fig. 3.*) It is frequently, but not always, soft, and has a very greasy feel. The next substance I shall introduce to you is Gneiss.

MAT.—This looks more like Granite than the Serpentine.

MRS. L.—And in fact is so in every respect. It is formed of nearly the same materials, is found of the same external structure, in great abundance, and composing mountain masses. But there is a considerable difference, as you may perceive, in the appearance of these specimens. *Fig. 4.*

ANNE.—I perceive that the Gneiss has a more striped appearance—the parts seem laid together in a parallel position, rather than mixed confusedly, as in the Granite; it looks foliated, or leafy.

MRS. L.—That is the usual appearance of Gneiss. “It is distinguished from Granite by a parallel position which pervades the Mica, most generally, or the Hornblende when that is not present; or in any case, by a foliated appearance, which is often attended by a greater or less degree of frangibility.” It is frequently called Slaty Granite, from its splitting into slaty fractures.

“The space occupied by Gneiss is often very considerable; and in many countries, it is found to be the most abundant of the primary stratified rocks, constituting extensive tracts, and rising into mountains of great elevation. In such cases, it sometimes forms masses of enormous thickness, without any intervening strata of another nature. In such situations, it is often found immediately following Granite, and succeeded by the Primary Strata. But, as already noticed, it is frequently observed to succeed one or other of these; or to alternate in large tracts with tracts equally extensive of many of them. Besides these

more extensive alternations, a large body or series of strata, consisting principally of Gneiss, often contains a number of alternating strata of other rocks in much inferior proportion. The dimensions of the strata of Gneiss are extremely various. They are generally very considerable where they do not alternate with the other strata already mentioned. Although Gneiss is a stratified rock, the several varieties of which it consists, present that disposition in very different degrees. When the texture is coarsely granular, and resembling that of Granite, the strata are generally least defined; and in some such, particularly when it abounds in Granite veins, it is difficult for an inexperienced eye to distinguish it from an irregular Granite mass. The same difficulty sometimes occurs where it is in very irregular position; either from a discordant inclination of the approximate portions, or from flexures and contortions. The difficulty is in this case increased by the circumstance, that such irregularities prevail most where Granite veins are most abundant: and such is the confusion hence generated, that it often requires an eye of no small experience to distinguish between the vein and the including mass; or to determine what is Granite and what is Gneiss. The distinction as already mentioned, in treating of Granite, consists in the general parallelism of the Mica or of the Hornblende, or else of some other ingredients. In composition, Gneiss fundamentally resembles Granite; as the prevailing minerals which enter into it are Quartz, Felspar, Mica, and Hornblende. To describe the mode in which these are combined, would be merely to repeat what has already been said of Granite. As in Granite, many minerals are found imbedded in Gneiss, in greater or less abundance. The colours of Gneiss vary from the same causes which influence those of Granite; and to repeat them would be superfluous. It may only be added, that the peculiar structure of this rock, by frequently causing the several colours to be disposed in stripes, produces a much greater

diversity of aspect in a series of specimens, than can be found in a collection of Granites."

In Fig. 4, we have a specimen of Gneiss, in which are distinct stripes of Mica. Fig. 5, one in which the various substances of which it is composed, lie in irregular streaks.

## SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

### CONVERSATION VII.

#### CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS INSECTS.

##### ORDER 1. Coleoptera, consisting of Beetles.

- |                       |  |
|-----------------------|--|
| 2. Strepsiptera.....  | { of the genera <i>Xenos</i><br>and <i>Stylops</i>   |
| 3. Dermaptera .....   | of the <i>Earwigs</i> .  |
| 4. Orthoptera .....   | { of <i>Cockroaches</i> , <i>Locusts</i> ,<br><i>Grasshoppers</i> , <i>Crickets</i> ,<br>&c. &c. |
| 5. Hemiptera .....    | { of <i>Bugs</i> , <i>Cicada</i> , <i>Fire-</i><br><i>flies</i> , <i>Aphides</i> , &c.           |
| 6. Trichoptera .....  | { of the <i>Flies</i> produced<br>by the various species<br>of <i>Case-worms</i>                 |
| 7. Lepidoptera .....  | { of <i>Butterflies</i> , <i>Hawk-</i><br><i>moths</i> , and <i>Moths</i> .                      |
| 8. Neuroptera .....   | { of <i>Dragon-flies</i> , <i>Ant-</i><br><i>lions</i> , <i>Ephemera</i> , &c.                   |
| 9. Hymenoptera .....  | { of <i>Bees</i> , <i>Wasps</i> , <i>Hor-</i><br><i>nets</i> , &c.                               |
| 10. Diptera .....     | of <i>Flies</i> , <i>Gnats</i> , &c.   |
| 11. Aphaniptera ..... | of the <i>Flea</i> genus   |
| 12. Aptera .....      | of <i>Centipedes</i> , <i>Lice</i> , &c.   |

*The Imago, or Perfect Insect—its Structure.*

**PAPA.**—If you young folks have half an hour to spare this afternoon, and are disposed to spend it in my study,



I have a thought of opening my cabinet of Insects for your amusement.

HENRY.—That will be a high treat indeed.

ANNA.—O, yes, papa; there is nothing I so much wish for.

PAPA.—Well then, follow me into the study.

ANNA.—How very nicely they are arranged. I suppose it is according to their order.

HENRY.—I am not a sufficiently good entomologist, father, to know on what the classification is founded.

PAPA.—Different naturalists have entertained very distinct opinions as to the principles on which the classification of insects ought to depend: but that of Linnæus, who founds it on the variety observable in the texture and number of the wings, is now most generally adopted. As you are a Greek scholar, you will at once perceive, by the termination *ptera*, that this cabinet is arranged on his plan. All these insects have attained the last or *imago* state; and I hope, with the aid of the microscope, that I shall be able to point out several interesting particulars respecting them.

ANNA.—I do not quite understand what the word *imago* means, papa.

PAPA.—It is a term, my dear, applied by Linnæus to the insect when it had reached its perfect state; because, having laid aside its *mask*, and cast off its *swaddling bands*, it is now become a true representative or image of its species. You observe that the bodies of all perfect insects consist of three parts: the head, the thorax or breast, and the abdomen. These parts are generally so attached by slender ligaments or hollow threads, that they appear divided.

HENRY.—Is it not from this apparent division, that the appellation of *insect* is derived.

PAPA.—Yes: it is from the Latin, *insecor*, to be cut in, or notched. All insects, however, as you may at once perceive by casting your eye over this collection, are not alike in this respect.

HENRY.—No; the divisions are very visible in the wasp; but they are scarcely perceptible in the beetle.

PAPA.—The thorax or breast, which is this middle part to which the legs are joined, consists of three segments or divisions: to each segment one pair of legs is attached; and on the uppermost, you observe, the wings are placed. The abdomen is composed of annular joints or rings, differing in number in different insects: in some there are seven, in others, nine or ten.

HENRY.—Does the perfect insect breathe in the same manner as the larva?

PAPA.—Yes: insects, in all their states, breathe through small apertures, or spiracles, as they are termed; which are disposed along each side of the abdomen. Put this wasp into the microscope and you will readily see them. They are visible as small knobs of a roundish form, slightly elevated and perforated in the middle. These spiracles are also considered, with much probability, to be the organs of smell. As it is best, in whatever we do, to observe an orderly plan, I shall first point out to you the particular forms and adaptations of the limbs of the different little animals of this class; and I think you will agree with me, that small, and often invisible as they are, they display, in a striking manner, the wisdom and contrivance employed in their formation. We will begin with the legs; you observe that, as I said before, they are attached in pairs to the three divisions of the breast.

HENRY.—I suppose no insect has more than six legs?

PAPA.—A few of the *aptera* genus, or those without wings, have: the centipede, for instance, has at least four times that number: but in all that are furnished with wings, six legs, and only six, are invariably found. Each leg is divided into five parts:—the *coxa*, or haunch; the *femur*, or thigh; the *tibia*, or shank; the *tarsus*, or foot; and the *unguis*, or claw:—but they are, as you may see, extremely different in their size

and form; indeed, from their various conformations, it is easy to recognise, even in the dead insect, the mode of life which the species is destined by nature to pursue. In the leapers, you see, such as the grasshoppers and some of the weevils; the thighs are remarkably thick and muscular; and the shank long and commonly arched:—in those accustomed to dig in the earth, such as beetles and chafers, the legs are broad and sharp, often dentated at the edge:—in swimmers, they are long, flat, and fringed at the edge with hair:—while in those that are intended to traverse our meadows, such as crane-flies, or long-legs, as they are vulgarly called, which you may observe by thousands on a summer's evening, readily making their way over the high grass, they are so disproportionately long and slender, that the little creatures seem to walk upon stilts.

HENRY.—And the motions of insects are as various as the forms of their limbs.

PAPA.—Yes. As Cuvier remarks, they exhibit those of every other description of animals: they walk, run, and jump, with the quadrupeds; they fly with the birds; they glide with the serpents, and they swim with the fish. Indeed, whenever you go abroad in summer, wherever you turn your eyes, you may notice the variety of their movements. “They are flying or sailing every where in the air; dancing in the sun or in the shade; creeping slowly, or marching soberly, or running swiftly, or jumping on the ground; traversing your path in all directions; coursing over the surface of the waters, or swimming at every depth beneath; emerging from a subterranean cavern, or going into one; climbing up the trees, or descending from them; glancing from flower to flower; now alighting upon the earth and waters, and now leaving them to follow their various instincts.”

ANNA.—I have observed that insects vary much in their paces too.

PAPA.—They do. Some crawl along; others walk slowly; and others move with a very quick step. Num-

bers of them run. Almost all the predaceous tribes, such as the black dors, clocks, or ground beetles, are gifted with uncommon powers of motion, and run with great rapidity. Ants are also remarkable for their velocity; and so are some species of lice and mites. Some flies too, are extremely difficult to take, from their very great agility. Mr. Delisle observed one, so minute as to be scarcely visible, which ran nearly three inches in a demi-second, and in that space made 540 steps; which is equal to the pace of a man who should run at the incredible rate of more than twenty miles in a minute.

Many of the jumpers among them perform exploits equally wonderful. Locusts and fleas, will, it is said, leap to a height equal to two hundred times their own length; and the *cicada spumaria*, or froth insect, which in general lies quietly under its frothy covering, on the stalks of plants, will sometimes jump five or six feet, which is more than two hundred and fifty times its own length.

HENRY.—Astonishing! Why it is as if a man should be able at once to vault through the air to the distance of a quarter of a mile! It reduces the wonderful exploits of the Grecian athlete into very insignificant performances. Insects must possess very great strength to be able to exert such agility.

PAPA.—They do. I think it has been computed that the strength of the beetle is, bulk for bulk, a thousand times that of a man.

ANNA.—It is well for us, papa, that they are such little creatures then; if they were as big as men, how tremendous they would be!

PAPA.—They would indeed. Here is another of the jumpers, Anna, you would not suppose it from the appearance of its legs.

ANNA.—No, Papa, that I should not. How uncommonly short they are!

PAPA.—This is one of the elastic beetles, or skip-jacks, as some call them. Its legs are so short, that if it hap-

pen, by any chance, to roll upon its back, it cannot possibly turn round and regain a prone position : it is therefore furnished with a mechanism, by means of which, it sometimes throws itself an inch or two into the air, and in coming down again, it manages to regain its legs. So that you see legs are not the only organs by which even perfect insects leap.

ANNA.—The leaping of Insects is very wonderful, certainly ; but do you know, Papa, it is not so astonishing to me as their climbing. I cannot conceive how they manage to run up, not only a perpendicular surface, even if it be glass, but also to walk on the ceiling as many of them do.

PAPA.—It is, my dear, as you say, a subject that affords room for much interesting and curious enquiry, since many of them have the power of moving against gravity, and can “tread the ceiling, an inverted floor.”

Climbing insects may be divided into three classes—those that climb by means of their claws :—those that climb by a soft cushion of dense hair, which lines the underside of the joints of their feet :—and those that climb by the aid of suckers, which adhere (a vacuum being produced between them and the substance they tread upon) by the pressure of the atmosphere. Here is the drawing of a beetle’s leg magnified, which may give you an idea of the implements with which the first class of climbers is furnished ; a class which includes a large proportion of insects, especially of the *coleoptera* order. You see the tarsus, or foot, terminates in a double claw, which is employed to great advantage in crawling or running over rough surfaces.

ANNA.—Beetles cannot run upon glass, I think ; for I saw one on the window the other day, and as often as it attempted to move, it fell down.

PAPA.—No, I dare say it could not run upon glass ; for as its hooks could find nothing on such a hard, smooth surface to take hold of, they rather impeded, than assisted its course. If it had had the soft cushion of thick

hairs, as many of the beetle tribe, and all the weevils have, it would, in all probability, have succeeded better.

The most remarkable class of climbers, consists, I think, of those that are furnished with suckers; which are thin membranes, capable of great extension and contraction, and which enable them to adhere, with the greatest safety, not only to the walls and windows, but also to the ceilings of our rooms. The common house-fly is a familiar example of this: it has two such suckers, connected with the last joint of the tarsus; by means of which, it takes its repose on the ceiling of a room with as much ease, and with more safety, than it could do on the floor.

ANNA.—I do not, Papa, quite understand, how these suckers enable them to do so.

PAPA.—The suckers, my dear, act, as I hinted before, by producing a vacuum; that is, by expelling the air. You remember laying your hand on the air pump when I was working it the other day, and that when the air underneath it was all exhausted or drawn off, you could not move it.

ANNA.—Yes; and I recollect you told me that the reason why I could not move my hand, was that there was a vacuum under it: I did not quite understand it then, but I think I do now; you meant that there was no air under it.

PAPA.—Exactly so: and therefore the column of air that was above it pressed it down. The fly's suckers act something like an air-pump; on the insect's alighting, they expel the air under its feet, when the external pressure of the atmosphere enables it to adhere firmly in any posture. It is their fixing these suckers that produces the stinging sensation which is felt, especially from gnats, when they alight upon you. You may see the manner in which they are used, by looking, with a common microscope, at the movements of a large blue-bottle fly on the inside of a glass tumbler.

*Conversation VII. to be continued.*

## LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

### LETTER THE TWELFTH.

DEAR M.,

YOU complain, with some reason, of the infrequency of my letters of late; I hope I shall now be more punctual. I am not offended, believe me, at that you doubt, whether, since you must begin the world without a knowledge of mankind, it is not safer to mistrust every one, at least till by experience you have gained a quicker insight into human character. My Love, there is but one standard of morality, that, apart from circumstance and under every circumstance alike, without reference to any individual law of God or man, without the *ifs* and the *buts*, and all the thousand subterfuges with which we justify ourselves in what we like, and excuse ourselves from what we like not, is always ready, always decisive, and always right—"Do to others as you would they should do to you." It is a precept to begin the world with, to go through it with, and to end it with. I would have you bind it about your heart and grave it upon your bosom; and whenever you hesitate on a question of conduct towards others, make recourse to it and abide by it. This, I think, will go far to decide the doubt between us. Entering on a world in which you are as yet a stranger, do you wish to be received in it with jealousy, suspicion, and reserve, till you have proved your claim to its confidence and good-will? I think not. And yet you conceive that you have a right in this manner to treat every stranger you meet with, for your own security. But while I counsel a feeling of universal kindness to begin with, it was to secure you from presumptuous confidence on the one hand, and cold suspicion on the other, that I advised you, in a

former letter, to make human nature, that is, your own nature, your especial study, in its varieties as well as in its general characters. I have given myself some trouble to examine what it is that makes women so much less just, candid, and liberal towards each other than men are; and I am persuaded that in part, at least, it arises from their attaching too much importance to little things, and falsely appreciating the comparative importance of greater ones, for want of an adequate knowledge of the human heart, and the springs and principles of human action. Just as, if women were sent to trade at the Horse Bazaar, they would value the horses by some very *un-connoisseur* fancies of their own, about the heads, and the tails, and the colours, &c., to the no small confusion of all honest dealing. But where are you to study human nature? There are but two—yes, there are three ways in which to study it—in books, in the living beings around you, and in yourself. And then what books? You see how well I guess your questions, without waiting the return of the post. In many and of many kinds. But there is one, my Love, above all others, that opens human nature to itself, and therefore I shall name it first. The authors of all other books have some bias of their own, which gives a colouring to their views of men—the Author of this book has none. Other writers can behold only what is exhibited without, and thence trace up the issues to their source—a process that needs much judgment and experience, and is liable to perpetual error. The inditer of this only book beholds the source itself, not in one specimen or two, but in every individual of our race, and knows them entirely throughout. Aware that I speak of the Bible, you are eager to answer that this you have read, this you have studied from your youth up; therefore I need not be recommending it to you now as something new. I know that you have, and I am persuaded for a better purpose—that of becoming acquainted with your God and your eternal interests. But did you ever



study the Bible for the express purpose of becoming acquainted with human nature, abstractedly, or think of applying what you discover of it there, in your habitual judgment of your fellow-creatures? If not, take it up sometimes for this express purpose. There is no history, no biography, no philosophical treatise to be compared with it, for disclosing what man is in the aggregate, what we have reason to expect from him, and what we are likely to find in him; or for teaching us to judge of individuals with fairness and without prejudice. There we learn what the heart of man is, how it became so, and why it remains so—there we find explained the dark blemishes that blot the fairest characters, and the factitious beauties that adorn the most debased. And while we there discover mankind in general to be worse, infinitely worse than we know or can conceive, it is there we most certainly shall learn to judge of every individual with more lenity, tolerance, and tenderness.

Histories, if true, would teach us much of human character—by true, I mean if no false glosses were given by the historian to facts and circumstances that, true in themselves, leave, as they are stated, very false impressions of the characters and motives of those concerned in them. Every historian has political opinions, religious sentiments, and favourite theories of his own, which influence his judgment where he intends to be the most impartial; and then he writes for the most part of characters so remote, that though he very liberally supplies us with their feelings, thoughts, and words, as well as deeds, it is small fund he has on which to draw for them, unless upon his own imagination. All this must be allowed for in studying history, and to read it profitably, I believe we must be always armed with a certain degree of incredulity as to the excessive goodness or excessive badness, excessive wisdom or excessive folly, of its heroes; at least till we have read largely, and can form a truth for ourselves, out of contradictory falsehoods.

Biography is sometimes subject to the same objections, but not always. The writer usually has had personal acquaintance with his subject, has been the depository of his thoughts, the sharer in his conversations, the confidant of his motives and designs. If he tells them honestly, we may form a correct judgment of the character, though he should not. Then he usually has documents to produce, more certainly correct than the records of his own memory. The letters of private friendship, of domestick affection, of public business; perhaps the yet more secret confession of the bosom to itself—the midnight reflection, the passing thought, the immature desire—the journal, the days-book, the careless memoranda, that disclose of a man when dead, more than we ever may of him while living. Of all descriptions of reading, Biography I conceive is that which will give you the most real insight into human nature; and there is none I should now more strongly recommend to you on that account. Of those works which treat of the philosophy of mind in general, I have already spoken. They, also, are much to the point we have in view, and I am glad to hear you find them less dry than you expected. Depend upon it, every exercise of the intellect is in itself an enjoyment, independently of what may be attained by it. Some people have no idea of this, and think that however pleasant it may be to know, to learn must always be a disagreeable effort. This is the effect of habit—of habitual indolence of mind, acting exactly in the same way as that habitual indolence of body, which drags itself perforce where it needs must go, but has no idea of the delight that a vigorous and healthful frame can find in exercise.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

## No. VII.

## BIRCH—BETULA.

THE Birch, from the smallness of the leaf, the airy lightness of the branches, and the whiteness of the bark, can scarcely be mistaken among the trees of our woodlands, where it is very common. The flower is a pendent string of small green blossoms, blowing before the leaves, of the Class Tetrandria Digynia.

“Betula, the Birch or Birc, (whence some derive the name of Berkshire,) in British Beduen, is doubtless a proper indigene of England, though Pliny calls it a Gaulish tree. Though Birch be of all others the worst of timber, yet it has its various uses; as for the husbandman’s ox-yokes; also for hoops, panniers, brooms, &c. It claims a memory for arrows, bolts, shafts, our old English artillery; also for dishes, bowls, ladles, and other domestic utensils, in the good old days of more simplicity, yet better and truer hospitality. With this tree, whereof they have a blacker kind, the North Americans make canoes, boxes, brackets, kettles, dishes, (which they sew and join very curiously with threads made of Cedar roots,) and divers other domestical utensils, as baskets, bags, &c.; and of a certain fungus excrescence from the bole, after being boiled, beaten, and dried in an oven, they make excellent spunk or touchwood, and balls to play withal. They make also not only this small ware, but even small craft, pinnaces of Birch; ribbing them with white Cedar, and covering them with large flakes of Birch-bark, they sew them with thread of Spruce roots, and pitch them.”—EVELYN.

“The inner white cuticle, and silken bark, which strips off of itself almost every year, was anciently used for writing-tables, before the invention of paper. There is a Birch-tree in Canada, whose bark will serve to write on, and may be made into books, and of the twigs very pretty baskets; with the outward thicker coarser part of the common Birch, are divers houses in Russia, Poland, and those poor northern tracts, covered instead of slates and tiles: nay, one who has lately published an account of Sweden, says that the poor people grind the very bark of Birch-trees to mingle with their bread-corn. It is affirmed by Cardan, that some Birch-roots are so very extravagantly veined, as to represent the shapes and images of beasts, birds, trees, and many other pretty resemblances. Lastly, of the whitest part of the old wood, found commonly in doating Birches, is made the grounds of our effeminate farined Gallants’ sweet powder; and of the quite consumed and rotten, such as we find reduced to a kind of reddish earth in superannuated hollow trees, is gotten the best mould for the raising of divers seedlings of the rarest plants and flowers; to say nothing here of the Magisterial Fasces, for which an-



Birch Tree.  
*Betula Alba.*  
*Tetrandria Digynia.*



ciently the cudgels were used by the Lictor, as now the gentler rods by our tyrannical pedagogues for lighter faults"—EVELYN.

Some of the above applications of the Birch have fallen into disuse; so abundantly has nature administered to our necessities, that what in one age is a valuable production, becomes neglected in another, from the discovery of something that serves the purpose better.

Of that juice of the Birch-tree, commonly called Birch wine, the older writers speak largely—we are not aware that now, in our country at least, it is for any purpose collected—it is a subject of interest only as a vegetable product, not entirely understood in physiological botany. Formerly the juice of the Birch had all sorts of virtues, and was compounded into infallible remedies for all sorts of diseases: when “the sovereign effects of the juices of this despicable tree supplied its defects, which made some judge it unworthy to be brought into the catalogue of woods to be propagated.” We have already spoken of this sort of liquor as pertaining to other trees, and the manner of collecting it—from the Birch it flows in the Spring abundantly.

“The sap or lymph of most plants, when collected as above mentioned, appears to the sight and taste little else than water, but it soon undergoes fermentation and putrefaction. The Birch, *Betula Alba*, affords plenty of sap; some other trees yield a small quantity. It flows equally upward and downward from a wound, at least proportionally to the quantity of stem or branch, in either direction, to supply it. This great motion, called the flowing of the sap, which is to be detected principally in the Spring, and slightly in the Autumn, is totally distinct from that constant propulsion of it going on in every growing plant.”—SMITH.

“The Birch is liable to a disease in its branches, which causes it to send out a very great number of shoots in the middle of a branch, which being grown to some length, at a distance much resembles a tree full of rook’s nests. In Lancashire, the twigs are made into besoms for exportation. The leaves afford a yellow dye. The bark is extremely useful to the inhabitants of the north of Europe; they make hats and drinking cups of it in Kamschatka. The Swedish fishermen make shoes of it. The Norwegians cover their houses with it, and upon this they lay turf three or four inches thick. Torches are made of the bark sliced and twisted together. It abounds with a resinous matter, highly inflammable. It affords the Laplander in the summer, when he lives on the mountains, fuel for the fires which he is obliged

to keep in his hut, to defend him from the gnats ; and covered with the skin of the rein-deer, it forms his bed."—WITHERING.

"The liquor flowing from the wounds made in this tree, is used by the inhabitants of Kamschatka without previous fermentation, in which state it is said to be pleasant and refreshing. In this manner the crews of the *Resolution* and *Discovery* used it during their stay in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul. The natives of Kamschatka convert the bark into the domestick and kitchen purposes, and the wood is employed in the construction of sledges and canoes. Hraschininkoff, in his history of Kamschatka, says, that the natives convert the bark into a pleasant and wholesome food, by stripping it off when it is green, and cutting it into long, narrow stripes, like Vermicelli, drying it, and stewing it afterwards with their Caviar."—HUNTER.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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### HYMN V.—JUDAH.

Who wanders there by Jordan's stream,  
Her sweet harps all unstrung,  
And breaks the silence with a sigh,  
Where royal David sung?

Who wanders there by Jordan's stream  
With looks so pale, so sad ;  
Where altars smoked, and prophets spake,  
And ev'ry heart was glad?

Why does she turn her tearful eye  
Intent on yonder spire,  
Beneath whose now polluted roof  
Once burn'd celestial fire?

Why does she fold her cold, bare arms  
Upon her fever'd breast,  
And watch the wasting of the night  
While others are at rest?

There is but one should watch and weep  
While all can sleep beside :—  
'Tis banish'd Judah's ruin'd child,  
Immanuel's widow'd bride.

That spot where now the stranger dwells,  
 Was once her royal home;  
 'Twas there the rebel slew her Lord,  
 And there they made his tomb.  
 Betrothed now to shame and death,  
 She mourns her wither'd bloom;  
 The cold, damp earth is all her throne,  
 The pathless world her home.  
 Turn, daughter, turn! Poor banish'd child!  
 Thy sorrow's glass is run;  
 Time wastes thine hour of banishment,  
 Thy tangled thread is spun.  
 Turn, daughter, turn! The light that dawns  
 Shall see thy crown restor'd:  
 Thy husband lives to claim his bride,  
 Prepare to greet thy Lord.



*Ye cannot serve two masters.*—MATT. vi.

As is the loyal subject of his king  
 Distinguished from his false and factious sons,  
 So is the sinner from the ransomed saint,  
 One still pursuing what the other shuns.  
 The patriot who loves his country's weal,  
 Does not assort him with his country's foes—  
 He does not join the infuriated throng  
 Whose bold seditions trouble her repose.  
 We find him not amid the secret haunts  
 Where treachery conspires against her laws—  
 We hear him not where sophistry essays  
 With artful cavils to evade her laws.  
 E'en so the Christian—once a rebel slave,  
 The scowl of treason sate upon his brow  
 The world perceives and marvels at the change—  
 The loving child, the faithful subject now.  
 He cannot find his pleasures where the name  
 Of him he loves is taunted and profaned,  
 His mercies all unheeded and despised,  
 His wrath defied, his proffered love disdained.  
 Gladly and without effort he resigns  
 Whatever may oppose his sacred word—  
 He cannot habit with his master's foes—  
 He cannot love a world that slew his Lord.



When earth proposes what his Lord forbids,  
 He does not stay to question of the gain—  
 Enough for him his Father wills it not—  
 The treacherous bait is proffered him in vain.

Often oppressed, insulted, and alone,  
 He dares to raise the standard that he bears,  
 Unmoved by pride and folly's idle laugh,  
 Nor ever blushes for the badge he wears.



### A FRAGMENT.

Mark yonder snow-topped hills and barren fields  
 E'er yet the twilight to the sun-beam yields  
 No glowing verdure overspreads the ground—  
 Frost with an iron hand has clasped them round.  
 By the starved herd in hopeless longing trod,  
 Cold, bare, and stubborn is the useless sod.  
 And now the sun is rising—winged with love  
 Comes the bright beam of morning from above—  
 It falls in kindness—but it falls unfelt—  
 The ice receives it, but it does not melt—  
 It shines indeed more beautiful, more gay,  
 But nothing softened by the genial ray.  
 And still that sun returns—and still again,  
 It comes, and comes, and still it comes in vain—  
 For every day that sun has brighter shone,  
 And every day the ice is harder grown.  
 Our hearts by nature are that stubborn sod,  
 Cold to the love and mercy of our God.  
 Beam after beam of tenderest pity sheds  
 Its holy influence on our thoughtless heads ;  
 But sheds in vain—his threatened wrath forgot  
 His mercy slighted, we regard him not—  
 Estranged from home we fly our Father's face,  
 And mock the warnings of his proffered grace.

C.



### THE FIR TREE.

AND what art thou, still standing there  
 Amid the fading and the fair,

Nor fair nor fading thou?  
As if thy sad and sullen pride  
Held it beneath thee to have vied  
With those that round thee grow.

I watch'd thee, when in green so gay,  
They dress'd them for their summer's day,  
Thou didst not dress thee too—  
And when they fringed their suit with gold,  
Deck'd in their bravery bright and bold,  
Thou didst not change thy hue.

And then I saw it all put off,  
And one by one I saw them doff  
Their broidery and their gold—  
Till now undeck'd and unattired,  
Naked, unlovely, unadmir'd  
They stand so bare, so cold.

But there art thou with look the same  
When summer goes as when it came,  
Nor sorrowful, nor glad—  
When others smiled, thou wouldst not smile,  
While others die, thou stand'st the while  
Still cover'd and still clad.

Aye, doubtless! and I'll read thee true,  
And say thou'st learn'd as others do,  
A lesson hardly taught—  
That summers and that winters too,  
So briefly come and briefly go,  
That thou wilt trust them not.

And when the false spring swells her horn  
To tell thee all thy ills are done,  
And nought but joys remain;  
Thou'st heard the lie too oft before,—  
Thou'lt listen to the tale no more—  
The storm will come again.

And then the autumn's warning blight,  
The sunless day, the long, long night,  
Oh! they are nothing new—  
Thou'st tried full many a winter now,  
And seen it come, and seen it go,  
And this will pass thee too.

I would be like thee—gravely dight,  
And never gay in this world's light,  
Or in its glories glad—

Too deeply tried to list its lies—  
 Too much at rest to need its joys—  
 Too hopeful to be sad.



#### GRACE.—G. HERBERT'S POEMS.

My stock lies dead ; and no increase  
 Doth my dull husbandry improve.  
 Oh ! let thy graces, without cease  
     Drop from above.

If still the sun should hide his face,  
 Thy house would but a dungeon prove ;  
 Thy works, night's captives. O ! let grace  
     Drop from above.

The dew doth every morning fall :  
 And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove ?  
 The dew, for which grass cannot call,  
     Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,  
 And digs my grave at each remove.  
 Let grace work too, and on my soul  
     Drop from above.

Oh ! come ; for thou dost know the way ;  
 Or, if to me thou wilt not move,  
 Remove me, where I need not say,  
     Drop from above.



#### REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Philip Coleville, a Covenanter's Story unfinished. By the author of "Father Clement," "Dunallan," &c. Edinburgh.—W. Oliphant. Price 6s. 1825.*

HAVING so strongly expressed our disapprobation of a former production of this now deceased author, we would take the earliest opportunity of saying that the objections we made do not apply to this ; if we do not recommend Philip Coleville to our young friends as particularly useful reading, we certainly cannot make any

objection to it. It makes no pretensions to be a religious story—but merely a domestic picture of the sufferings of the covenanters for religion's sake, left unfinished by the author at her death. It is a subject that every Presbyterian loves—we should wish to say that every Christian loves—for whatever opinion we may have of the matters in dispute, the right of resistance to established authorities, the heresies of the common prayer-book and the mortal sins of the surplice and the reading-desk, it is impossible for any one who feels the value of things eternal above the interests of this transitory life, to view without something of enthusiastic admiration, the determined resistance of these people in what they considered as the cause of God—and what to them was so—for in their belief idolatry and the church of England were identified. The more we understand of the religious persecutions of different times and countries, the more fully are we persuaded that the history of the world presents us with nothing like it for simplicity, constancy, and consistency of purpose, entire dependence on the divine will, and fearless defiance of all consequences in following the dictates of conscience. And this not of a few superior and exalted spirits, refined and purified from the dross of humanity, elevated above every thing but the crown of martyrdom that is prepared for them, and the heaven that is to succeed it—neither of an enthusiastic crowd, following whither they are led, and contending for advantages they do not understand. Every covenanter to the lowest herd among them, with their women and even their very children, knew what he meant, and what he wanted, and why he was to pursue it, and would have stood upon his principles alone, had there been no one to stand with him. This was the reason that they were not only not subdued, but not a single step was ever gained upon them; their physical powers might have been diminished; but their moral resistance most probably never would have been, while any remained alive. A faction will fall with its leaders, and a sect will generally die with the silence or conversion

of its ministers—but the covenanter's leader was his own conviction, and he forsook his minister the moment he showed any disposition to relax his principles. We speak thus much upon the subject less with reference to Philip Coleville, than because we would be always on the watch to correct the misapprehension imbibed by the young in general reading; and the remark of the editor is true, that our best historians have so represented these people, that "even well-educated and well-principled people have been led to conceive that the Covenanters were an odious, wrong-headed, obstinate, fanatical, and rebellious race, which by any means it was wise and necessary to extirpate." And even when history is just, it is the national aspect, the political effect and circumstance that are exhibited to us, not their influence on individual and domestick character; a broad outline, beautifully filled up by the Memorialist, the Novelist, and the Biographer. With respect to the unfinished work before us, so far as it is a fiction, it has very little interest—but if the traits and incidents are historical facts, as we believe they are, those who are unacquainted with the private history of those times may regret it was not finished.

We extract the following anecdote, because, if our recollection does not deceive us, it is an historical fact, and one of very many that show what power of resistance was imparted to the weakest minds by the principles of Presbyterianism. Silence was prescribed as their best defence, because their principles did not allow of falsehood or evasion, even in a right cause.

"He then beckoned to a man who stood at a little distance. He slowly approached, carrying in his arms a little fair-haired girl, whose face was hid in his bosom. On coming near, she raised her head for a moment, and looked wildly at those around her. The little face was beautiful, but evidently without intelligence; and she screamed, with seeming terror, and clung to her father. The man, who seemed to be a farmer, was young and of a strong make, but pale and thin, and apparently bent down with sorrow. He soothed his child upon his breast with an expression of suppressed misery on his countenance, irresistibly moving. 'She would not leave me,' began he, looking down on his child, 'or I should not have troubled you, gentlemen, by bringing her here. I had taught her to look upon me as all the parent she had when she lost her mother'. The man stopt, for the last words stuck in his throat. 'She is all I have,' resumed he. 'About two months ago, our minister, Mr. Hamilton,

took shelter one night in my house. Before he rose next morning, I heard that the soldiers were coming in search of him. He got out, and I went with him to see him out of their reach. When I was away, the soldiers came and searched my house. They found only my mother and little Phemy.' The child looked up in her father's face when he named her. He stopt, and looked as if his heart would break at the little vacant countenance, and again soothed her on his breast. 'My mother would give no answer to the soldiers,' continued he, 'when they questioned her; for the women now found it best to say nothing. Phemy could not say a word either. They at last took my child out of her little bed, and carried her to the fields, threatening to shoot my mother when she would have followed her child, and remaining to prevent her. Some children were near the place to which they took my little girl, and told me what had passed. Naked and terrified as she was, they bound up her eyes, and said they were going to shoot her, unless she told them whether Mr. Hamilton had been at our house; but all their threats would not make her speak. They then made her kneel down on her little bare knees, and said the guns were all loaded, and that if she did not tell they would blow her in pieces; but still she would not say a word to them, but the children heard her pray to God. They then fired over her head, and when they undid her eyes, she was—what you see her. On my return home I found her so. She still knew my voice and ways, and is never easy but when in my arms or asleep.'"

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. 6.

CHARLOTTE is an affectionate and warm-hearted girl, a girl too of some ability, which an excellent education has turned to good account. With a high sense of religion, and I believe an increasing desire to know more and more of the truth, with a just estimation of its inestimable value, she daily studies the Scriptures and innumerable volumes, both serious and moral; and yet she has a temper so ungovernable, that there are times when it exceeds all bounds, and exposes her before whoever may be present. It matters not to Charlotte—while the passion lasts, all alike suffer from its uncontrolled effects. Alas! where can her remedy be found? Where in truth she makes her daily studies. But O, how sad to think that these appear of no avail. You may think, perhaps, she has a weak mind, that desires to do well, but has not resolution to act up to her principles. Ah! how little you know her—how often have I seen the most resolute actions performed by her—how often have I seen her suffer, without a murmur, the greatest pain of body—receive a hurt, and yet pursue her object till it is accomplished, and not a sigh escape to shew that any thing had happened. She has a mind, a thoughtful mind, a courageous mind—but has not courage to subdue a hasty temper; and I have seen her perform the kindest offices for those who needed them, and heed not her own feelings, if in any way she could be of service; and yet she will in an unguarded moment efface all these amiable impressions, and make you almost dislike her. Can nothing be done for her? Surely she feels her fault, and why

will she not cast it off from her? She knows who can release her from it. Ah! may He in his own good time give her the will and the power effectually to conquer her temper, and make her not now and then only, but at all times, the dear and amiable girl she might become, and shew in her all the power and the beauty of that restraining grace which brings thoughts, words, and actions into a sweet subjection and resignation to the will of Him who freely resigned himself to suffer, "That we through him might be made whole." O.

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## EXTRACTS.

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### INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

WHEN the mules (of South America) feel themselves in danger, they stop, turning their heads to the right and to the left: the motion of their ears seems to indicate that they reflect on the decision they ought to make. Their resolution is slow, but always just, if it be free; that is to say, if it be not crossed or hastened by the imprudence of the traveller. It is on the frightful roads of the Andes, during journeys of six or seven months, across mountains furrowed by torrents, that the intelligence of horses and beasts of burden displays itself in an astonishing manner. Thus the mountaineers are heard to say, 'I will not give you the mule whose step is the easiest, but him who reasons best.'—HUMBOLDT.

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### FACTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE large cavities of birds, and the interior of their bones, are filled with air—thus they are rendered light and buoyant, capable of raising themselves into the higher regions of the atmosphere, of sustaining themselves with little effort in this rare medium, and of cleaving the skies with wonderful celerity. Humboldt saw the enormous vulture of the Andes, the majestic Condor, dart suddenly from the bottom of the Chimborazo, where the barometer must have been lower than ten inches. He frequently observed it soaring at an elevation six times higher than that of the clouds in our atmosphere. This bird, which reaches the measure of fourteen feet with the wings extended, habitually prefers an elevation at which the mercury of the barometer, sinks to about sixteen inches. The mammalia, which live entirely or principally in the sea, as the whale kind, the walrus, the manati, and the seals, are rendered buoyant in this dense fluid, by a thick stratum of fat laid over the whole body under the skin. From this, which is called blubber, the whale and seal oil are extracted. The object of this structure in lightening these large creatures, and facilitating their motions, is obviously the same as that of the air-cells in birds, in relation to the element they inhabit.

LAWRENCE.

**THE**  
**ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.**

FEBRUARY, 1826.

**A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.**

*(Continued from page 9.)*

HISTORY OF PERSIA—FROM B.C. 333 TO B.C. 330.

THE Persians in general took particular care of the education of their children, even above other nations. A son was not admitted to the presence of his father, but was brought up by women of the best characters till he attained the age of five years, lest, if he should die before that time, the parent should be too much grieved. At five years old, such as could afford it, were committed to the tuition of the Magi, who took great pains to implant in their breasts an aversion to all vice, especially lying and contracting debts: of all vices, the former was considered the most infamous, and next to it the latter, because it was likely to lead to falsehood. At seventeen, the young men of rank entered the king's guard, and attended him in the chase, or on warlike expeditions. They were brought up with so much respect for their parents, that they might never sit in their presence. The father had power of putting to death his children, but was restrained by law from exercising it on small faults, or for a single crime. A numerous issue was considered the best gift the gods could bestow; and



having as many wives as they pleased, it is the less surprising that we hear of their having fifty or a hundred children: those who had most received presents from the king.

The Persians were moderate in their diet, but excessively addicted to drinking: this was so habitual, that the most important matters were discussed and arranged while in a state of intoxication; but the resolutions were always submitted to them when sober the next day, to be cancelled or confirmed. They showed always the most value for those who lived nearest to them, and very little to those who lived at a distance, accounting them more or less worthy of regard, as they happened to reside farther off or nearer. It was considered so impossible for a child to murder his parents, that no punishment was awarded for it; and when any one was charged with the offence, the judges decided that he was not the child of the parent he had murdered. If any among the Persians were infected with leprosy, a disease common to those climates, he was not permitted to live in the cities or communicate with any one; being supposed to have incurred this punishment for some offence to the sun. The punishments of crime were in their nature extremely cruel—the most severe was that of shutting the offender between two boats, made exactly to fit, leaving only the head, hands, and feet uncovered, by openings made for the purpose. On these honey was poured to attract insects; which, with the natural corruption of the body within, caused the sufferer to be almost consumed before he died. It is told that Mithridates, who was so punished for the murder of the king's brother, lived seventeen days in this torture. Those who had poisoned another, were pressed to death between two stones: for high treason, the head and hands were cut off.

The first person who caused gold and silver to be coined in Persia, was Darius, the son of Cyaxares, or, as he is called in Scripture, Darius the Mede. In his reign were coined those famous pieces of gold called Darics,

which for many ages were preferred, being of pure gold, to all other coins throughout the East. They were stamped on one side with an archer, clothed in a long robe, and crowned with a spiked crown, holding a bow in his left hand, and an arrow in his right; on the other side was the effigies of Darius. To these pieces of gold Agesilaus alluded, when, obliged to return to Greece to still the tumult Artaxerxes' gold had excited, he said the king of Persia had defeated him with thirty thousand archers. Darius seems to have learned the art of coining and the use of money from the Lydians; for the Medes had no money till after they conquered Lydia; whereas Croesus, king of that country, had coined innumerable pieces of gold. All the pieces of gold, that were afterwards coined of the same weight and value, whether in Persia or Macedon, were called Darics, after Darius, who coined them first.

Nothing is known of Persian trade and commerce. At the commencement of their history, they had no money, no clothing but skins, no drink but water, nor any food but what their barren country afforded, and therefore could have had no trade. After they had subdued so many fruitful provinces, the case was much altered, but we have no information on the subject. War was their only trade—every man was obliged to enter the army as soon as he could bear arms, but did not serve till he was twenty. In time of war they were all bound, on pain of death, to appear under their respective troops, returning home when the war was ended, without pay or reward, but their share of the plunder. It was disgrace and death to request a dispensation from the law. Some cruel stories are related on this subject: for instance—when Darius was marching against the Scythians, a noble Persian, who had three sons in the army, begged that one of them might be left at home to comfort him in the infirmities of age. The king received him with seeming kindness, and said he would grant more than he had asked, for he designed to leave him all his sons. The

old man received the promise with joy, and had scarcely departed, when Darius ordered his officers to put to death the three sons, and send their mangled bodies to their father's house. In war, both themselves and their horses were covered with armour, or thick hides. They were very expert bowmen—the number of the dead in battle was never known till the campaign was ended, when it was numbered thus.—At the commencement of a campaign, they passed in review before the commander in chief, each man as he passed throwing an arrow into a basket; these baskets were sealed up with the royal signet till they returned from the campaign, when they again passed muster in the same manner, every one taking an arrow out of the same baskets; when all had passed, the remaining arrows were counted, and by them the number of their dead computed. They wore over their armours coats of purple; but the king's was white, which distinguished and often exposed him to danger. They excelled all other nations in horsemanship—it was disreputable in Persians ever to appear in publick but on horseback—thus mounted, they transacted their publick and private affairs, held their assemblies, and visited their friends. The caparison of their horses was a subject of much rivalry and extravagance. It was the custom in this, as in all eastern nations, to take with them to the wars their wives and children, and their treasures—either for supposed safety, or because, when all that was dear to them would be lost by a defeat, they were expected to fight more resolutely. When they intended to make war, they sent first to demand earth and water, in token of submission. It is told, as an instance of this custom, that Darius dispatched a messenger to the king of Scythia, to own the king of Persia for his sovereign, and present him earth and water in token of submission. The Scythian returned answer, that he owned no lords but Jupiter and Vesta, and, instead of presenting him with earth and water, he would send him such a present as he deserved, as perhaps might make him repent

of assuming the title of his master. Accordingly he sent him sometime after a messenger to present him, on his part, with a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows. Darius would have interpreted this as a tacit submission; for the mouse, he said, was bred in the earth, and lives on the same food as man; a frog lives in the water; a bird may be compared to a horse; and by the arrows, they might mean to deliver their whole force into his hands. But others were of opinion, that by such a present the king of Scythia gave them to understand, that unless the Persians could ascend into the air like a bird, or hide in the earth like a mouse, or plunge into the fens like a frog, they would inevitably perish by those arrows.

The royal banner of Persia was a spread eagle of gold, carried on the point of a spear. They esteemed those most happy who died in the field, and punished all who fled. They used no stratagems, nor ever fought in the night, unless attacked.

Some historians have said much in commendation of Persian laws as better than those of other nations, and calculated to inspire a horror of vice, without regard to punishment. To this end, parents might not give their children what education they pleased; but were obliged to send them to the public schools, where they were trained with great care, and not suffered to return home till they were seventeen: the youths were allowed no food but bread and cresses, and no drink but water. Those who had not been educated in these schools were excluded from all honour and preferment. It does not, however, appear evident, that the Persians were a more virtuous people than all others, though probably far more so than the Assyrians, the most vicious and corrupt of all people. There were in Persia particular laws against ingratitude, and whoever had done another a service, if he did not meet with a suitable return, might bring an action against the ungrateful person, who, on conviction, was punished with severity. There was a curious law, that whoever offered, or was desired to give advice to

the king, must stand while he gave it on an ingot of gold—if his advice were found good, he was rewarded with the gold, if otherwise, he was publicly whipt. It seems strange, that if the laws of Persia were good, the government of Persia should be so bad—but this might arise from the absolute, uncontrouled power of their monarchs, who considered and treated even the noblest of their subjects as their most abject slaves. Whoever betrayed the least reluctance to execute the king's command, however difficult or improper, was sure to lose his head, or at least his right arm. Every one must prostrate himself at sight of him, at however great a distance he appeared, and none might come into his presence without a present, which is to this time a prevailing custom in the East. The king was himself supreme judge, and sat to hear causes and administer justice: when a man was tried for crime, his former deserts were considered, and he was not condemned, unless his misdeeds were found to exceed his good deeds on the whole. There were, besides the king, other judges, men skilled in the laws, and of unblemished character, who presided in the provinces, or attended on the king.

The religion of the Persians has been a subject of great interest—both from the difficulty of ascertaining exactly what it was, and from its being supposed to have continued unchanged through many thousand years, preserving the worship of one only God, while polytheism prevailed so extensively around them. The Persians boast of having received their faith from Abraham: if so, it became strangely corrupted. They continued, however, zealous worshippers of one all-wise and all-powerful God, whom they considered as infinite and omnipresent, and therefore would not suffer him to be represented by graven images, or circumscribed within the narrow bounds of temples made with hands: this, and not a sacrilegious contempt for the gods of other countries, was the cause of the Persian armies destroying all the statues and places of worship among

the Greeks, as unworthy of the Deity. In the decline of the empire, the worship of Venus was introduced by one of their princes—but it was resisted by the Magi, who remained firm to the great article of faith, One God. The only appearance of idolatry among the Persians was the worship of the sun and of fire. It seems, however, very uncertain whether they ever did worship either, though they respected them as the symbols of the divinity. The sun they considered to be the throne of God, and turned towards it in their prayers—but it does not seem certain that they ever prayed to it. Fire, before which they worshipped, they did not consider as a divinity, but as a symbol of divine purity—they prostrated themselves before it, and then, standing up, addressed their prayers to God. As the fire in the temple was held sacred among the Jews, the Persians might take from them this custom of praying before fire; which is the more likely, as the Jews used first to prostrate themselves before the altar, and then offer their petitions. The kings of Persia and other great persons were used sometimes to feed the sacred fires with precious oils and costly aromatics, called *Fire dainties*; but still it is asserted that all was done to the honour of their One God. However much it may be feared that, in the vulgar at least, these symbols would in time be mistaken for the actual object of their worship, it is certain that the religion of Persia was far different, and much nearer to the truth, than that of the nations around them.

The difficulty of tracing the religion of these people, arises from their having been always forbidden to teach their ancient language to strangers, or instruct them in their religion. They have sacred books which they attribute to Abraham—more likely composed by Zoroaster. Besides the one eternal Being, the Creator and Preserver of all things, the ancient Persians believed the existence of an evil spirit, whom they called Ahriman, the perpetual and implacable enemy of mankind. The souls of men, according to them, were at first unbodied spirits,

but the Almighty, resolving to make use of them in warring with Ahriman, clothed them with flesh, promising that the light should never forsake them till Ahriman and his servants were subdued; after which the resurrection of the dead is to follow, with the separation of light from darkness, and the coming of the kingdom of peace. Before this power was given to Ahriman, man, they say, lived in a state of innocence; but since his fall, war and other evils have been introduced; these shall in time pass away, and man live again in peace and glory. They place the day of judgment at the end of 20,000 years, when men are to be punished according to their crimes, two angels being appointed to direct their sufferings; but even these are to be pardoned, though never admitted to the joys of the blessed, remaining somewhere by themselves, and wearing a black mark on their foreheads, as a badge of the state from which divine mercy frees them. Before the time of Zoroaster, the Persians had no temples, but raised an altar in the open air: he persuaded them to build their fire-temples, where burned the sacred fire kept constantly alive by the priests, of whom they had always a regular succession. When the people assembled for devotion, the priest put on a white habit and a mitre, with a cloth passing before his mouth, that he might not breathe on the sacred element. Thus he read certain prayers from the book he held in one hand, speaking in a whisper, while in the other hand he held small twigs of a sacred tree, which, when the service was ended, he threw into the fire. All who were present, put up their prayers to God for such things as they stood in need of, and when prayers were finished, priest and people withdrew in silence, and profound respect.

Of Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, the great Persian reformer, the author of their Liturgy and the compiler of their Bible, made up in great part from the Jewish Scriptures, it is impossible to discover the real history, though many fables might be related of him. The common

opinion of Persian writers is, that he was a Jew, or went early into Judea, where he received his education, and lived as servant to one of the prophets, whether Elias, Ezra, or Jeremiah, is disputed; neither is it better decided whether he was afterwards a prophet, a madman, or an impostor. He assumed the former character, feigning or believing himself inspired of God, and sent to teach true religion in the world. Certain it is, that he retired for some time to a cave, and wrote a great many books, and afterwards appeared as a preacher and reformer of religion in Persia. As we have declined all fabulous or doubtful stories throughout our Sketch of History, we shall not attempt to give the life of Zoroaster. The books he presented, he declared to have received from Abraham. He carefully instructed those who heard him; teaching them that the Supreme Being was independent and self-existent from all eternity—that light and darkness, good and evil, were continually mixed, and in continual struggle—not through any weakness in the Creator, but because such was his will, and because this discordance was for his glory—that in the end there would be a general resurrection and day of retribution, wherein such as had done well, and lived in obedience to God's law, should go with the angel of light into a realm of light, where they should enjoy peace and pleasure for evermore; and those who had done evil should suffer with the angel of darkness everlasting punishment in a land of obscurity, where no ray of light or mercy should ever visit them—that thenceforward light and darkness should be incapable of mixture to all eternity. He carefully instructed those who heard him, and directed them to instruct all who would believe in his religion, that no man ought to despair of the mercy of God, or suppose that it was too late for him to amend. He declared that though we have a faculty of distinguishing between good and evil, yet man has no conception of the value which God sets upon our actions, nor how far the intention may sanctify even a trivial act; wherefore even the



worst of men may hope the divine favour from repentance and good works; this doctrine is exemplified in the Sadder, or holy books, by the following parable: "It is reported of Zerdusht, the author of our religion, that one day, retiring from the presence of God, he beheld the body of a man plunged in Gehenna, his right foot only being free, and sticking without. Zerdusht thereupon cried out to this man in this condition? He was answered, "This man, whom you see in this condition, was formerly the prince of thirty-three cities, over which he reigned many years, without doing any one good action; for besides oppression, injustice, pride, and violence, nothing ever entered his mind; and though he was the scourge of multitudes, yet without regarding their misery, he lived at ease in his palace. One day, however, as he was hunting, he beheld a sheep caught by the foot in a thicket, and thereby held at such a distance from food, that it must have perished; thus the king, moved at the sight, alighting from his horse, released the sheep from the thicket, and led it to the pasture: now for this act of tenderness and compassion, his foot remains out of Gehenna, though his whole body be plunged therein for the multitude of his sins. Endeavour therefore to do all the good thou canst without fear or apprehension; for God is benign and merciful, and will reward even the smallest good thou doest. Such were the doctrines of Zoroaster. As to exterior rites, he altered the old method of burning fire on the tops of mountains, and other places in the open air, engaging his followers to erect Pyræa, or fire-temples, through all the dominions of Persia, that this symbol of the divinity might not be so liable to be extinguished. He gave them also a liturgy, which they hold to have been brought to him from heaven, and therefore, refuse to make any alterations in it, though the language in which it is written is long ago obsolete, and is very little understood by the priests themselves. The priests, or, as we stile them, the Magi, were of three ranks.

The first consisted of the ordinary clergy; their duty was to read the holy offices daily in the chapels, and at stated times to acquaint the people with the contents of Zerdusht's books—these chapels had no fire-altars, but lamps only, before which their devotions were performed. The next rank of priests had the superintendence of these, and were what bishops are with us; these had their churches, in which were altars, whereon fire was kept continually burning, there being an inferior order of clergy appointed to tend them, who, four at a time, waited constantly near the altar to provide it with fuel, and assist such devout persons as resorted thither with their offerings and their prayers. Above all these was the Archimagus, the high-priest, termed in Persian Mubad Mubadan. Zoroaster himself assumed this office, and resided in the city of Balek, where he governed his Magi, and instructed them in all sorts of learning. As the austerity of his life and his extensive knowledge had supported him in the estimation of his contemporaries, so he recommended the same behaviour and the same study to his successors. These injunctions were for many ages followed by them; and, by reason of their high character, they were admitted into the king's counsels, sat with him in judicature, and had the education of the heirs of the crown. Zerdusht's book, containing the institutes of his religion, was called Zund or Zundavasta; he also called it the book of Abraham, as containing the doctrines taught him by that Patriarch. It is written, not in the ordinary Persian character, but in the old Persic: neither the character nor the language are known to the people of Persia now; but they have a compendium of the book in modern Persian, called the Sadder.

Zoroaster is supposed to have lived about the time of Darius Hystaspes. Before his time, the Persians had probably little learning—he instructed them in mathematics, astronomy, and natural philosophy: but whatever was the amount of this knowledge, it was confined entirely to the priests, and seldom communicated by them

to any but the royal family, whom they were bound to instruct. War was the only study of the people: we hear of their having schools and masters to teach them virtue and morality, but none for the advancement of learning.

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REFLECTIONS  
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*The bricks are fallen down, but we will build with hewn stones: the sycamores are cut down, but we will change to cedars.—ISAIAH ix. 10.*

ANOTHER, and another, and another scheme, to live in independence of thy God! Disappointment has blown down, and sorrow has scattered the first built promise of thy days. Hopes, pleasures, promises, all faithless and all gone—What wilt thou do? This I will do—I will take to something else—I will build with other material—I will choose more rational enjoyments, more substantial pleasures:—or with moderated expectations, find happiness in what is still within my reach. Deluded spirit, wilt thou? Thou mayest try, but it will not answer. God is determined that no child of his shall be happy in independence of his power and forgetfulness of his love. He sends the messengers of his providence to throw down their castles, and cut away their trees, whatever they set their hearts on, whatever they delight in, looking, that disappointed of their bliss on earth, they will turn to heaven to see if it is there. But our perversity reads not the purpose—we condemn ourselves, indeed, for past miscarriages, and charge our failure on our own mistakes; and forthwith we set about to mend them, but it is in our own way—it is but to build with stones instead of bricks, and plant our lands with cedars instead of sycamores. It is some other earthly hopes, some other schemes of earth, some other self-depend-

ence, or virtuous resolution—any thing but to give up the world and our own ways, and fix our thoughts on God. Another messenger comes—another disappointment, and another, and another—but still we cannot understand their errand. We are almost in despair, but still we can find something—we can gather together yet the pitiful materials of our once fair prospects, and wait at least till some new promise open. We may build and we may build, we may plant and we may plant—and when the bricks have fallen down, and the hewn-stone has proved not strong enough, and the cedars have died where the sycamores were felled, we may wait in forlorn expectation that happiness will come to us, we know not whence. But if our expectation be from earth and not from heaven, our waiting be upon men and not upon God, our desires, schemes, and wishes concentrated here, we build in vain, and plant in vain, and collect in vain, and wait in vain. If God will forsake us, we shall go on devising till the end of our days—if he will have pity on us, he will blight every flower of our hopes, and throw down every fabrick of our schemes, till he compel us to seek our happiness in him.

*Charity covereth a multitude of sins.*—1 PETER, iv. 8.

CHARITY covereth no fault of our own—it wipeth away no offence—it blotteth out no misdeed—it is of no avail to our salvation: the blood of Christ alone cleanseth from all sins. But charity hideth from us the faults of our fellow sinners—charity concealeth their infirmities. When we have made this sweet acquisition, we discern not the mote that is in our brother's eye, we behold only the beam in our own eye. O.

*Mon âme est saisie de tristesse, jusqu'à la mort.*—

MATT. xxvi. 28.

JESUS, avant qu'on mit la main sur lui, a été saisi de tristesse et de tres-grande angoisse. Considérez ceci: c'est qu'en l'histoire des martyrs nous trouvons des

femmes delicates, qui n'eussent pu endurer la chaleur du soleil, lesquelles cependant sont entrées avec une ferme resolution dans les flammes ardentes, et ont souffert constamment le martyre pour la parole de Dieu. Même entre les payens se trouvent des exemples de personnes qui ont philosophisé en la mort, et sont allés à la mort avec le visage de ceux qui en retournent. Comment donc s'est il fait que Jésus Christ, qui avoit lui-même plus de force que tout le monde, a tellement gemi, ahanné et sué jusqu'au sang, par la force de l'angoisse? Par là reconnoissez, combien étoit pesant le fardeau qu'il portoit, combien horrible étoit le combat qu'il avoit entrepris. Il souffroit des douleurs en son âme, qui passaient toute imagination; car il portoit l'ire et la malédiction qui est due au péché de tous ceux pour lesquels il mourroit. Ce qui donnoit force aux martyrs dans leur tourmens, c'est qu'ils étoient déchargés de leur propres péchés, parceque Jésus Christ s'en est chargé pour les en décharger. Voir, il falloit qu'il souffrit beaucoup plus en son âme qu'en son corps, parceque nos corps sont beaucoup moins entachés de péchés que nos âmes. Les douleurs qu'il a souffertes en son corps n'ont été que comme piqures et légères égratignures, en comparaison de l'angoisse de son âme, et de ce fardeau unimaginable à l'esprit humain.

PIERRE DUMOULIN.

*And Hezekiah received the letter from the hands of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up unto the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord.*  
—ISAIAH xxxvii. 14.

I PAUSE always upon these words, to consider of the beauty of this example, and contrast it with our own conduct under like circumstances. We all know what it is to receive such letters, such messengers—news of danger, difficulty, and distress, when we have no means of resistance or escape. Surely there are none who know not what it is to look to the right hand and to the

left, before them and behind them, and find no man who can give them counsel, nothing that can determine them how to act in the painful, perhaps sudden emergency in which they find themselves. And what do we on such occasions? First, perhaps, endure all the agony of hopeless alarm—then all the anxiety of uncertain and unequal contrivances to avert the evil—then have recourse to the vacillating counsels and reluctant aids of men: and last of all, and least of all depended upon, and when we have exhausted ourselves with calculation, or the hour of devastation comes to interrupt us, we mention our difficulties to God, and ask counsel of our Father in heaven. Let us consider Hezekiah, and be reprovèd. He took the letter that threatened his kingdom with a destruction he had no power to avert—he read it, and saw the extent of his danger: Hezekiah did nothing ere he referred the question to his God—he went to him ere he answered, ere he spoke: Hezekiah did not first calculate the strength of his walls, or the number of his horsemen, or the fidelity of his subjects, that he might see what he could do without his God, as we do. He went to him first, and submitted to him his fearful case—he laid the letter before him. And how simply beautiful the prayer with which he accompanied it—just a mention of his danger, his helplessness, and then no more but this—“Now, therefore, O Lord, save us from his hand, &c.” O if we would do so too—if we would refer our difficulties simply, and at once, and before every thing else, to our Father in heaven, how often would the answer come to us—not to the hearing of the ear, but in the tranquil confidence whispered in our bosoms—even as it came to Hezekiah—“Whereas thou hast prayed to me.” Was it not to Hezekiah, and is it not to us, as if he said—Since thou hast cast thyself on me, since thou hast referred to me thy difficulties, of me asked counsel, and from me expected safety, so making it not thy affair but mine—behold “I will defend this city to save it for mine own sake.”

*Qui humiliatus fuerit, erit in gloriâ.—JOB.*

L'HUMILITE est une vertu qui semble convenir proprement aux pécheurs qui se reconnoissent, et qui, touchés du desir de leur salut, entrent dans les voies de la pénitence. Il y a une vérité qui les decouvre à eux-mêmes et qui les confond ; une justice intérieure qui les reprend et qui les condamne. Leur conscience les afflige, le poid de leurs péchés les abaisse, et le premier effet de la grace de Jésus Christ, c'est de leur faire sentir combien ils s'en étoient rendus indignes. On peut dire, pourtant, que l'humilité est proprement la vertu des saints, parcequ' étant plus convaincus de leurs foiblesses, plus éclairés des lumières de Dieu, plus persuadés de sa grandeur, plus touchés de ses bienfaits, et plus soumis à ses volontés, ils lui rendent aussi plus d'honneurs, et se détachent plus d'eux-mêmes. De là viennent ces conséquences que les Pères de l'Eglise ont si souvent tirées, que plus on approche de Dieu, plus on est humble ; que le fondement de l'humilité est la connoissance de soi-même, et que la mesure de la connoissance de soi-même, c'est la connoissance de Dieu ; qu'on avance d'autant plus dans la justice et dans la charité qu'on se perfectionne dans l'humilité chrétienne, et qu'on n'est saint qu'à proportion qu'on est humble.

FLECHIER.

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## LECTURES

ON OUR

## SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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### LECTURE THE NINETEENTH.

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*Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gen-*

*tiles seek :) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.—MATT. vi. 31—34.*

WE purposely divided this connected passage, because we thought we perceived in it, as we mostly do where the Scripture reiterates its words, a changing, or at least a growing meaning. We have supposed, as the Preacher seemed to us to suppose, that the cares of his people were, lest they should not be fed—lest they should not be clothed—lest the demands of nature should not be satisfied: and we have supposed, that in a worldly point of view, they had reasonable grounds for such apprehension: we have considered it as a word of remonstrance and encouragement to the unfortunate. But, reading onward to the thirty-third verse, it strikes us that this is not all the meaning—the thought of the two services, from which this admonition emanates, recurs to us—we look out upon the world around us, we look inward upon our own hearts, and we perceive at once all that it should mean. Shall we eat, shall we drink, shall we be clothed, is not all—there is the *what*, and *what*, and *wherewith*. These things stand but as a figure for all the various commodities, elegances, indulgences, and proprieties of life; as the Preacher himself declares, for all those things after which the Gentiles seek, and which our heavenly Father, since he ordained both them and us, knows to be pleasant and desirable, and, to an extent, needful to us; and which, superfluous as they are to our actual existence, he has neither forbidden nor will withhold, when it is good for us to enjoy them. We think he marks his intention to promise more than bare necessities, by the very emblem he makes use of, when he bids us behold the glory of the lily's dress, surpassing



that of Solomon himself—as if he would have said, “I have given the lily its fair colouring, though it could have lived as well without it—I have expended on the flowers of the field and the birds of the air a beauty very little needful to their brief existence, merely to adorn my world, and add a superfluous charm to this transitory being. Can I not give my people, too, what is desirable for the station I place them in, what is beautiful and becoming to their condition? Shall I, who have painted the rose of one colour, and the lily of another, and planted the fir-tree on the heights and the myrtle in the valley, shall I not provide for the distinctions of society I have made, and the variety of faculties I have given?” But whether or not this is the meaning of this particular text, it is the meaning of our Lord’s promise in general, and the actual dispensation of his providence. If it be said nay to this—we have not all that befits our condition and suits our faculties—I answer, we are not to be the judges—it is our duty rather to believe it, on his word, that we have what things befit us. Take example of earthly things. A prince has many vassals—they may be all equally faithful to his service; yet there are some that eat in his apartments, wear robes of ermine, are served with costly meats; others, lower in degree, are less splendidly attired—they sit in the halls, and are served on plain utensils—while others again are well content to have their appetites supplied, without much question of the where or how. If they were consulted, perhaps the foot-boy would choose the ermine, and the hind betake himself to the drawing-room—but to such rewards of service and fidelity the master is not pledged. Suppose further—or rather let us change the metaphor for that we ever love the best—let us observe the father of a family dealing with the offspring of his love. One, perhaps, the eldest, is to be the representative of his house—he does not love him best, but he must be fitted for his station—he must be more expensively educated to prepare him for the court or the senate—the younger

ones, who must earn their living in trade, would be ruined by a similar education. Again, the elders of the family partake of the dishes at their parents' table, the younger are fed in the nursery on plain food—not because all are not equally welcome to the best, but because it is not wholesome for their age; or it may be that one among them shall have a sickly constitution, and, for fear of impairing it, shall be deprived of a thousand indulgences, shall be differently clothed, and suffer not privation only, but many and prolonged hardships, never exacted of the rest—nay, banished sometimes of necessity for months and years, to a more homely and less indulgent dwelling-place. And sometimes again an untoward disposition, or some fault that must be conquered, compels the unwilling parent to similar difference of treatment. Is it injustice, is it partiality, or caprice, or accident, that thus gives to one child what it denies to the other? The children of the earthly father know not oftentimes the cause of their privations; if told, they cannot understand them perhaps—but they know their parent's love, and must submit to his decisions. With the same discriminating kindness deals our Father Eternal the portion of his household; but the children feel no confidence—if they have not what seems to them good for their condition, they dispute the fact that he has made a promise, or deny that he has kept it. The mischief is in this, and to this points the admonition of the Preacher. We attach more importance to the extrinsic circumstances of life than they are worth. Instead of holding with simplicity of heart what providence has given, whether it be rank, or wealth, or beauty, or talents—the velvet, the silks, the jewels, and the gold, that belong to our station and are placed within our reach—doing with them our duty, as far as duty is concerned, and for the rest, our pleasure, gratefully, innocently, and humbly, as creatures blessed without deserving—we make them the care and the object of existence: what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and what we shall put on—how we

shall deck our houses, and improve our persons, and display our talents, and exalt our names, to get honour of men—does it not consume our time, and our thoughts, and our activities, from sun-rise to sun-set? And when we fail of our desires, does it not sour our tempers, and bring strife into our families, and put rivalry and bitterness into our hearts? Take thy pen, and calculate for this one day, the number of hours that have been occupied in thinking about these exterior things, the intense-ness of feeling respecting them, the animated earnestness bestowed upon them, and see what an immense preponderance they have borne over the things of God, the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.

“After all these things do the Gentiles seek.” The good things of earth and the approbation of men are the prime movements of their existence—the righteousness of God they would rather not have, and the kingdom of God they expect to find when they can spare time from more important matters to enquire after it. It is to be expected that they will serve the Master they prefer and see to his wages first. But when one will call himself the servant of Christ, he does indeed need remonstrance, should it be perceived that there is no decreasing anxiety about these things, no lessening of the importance attached to them, no abridging of the time expended upon them. We do not say he is to despise the superfluities he has, and throw them from him; or that he is not to labour in any honest way, to procure what seems to be within his reach—but he is to hold them in simplicity, and to go after them in quietness, and they are not to be the objects of anxiety and care. We may say, if we please, that it is difficult to draw the line—while they evidently occupy all our time, and all our thoughts, and all our powers, we may persuade ourselves that they are not the chief objects of our care: but we know better—we are not so ignorant as we are dishonest in all this—we know very well the difference between desiring a thing

and being anxious about it—between having a thing and setting our hearts upon it. A tender conscience may, in some small matters, run into excess, and make needless sacrifices of the good that Heaven gives: and a freer spirit may ignorantly give a larger share of interest to the concerns of life than is their due, without meaning to defraud its rightful Master: let us pray to be kept from either excess; the former is the safer—but in the broad line of difference, as God has drawn it, there is no real difficulty in perceiving whether the kingdom of God and his righteousness be the first object of our seeking; and that secure, whether all these things are, not indeed a matter of indifference, but of so little comparative importance, that we can trust our Maker to give or to withhold them with a quiet mind.

We scarcely need to explain what is meant by the things we are first desired to seek. The kingdom of God is his grace received into the heart, the fruit and promise of redeeming love, and that immortality of glory prepared for us hereafter. His righteousness is that holiness of heart, the love of it, and the pursuit of it, without which no man shall see the Lord. How worthy these things are to occupy the first place in our thoughts and cares, we will not now discuss. By so much as time is longer than eternity—by so much as the approbation of God is of more value than the admiration of men—by so much as the purifying of the heart from sin, and adorning it with heavenly perfection, is of more moment than to deck the body gracefully, and feed it luxuriously—by so much is time, and care, and anxiety, due to the one in preference to the other. We experience every day, in earthly things, how one great, predominating interest, will absorb our faculties and engross our cares, to the almost forgetting of inferior matters, to which at other times our disoccupied minds would give considerable attention: and we doubt not to say it is impossible—yes, impossible, that a mind really taken up with the cares of eternity, can be as anxious

and as busy about the commodities of life as he was before. He will feed himself and clothe himself—he may even eat the same things, and wear the same things he did before—but it will not have cost him the same degree of forethought what he shall get and how he shall get it, nor the same regret, if he should be called upon to forego it. And we would remind every Christian, that God demands and expects that there should be in this a difference, a plain and perceptible difference, between his disciples and the Gentile world.

“All these things shall be added unto you”—they are but as the light dust of the balance in comparison with the great things that God has done for you and promised; but he knows that ye have need of them, and he will throw them as nothings into the scale, heaped in full measure already with the purchased blessings of redeeming love—pardon, peace, and immortality: he will add them, not at your choosing or your wild wishing, which would bring you to mischief quickly, but as the Father to his children, according to their real fitness for your condition, temper, and constitution, and the future estate to which he destines you. Will it not content you?

Alas! if it will not, there is but one reason why. You hold them not as the light froth upon the surface, added to fill up the measure of his bounty. It is on these that ye have set your hearts, to love them first and best; on these your minds are fixed intently as the chiefest good; and these in possession, it is the kingdom of God and his righteousness you desire should be added as the make-weights of his bounty, never interfering with more substantial benefits. If this be not so, if our hearts testify to us that we have indeed put the first first and the last last, let us well consider the remaining verse—it is a lesson hard to learn, and we are most unwilling to give attention to it; there are few of the Gospel precepts so little acted upon by Christians in general.

“Take therefore no thought for to-morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” Man does not think so—none but a Christian can ever think so; and he finds it very hard to act upon the truth to which his judgment cannot refuse assent. Yet is God very reasonable in his demands. He knows how susceptible we are of suffering, and how much exposed to it, and it is not in his design that our hearts should become hardened and insensible to sublunary ill. If that were so, the ills we suffer would fail of their purpose to chasten and to purify our spirits. The ill that he sends to-day, he means that we should feel to-day, and be humbled by it, and repent. We must and we ought; and perhaps the more holy and the more elevated the spirit be, the more is it in itself averse to ill, apart from the spiritual support communicated from above. But what has a dependent, dying creature to do with to-morrow? He has no to-morrow. To dress it in anticipatory colours, to blacken it with fear, or blazon it with hopes, is to usurp another’s right: the thing that he provides for is not his: the owner mocks its provident intrusion, and seems almost to take pleasure in defeating his purposes.

We need not much notice what our Lord does not notice, that in many things it will be pleaded, provision for the future must be made; and improvidence, itself a vice, will bring to certain and deserved punishment. It is not here said or meant, that we are not to act prudently with respect to the contingent future that is before us. Thought, anxious, careful thought, such as is here alluded to, has little to do with action; it generally ends where action begins; it is that consuming fearfulness, that is relieved the moment it can find itself any thing to go about for the furtherance of its object. If I am anxious for to-morrow’s fare, or fearful of to-morrow’s ill, tell me how by exertion I may probably find the one or avert the other—activity will take

place of carelessness, but they are not one. It is the carefulness, not the activity, that is here prohibited. Prudent activity does what it can do for the days that seem to be coming; and the more cheerfully and trustfully it goes about its task, the more, by very much, it is likely to accomplish. Care consumes herself with thought where she cannot act; looks round on a darkness through which she cannot see; and waits in agonizing anticipation of approaching ill, that no anticipation can avert. Has she not reason? No—if she be a Christian, none. If she be guided by reason and philosophy even, she will confess her suffering is irrational—for to-morrow may not come, or the threatened evil may not come with it—or coming, it may prove no evil, but be the source of good—at any rate, since care cannot avert it, care is a superfluity of suffering, for that which when it comes, must be endured no less. This is truth, taught by the common experience of humanity—but it is useless truth: the heart admits it, and is as wretched as before: feeling will not be reproved by reason, or forbidden by arguments of philosophy. Christian trust is the only power on earth that can engage the bosom to forego its bodings, and leave its futurity to God.

Day by day to take our daily bread, patient if it be bitter, grateful if it be sweet—doing with the day's possessions, in simplicity of heart, what they seem to be given for—using and not abusing—wearing our honours, if we have them, with as little ostentation as the lily that Heaven has dressed—eating our abundance, if we have it, as dependent and yet as cheerful as the blithe bird of the morning—or, of our poverty and need reaping humility and lowliness of heart, and such relinquishment of earthly confidence, as, while it bows our heads into the dust, may lift and elevate our souls to heaven—and for the morrow, asking no question but that which has already been answered, “I will provide, saith the Lord;” this is our just position. “If there be a to-morrow, which, whether there will be or not, he hath not told thee,

it is thy God's, and he will do in it his pleasure. And whose but his would we have done in it? Not our own, for we know not what is good for us—not the world's, for the world is not our master—if prosperity be good for us, it will be prosperous—we may hope for it and pray for it. If it come fraught with evil, it is not because the treasure-house of his bounty has been emptied, nor because he is loath to waste them upon us: it is because we are sick and must be healed—or we have provoked him and must be chastened. Would we continue sick? Would we go on in our corruption? Not if his kingdom, where none but they who are made whole may enter, be the first object of our desires—not if his righteousness be that for which we hunger more and thirst more than for our body's sustenance; the sense of sin more wearisome on our bosoms than any thing beside. Come accompanied as it may, if we can trust our God, to-morrow must be good, and such as we would not alter if we might, lest we should mar his purpose to our own undoing. If we are believers we know this, and are assured of it, and every day's experience confirms us in its truth: for in the days and the morrows that have been already numbered, which is the one that has not written itself merciful in memory's books? That we would venture, that we would dare to wish other than it was, except, indeed, in our own using of it? The blind man in his darkness commits himself to the guidance of his dog, convinced on experience that he will lead him right, and walks fearless and upright mid a thousand dangers. The child in its helplessness leans on its nurse's hand, and believes it shall not fall because she tells it so, and has always kept her word. But no length of experience, no tried security, no retrospective of promises fulfilled and trust rewarded, it seems, can induce the Christian to rely upon his God and be at peace.



## THE LISTENER.—No. XXXII.

MADAM,

THOUGH you intend to devote your papers more especially to the amusement or information of your younger readers, I must venture to believe, that professing to assist education, whatever concerns education, whether addressed to the parents or the children, comes as much into your department, as into that of any other contributor to the work. And though I am aware, also, that you modestly protest against giving unasked advice to the learned and the wise, I conclude when you are asked, you will yield to the expressed wishes of some of your readers, and impart your serious thoughts upon a subject of no small importance to our children, if not immediately interesting to them: and important more especially to those young and not much experienced mothers, who have monthly recourse to the pages of the work to which you contribute, in search of hints for the management and education of their children. As soon as a group of little creatures peep out from the nursery, every body asks the mother how she means to educate them, and she, with maternal anxiety, begins to question of the best method. For some it is determined that they have governesses, some are to be sent to school, some are to be taught by masters, and some are to get their education piece-meal and by accident, in any way that may happen; which I have been surprised to observe, often proves in the issue a very good one. As to which of these modes of education is the best, volumes large and volumes many have been written; and your most partial readers would not, I believe, petition you for another, even of six pages, were there not a point of view in which the subject is not, to my knowledge, sufficiently considered. There is yet room for discussion on the subject, “How should a *Christian* mother educate her children? For,

Madam, it cannot be that the same answer should be given where that adjective is subjoined and where it is omitted. It cannot be, that to ends so opposite, the same path should be the most direct. When a boy is to be brought up to the church, he is not sent to Sandhurst, neither when destined to the seas, is he sent to Oxford. If, therefore, there be two masters, two services, two worlds, so distinct and separate as you have described them in your recent pages, and as the Scriptures throughout describe them, there must be some difference in the mode of preparation for them. The boy sent to Sandhurst, may, when he becomes a man, choose to go into the church; and the man educated at Oxford, may take it into his head to go to sea; but this is not in the parent's contemplation—they have an object, and pursue the most likely means to its attainment. The child of the Christian mother may turn out careless, thoughtless, unbelieving; and choose the service for which she was not designed—for genuine piety goes not by inheritance, nor of the bequest of man—but the Christian mother does not intend this, does not prepare for this bad preference. And if at the baptismal font she have really devoted her child to be a child of God and a servant of Christ, with ardent prayer and honest wish that the vow should be fulfilled, it is impossible her view of education, and the manner in which she calculates the advantages of the various modes of it, can be exactly the same as if she considers that ceremony an established farce, and would be very sorry that her child should fulfil its promises. If, therefore, I now ask you to write your sentiments upon the best mode of educating girls, it is for *Christian* mothers only I ask the question, and to them only I wish your observations to apply—for I am satisfied they cannot, in every point at least, be equally applicable to all. Allow me to offer to your readers my own Listeners, and to request you will fill up the paper by giving us the result of yours.

Travelling last Autumn leisurely and for my amusement, in the West of England, by one of those casualties that so often give beginning to the most intimate and lasting friendship, I became acquainted with a gentleman travelling the same road, though not on the same errand—I was wandering away from my home, he was making haste to return to his. After much of that preluding sort of intercourse which usually makes the first chapter of a story so very interesting, I received an invitation to make his house one stage upon my journey, and remain a few days there to see what was worthy of observation in the neighbourhood. I did so: and whatever I did or did not see without, for that makes nothing to my story, I was most highly satisfied with all I found within. I scarcely need draw a picture of which the original may be seen in every town or province of our happy country—the picture of domestick enjoyment and grateful prosperity. By prosperity I do not mean wealth revelling in her halls of luxury, amid the plenitude of unrestrained expenditure, but that secure sufficiency, which speculating avarice does not reach, and ostentatious splendour does not waste, which hundreds do enjoy, and hundreds might who do not, were their desires more reasonable and their hearts more grateful.

If there was nothing in the residence of my friend that bespoke unlimited resources, nothing splendid or costly, it is impossible to imagine a comfort that there was not. Though not far from a large town, the extensive shrubbery that encompassed the house, and closed it from the road, gave to it a fictitious air of loneliness and seclusion, the more delightful, perhaps, that it was not a reality. My friend was a grave and sensible man, one in whose company you could not pass an hour without perceiving a mind of no common cultivation, under the immediate and habitual influence of the strongest religious principle. His lady was cheerful, rational, it seemed to me accomplished and well-read, with re-

markable kindness and simplicity of manners. Their days were spent in that sort of busy leisure, in which no one being actually compelled to do any thing, has yet, in the sense of duty, a stronger impulse to activity than any necessity could supply. When the morning bell rang for prayers, about half a dozen servants made their appearance, with cheerful faces, and received in few words the kindly instructions of their master. The breakfast hour past in rational discourse or the discussion of family matters; my friend went either to his study, or to some business in the town or in the country, that took up great part of his morning: the lady was occupied as most *not idle* ladies are, with a great many different things—books, work, household affairs, the calls of friendship and the claims of benevolence. At dinner, in the evening, whether it was in the society of a few cultivated and agreeable friends, or in the perusal of popular works, or the chat about men and things—I do not mean scandal—time passed with equal and untroubled wings, till the day's work ended as it began, in the assembling of the family to prayers; as if to forget all distinctions where all are equal, and lose in contemplation of eternity, the factitious differences of time and circumstance. Peace, holiness, and love, had there their dwelling; nor dwelt there only for the comfort of the family themselves. There the ignorant had instruction and advice, the hungry had food and the naked clothing. At a certain hour of the week-day, I saw the lady go out to visit establishments of charity, that needed, as she told me, the personal attention of those who supported them, as persons acting there for hire seldom did their duty or understood it. At a certain hour on the Sunday, I saw a number of half grown girls assembled in her hall, to be instructed by herself. In conversation with her husband, I heard her speak of Polly Thomson, and Betty Wilson, and Jemmy Butler, as if she knew all the children's characters and propensities, and was making it her business to watch over their

welfare day by day, checking the growth of ill, and encouraging every promise of good. The gentleman took me to the schools he had established, where I observed that he called every child by its name, and spoke to it in a manner that implied a personal knowledge of its temper or condition. He sometimes talked apart with the teachers, with an earnestness that proved he did not think it enough to hire and to pay, without knowing how the duty was performed. I do not wish to write a story—imagine all the rest. Consider, for you know, how many well-beneficed clergy, many professional or independent gentlemen, many wealthy, retired tradesmen, live and pass their time, and scatter blessings around them. For my part, I envied the very servants in the house; for they, even to the stable-boy, seemed objects of kindness and parental care; as if their employers held themselves responsible for their present comfort and their eternal welfare, so far as by human means either could be promoted.

It was the second evening of my visit, that, sitting with my friends alone, intent on the growth of the just-lighted fire, whose gay crackling made one rejoice that the chill of an Autumn evening had afforded excuse for lighting it. I remarked on what I had seen, and added—a sort of compliment that needed no sacrifice of truth—that the neighbouring poor were favoured by providence, in that, having no children of their own, it had disposed their hearts to become the parents of all around them. The lady smiled, and asked why I thought they had no children. Certainly I had no reason to think so, except the want of a reason to think otherwise; and not immediately replying, she added, “Our two girls are gone to school for some years in London, and our boy is at Eton.” I had started a fruitful theme—a mother’s tongue will rarely wear it out. She spoke of her girls’ affections—of the tears they shed at parting—of her longing anticipation of their return. Once I interrupted her to ask why she parted from them. “It was for their

good—for the advantage of better masters—that they might mix with other girls—that they might not be without the advantages that others have, whose parents live more in the world. She could not be so selfish as to deprive them of these, for the sake of sparing herself this painful separation.”

Like yourself, Madam, I am more disposed to listen than to talk: but it passed over my mind, that had I a child, to have it brought up in such a house as this I would pay double what they paid to send theirs out of it. I had not heard there a single word I should not wish my child to hear—I had not seen a thing I should not desire her to imitate—I had not even missed a thing I should be careful for her to acquire—and the company I had met there were such as I should desire her to form connexion with. For what so great advantages were these children gone abroad? I asked to whom they had committed so important a charge. My friend replied that it had cost him much anxious care to determine where to send them—he had enquired widely, and chosen the school that seemed, from all he heard, the most desirable. In the *single interview* he had with the lady, he was much satisfied with her conversation, and her account of herself. I asked permission to visit the girls on my return to London, and receive them at my house. It was granted gladly; the father assuring me that to know them under the observation of a friend he could rely on, would be a great satisfaction, while he was too far off to watch them himself. Why did a parent choose to be so far off?

I returned to town, and repaired with my letters of credit to the school. I was shown into a room, very neat, very clean, very cold—the chairs stood with their backs to the walls—they looked as if they were made to stand there—the sofa looked as if it was made to wear its handsome covering—the bright bars of the grate, filled with cut paper, seemed determined on a perpetual summer—the carpet beamed in vernal freshness as if

few were the footsteps privileged to tread it. Over the chimney hung a large bunch of flowers, beautifully painted; but like no flowers that ever grew, unless it might be in Eden. By the side of them hung a crayon head—beautifully executed also, could the head and the hair have agreed upon the angle of inclination that became them. The lady of the house appeared, and received me with much politeness. She was well-dressed, and for any thing I could exactly specify to the contrary, well-bred. Yet I know not how it was, that the first thing which came to my mind on seeing her, was the refined, elegant, sensible mother I had parted from—it was not from the resemblance certainly. She had one of those faces which the inexperienced call good-natured, because they are round, fresh, and lively: a physiognomist does not say so. She talked much, and sensibly, and very religiously—that sort of way in which people talk, whose right to be called religious has never been questioned by others, nor for a moment doubted by themselves. She passed high encomiums on her pupils, their talents and behaviour; but wished they could forget their parents and their home—it would be better if their mother did not write so often. She then praised their previous education, and wished all her pupils were religiously brought up—some girls came there with such habits and ideas collected at home, it was scarcely possible to prevent their doing mischief to others, or to make them conform even exteriorly to the principles on which she educated her pupils: their parents too were so suspicious of religion, she was obliged to allow many things she did not approve; and that even for the children's sake, who might else be removed, and placed where they could learn no good at all. This was true—but it reminded me of once opening a greenhouse window to cool some plants that would not bear the heat, by which I killed all those that had been used to it.

The pupils followed—tall, delicate girls of twelve and

fifteen years. The governess did not leave them with me. What, I thought, can the father's friend say to the father's child, that needs be listened to? I gave them their mother's letter—they presented it to their governess to read. What, I thought again, can a mother write to her own child, that a stranger presumes to scrutinize? When I talked of their home, I remarked that a tear came to the eye of the elder, while an arch smile played on the face of the younger. The governess remarked it, and commending the latter, gave a gentle reproof to the other. I remembered what that home was, and claimed most fellowship with the feelings of the elder.

The girls came often to my house, and it being perceived that I was confided in by the parents, I was even once or twice allowed to look in upon them at their studies. The governess, in truth, had no cause to fear inspection. Though of a rugged temper and feelings sufficiently obtuse, she conscientiously fulfilled the duties she had engaged for. She was not the mother of her pupils—she was not pledged to be—but she was their instructress, just, careful, clever. She did not love them—how could she love a dozen fresh-comers every year, whom at the end of it she might never see again? But she treated them kindly and was anxious for their improvement. She did not know their characters—how could she, when she never saw them freed from the form her presence imposed? But she managed them upon some broad principle, and instructed them upon some mechanical system, that no doubt suited all tempers and capacities. In short, there was nothing to blame: and when I compared the unfurnished rooms and uncomfortable meals, the harsh orders and captious replies, the slovenly dress and not over-cleanly habits, the restraint before the governess, the rudeness in her absence, the rivalry, bitterness, jealousy and impertinence, that ever will prevail where twenty persons,



young or old, are compelled without their choice to dwell together in perpetual competition, without the softening influence of natural affection, early habit, and united interest—when I compared all this with the elegance, the indulgence, the peace, the love that pervaded the home of these children, doubtless the fault was mine, that I did immediately perceive the advantages to be derived from such a change.

Talking with the girls in private, expressly for the purpose, I found how differently each one was affected by the change, according to her different character. The elder's heart was all at home. Did she like musick, drawing, reading?—She used to like it when she was at home, but she did not now. Did she like her school-fellows? No—one was ill-natured, another proud, another stupid. Mistrust, suspicion, dislike, feelings she could never in her home have known, were evidently among the lessons she had learned. She should wish never to know any one when she left school, but her papa and mama. The younger wanted to go home, of course—but she should not like to live always in the country. It would be so mopy to have no companions, and see nothing of the world—Miss P. had asked her to a child's ball, she wished I would ask her mama to let her go—there could be no harm in going once to see what it was like. Did I think her mama would let her have a pelisse like Miss B.'s—the things they had in the country looked so old-fashioned in town. Her governess would not let her go home with Miss F., because they were what she called worldly people; but for her part she thought them a great deal more good-natured and pleasant than herself, who was always talking about religion. I was to be sure to tell her mama that she liked French now, because she had got above a whole class of ill-natured girls, who used to laugh at her when she came to school; now she could pay them back again. While the one talked only of her discomforts, her wrongs, her dislikes,

in a tone of discontent and ill-humour I could not but blame extremely; the other talked of her triumphs, her discoveries, and her new-waked desires, in a way that satisfied me she had learned too much. I doubted if either would be as happy when she went back, as she was before she came. Questioning them about the religious instructions and practices of the school, they said their governess took a great deal of pains about it, read plenty of prayers and plenty of sermons, and gave them very good things to learn. But it took up a great deal of their time, and was very tiresome, and most of the girls made a joke of it. The elder had found out there was no real religion but in her father's house—the younger had found out it was much better to keep one's religion to oneself, and not make a fuss about it. With respect to the manners of my young friends, which they had more especially come hither to improve, the one was indifferent, inattentive and lounging, almost to rudeness—the other was pert, confident and fantastical; neither bore the smallest resemblance to the elegant simplicity of their mother.

I have told my story, madam. Are all schools alike? Is a school education the only good or the only bad one? *Must* Christian mothers send their girls away from them? Are children better any where than in the best of homes? Was the personal inspection bestowed on Betty Wilson and Jemmy Butler not owing to their own children? I hope you will fill up my paper by giving me your opinion.

Yours,

A LISTENER.

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Notwithstanding the strong desire of my correspondent that I will fill up the paper, he has so amply filled it himself, that I must perforce defer my answer till another opportunity: beside that I must have time to Listen, before I shall know what answer to return.

## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

### CONVERSATION VIII.

Schiste, or Slate—Chlorite—Talc—Grauwack.

**MRS. L.**—Another considerable substance among the Primitive Rocks is Schiste or Slate—bear it in mind that when we use the word Schistose, we mean Slaty, splitting like Slate. There are many kinds, and many terms for the substance, but not difficult to understand:—if we say Micaceous Schiste, we mean Slate with a good deal of Mica in it, or Mica Slate—Argillaceous Schiste, Slate with a mixture of Clay, or Clay Slate, and so on.

**MATILDA.**—Slate, as far as I am acquainted with it, is a very different substance from those we have examined.

**MRS. L.**—Not always. As Gneiss passes by easy gradations into Granite, so does Schiste pass into Gneiss by gradual change of form and loss of its distinguishing characters. Argillaceous Schiste, Common Slate, is sufficiently distinct, and too familiar to you to need a specimen. “The essential minerals of the Clay or Common Slate are the peculiar indurated Clay which by itself forms all the simple varieties, together with Quartz and Mica, which enter into the coarser and compound kinds of Slate. The conglomerated varieties, or the coarse Graywackes, contain, in addition to these, fragments of some of the primary rocks. It ought also to be added, that in some rare instances, grains of Felspar occur in such a manner as to give the rocks a porphyritic appearance.”

“According to these different circumstances, the texture of the several varieties differs; the finer presenting one which is perfectly compact and uniform, while the Micaceous, the sandy, the gravelly, and the conglom-

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

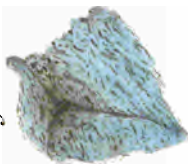


Fig. 5.





merate kinds, are each characterized by textures which these terms will sufficiently explain. A parallel disposition of the Mica, is sometimes in the Micaceous varieties a common cause of fissibility, (splitting) where no such tendency is perceptible in the base. In many of these rocks, it is apparent that the parts are united by something more than a mechanical adhesion. This seems to be the case in many of the compact kinds, or the hone-slates, and, occasionally, in some of those which contain abundant grains of Quartz; but in the greater number, the indurated clay forms the cement which unites all the fragments, whether great or small, into a solid mass."

"Argillaceous Schiste," or, as we will now call it by the common name, Clay Slate, "occurs in two modes; in the one, forming very extensive tracts of country; in the other, alternating in small proportion with many other rocks, and often in a very intricate manner. In this country, where it is found occupying great spaces, it is generally the uppermost rock of the Primary Strata, being immediately followed by the Secondary Class. In other cases, it alternates with one or more of all the Primary Strata; often also lying in the immediate vicinity of Granite, as it does in Cornwall. In Scotland, however, these alternations chiefly occur where it occupies a small space in comparison with the other rocks among which it lies. These beds of Slate are extremely irregular in their forms and dispositions, and they vary very much in dimension. Where they alternate with other rocks in the manner last described, they are often very thin; but where they occur in extensive tracts and unmixed, they attain to such a thickness, that it is frequently impossible to discover the places where they are separated. Slate presents some varieties of internal structure, one of which constitutes its chief value for the purposes of architecture. This is the Schistose disposition, in consequence of which it is capable of being split into slates of considerable tenuity in

many cases; while in others, it rather presents imperfect inclinations of a fissile tendency, than the property of dividing into continuous plates. This quality occurs both in the finer and coarser varieties; but the former possess it in the most perfect manner, although many of the latter, or the Graywacke Slates, are sufficiently divisible for economical purposes."

MAT.—Are we to understand Graywacke to mean always a coarse Slate?

MRS. L.—You will sufficiently understand the word with that explanation.

"In general the Slates are flat, being sometimes also smooth; but in others, they are minutely undulated. Beds of Slate are frequently divided by natural joints, which are either at right angles, or oblique, to the plane of stratification. According to these circumstances, they frequently separate into rhomboidal or prismatic fragments, more or less regular, and presenting great diversity of form. The prevailing colour of those varieties that form the roofing slate, is lead blue. It is also of a pale grey, or an obscure purple or greenish grey, or mottled with two colours. It occurs but rarely of very pale greyish and greenish hues, or nearly white. Other varieties are of a pale yellowish, or greenish grey colour; sometimes lead blue, or the two colours occupy alternate laminæ. It is very abundant in nature, and found usually in close contact with the Granite Rock, which often appears to have forced its way through it, in some violent concussion. "At St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, a Schistose, or Slaty Rock, is invaded by a mass of Granite from beneath; veins of the latter penetrate the former, which is hardened and broken, apparently by the force with which the Granite has been protruded. There are four Granitic summits in the promontory of Cornwall; all probably connected with each other, and with that at Dartmoor; the surrounding country is principally Clay Slate, which every where inclines to the Granite, in the

same manner as the strata of the Brocken in the Hart's forest. In the hill of Aviemore, veins of Granite are seen penetrating the Slaty Rock in all directions, and upon the weather-worn side, facing the north-east, a large vein of Granite may be perceived, widest at bottom, running nearly perpendicular, and enlarging into a mass or stratum of Granite, between the layers of Slate. Travelling northwards from Edinburgh, we enter upon Mica Slate at one of the Highland passes, and crossing the Grampians, find their principal summits of the same materials. From Loch Tay to Killin, the same rocks continue, with beds of limestone. Ben More is a Mica Slate rock, of exceeding grandeur: it rises about four thousand feet above the sea's level, and is thickly intersected with Quartz veins. Ben Lawer, to the north of Loch Tay, is of similar composition; it is chiefly Gneiss, associated with Mica Slate and Quartz; and the same substances are found at Crag, Caillach, and Schehallion, and contribute to the magnificence of the celebrated pass of Killikrankie, between Dunkeld and Blair in Athol."

MAT.—What is the difference between Mica Slate and Clay Slate?

MRS. L.—The Schistes differ in name as well as appearance, according as different substances enter into composition with the Quartz of which Slate is particularly composed. Here is a specimen of Mica Slate, *Plate 7., Fig. 1.*—glittering with the Mica that abounds in it, and of a stringy appearance. Like Gneiss, it generally forms extensive tracts of country and ranges of high mountains, but it is sometimes also found occupying very small spaces, in alternation with other primary rocks. In some instances, it may be separated into slates adapted to economical uses; in others, the laminar fracture is very irregular and imperfect. This specimen, you see, approaches much in appearance to the Gneiss, and does so in fact. The minerals of which these rocks are composed, are essentially Mica and Quartz: to the



varying proportions of these are owing all the leading varieties which are found in this rock. As it differs from Gneiss chiefly in excluding Felspar, so it easily passes into that rock by the admission of this mineral. With greater facility, it passes into Quartz Rock; as the same ingredients form one of the chief varieties of that substance; nor indeed is it often possible to determine to which of these two, any specimen, or even stratum ought to be referred. Many minerals are frequently found imbedded in this rock. Among these, Garnet is eminently conspicuous; as it sometimes abounds to such a degree as almost to equal in quantity the including rock, and thus materially to affect its character. The colours of Micaceous Slate offer very little variety. With the exception of those which contain a conspicuous quantity of imbedded extraneous minerals, or pass into Chlorite Schiste, they present tints of grey only; the Mica varying from black to white, the Quartz being almost invariably colourless. Chlorite Schiste is only Slate with Chlorite instead of Mica—and Chlorite is so little different from Mica, that its green hue is almost the only distinction. Tulose Schiste and Hornblende Schiste may explain themselves in the same way, the one containing Talc, a substance resembling Mica, but distinguished from it by not being flexible; the latter Hornblende, a substance you are already acquainted with. These Slates are generally found in close contact with each other, and all nearly connected with Gneiss. Which do you suppose this specimen to be?—*Fig. 2.*

MAT.—I think it is Chlorite Schiste from the colour.

MRS. L.—You may be confirmed in that opinion by the soft, smooth feel of it.

I must now beg you to observe that I have introduced the Slates in our conversation upon Primitive Rocks, because Geologists make some of the Slates to belong to that Class, though they arrange the Clay Slate among the Transition Rocks, because it contains organic remains. I have before told you that these distinctions of Primary, Transition, &c. are arbitrary, and every system

of Geology draws the line where its projector pleases. My reason for not separating the Schistes in explaining their nature to you, was that they are all connected in nature; they are found in conjunction with each other; and from the Mica Slate, which most resembles Gneiss, seem to pass gradually to the Clay Slate, which is altogether unlike it.

MAT.—I think we shall have a clearer notion of the Schistes in general, than if you had introduced them at separate times—we can remember that while one Geologist, in his list of substances, draws the line of division between the Mica Slate and the Clay Slate, leaving the latter to the Transition Class, another draws the line after it, so leaving the Clay Slate in the list of Primitive Rocks.

MRS. L.—Keeping this in mind, you will make no confusion between different systems. To finish with this Argillaceous Schiste or Clay Slate, I will quote the description of an author who calls it Secondary. “Clay Slate is extremely abundant, and generally immediately incumbent upon the Primary series. It is often Micaceous near the junction, and we frequently observe it fragmented and penetrated by Quartz, or Felspar, or Mica, or by Granite itself. Before the blow-pipe, it fuses into a black mass; its usual colours are various shades of grey, and it is generally so soft as to yield to the nail Siliceous and Argillaceous earths, and Oxide of Iron with a little Lime and Magnesia are its principal ingredients. The varieties of Slate are applied to various useful purposes; that which is easily separable into thin plates, compact, sonorous, and not injured by the application of a moderate heat, is employed for roofing houses. London is chiefly supplied from Bangor, in Caernarvonshire, and from the neighbourhood of Kendal in Westmoreland. There are very large quarries at Easdale, in Argyleshire; according to Mr. Jameson, five millions of Slates are there annually manufactured, which gives employment to 300 men. There are several Slate

Quarries of note in Dumbartonshire ; one ought particularly to be mentioned at Luss ; it is of geological interest, and commands a captivating view of the lake and the neighbouring mountains. Here the Clay Slate rests upon Mica Slate ; the former is of a purplish tint, penetrated by veins of pink Carbonate of Lime, and of Quartz ; the latter is very remarkably contorted, *Fig. 3*. Other varieties of Clay Slate are used for writing slates, slate pencils, and where Slate is very abundant, we observe it employed for monumental tablets, pavements, and walls. Crystals of Iron Pyrites, (Iron and Sulphur) and other extraneous bodies are not rare in Slate ; these generally render it unfit for the applications I have alluded to. Slate often contains fragments of other rocks, imbedded masses and nodules of various kinds, frequently pebbles, and, occasionally, a few impressions of shells ; it also often derives a green colour from the presence of a mineral called Chlorite, consisting of Oxyde of Iron, united to Siliceous and Aluminous earths. The Slates containing imbedded matters are called *Grauwacke-Slates*, or when of a less slaty fracture, simply *Grauwacke*."

MAT.—I have not yet a clear idea of *Grauwacke*..

MRS. L.—This substance being never arranged in the Primary Class, I meant to defer the description of it—but as it stands connected here with the Schistes, and is in fact fragments of Schiste, mixed up with sand and other matters, I will give you a specimen or two, to which you can refer, should we have occasion to mention it again. *Fig. 4*, has more the appearance of Sand than Slate, being crumbly, and the parts minute. This is called simply *Grauwacke*, or *Graywacke*. *Fig. 5*, is a less confused mixture of Slate and Landstone, and is called *Graywacke Slate*.

ANNE.—We shall now at least understand the word, if we do not recognize the substance.

MRS. L.—It is very abundant in nature. "The Slate district of England is of considerable extent, and neither

wants sublimity nor grandeur. In Cornwall the Slate is seen incumbent upon Granite, and the slaty districts form very beautiful scenery upon many parts of the coast. The term Killas has been applied to it by the miners. There is some Grauwacke in Cornwall, but it is not abundant. The best marked specimens I have seen, are from Brawnan, near Falmouth, where it alternates with Clay Slate. The slate district of Wales is of singular interest and magnificence, as those will acknowledge who have visited the chain of mountains and Cader Idris. These mountains attain an elevation of between three and four thousand feet; their summits are jagged and irregular, their declivities steep and barren, and the neighbouring passes and valleys have all the peculiarities that Slate confers; among them, the dell of Aberglaslyn, viewed from the bridge which unites Merionethshire to the county of Caernarvon, presents a grand and awful feature. The rocks are lofty, lonesome, and black; their sides exhibit terrific and inaccessible precipices, and where the slopes are more gentle, they are covered with the sharp angular fragments, which time and the elements have dislodged from above.

Advancing northwards, the mountain chain is broken by the low land of Lancashire; but in Westmoreland and Cumberland Slate again presents itself, plentifully accompanied by Grauwacke, which contributes to the enchanting scenery of the lake. As black peaks and precipices strewn with slippery and cutting fragments mark the mountains of Common Slate, so have the Grauwacke Rocks peculiarities by which they are recognized, and which are no where more evident than in the rounded summits that imbosom Derwentwater."

## SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

### CONVERSATION VII.

(Continued from page 45.)

**HENRY.**—Some of the *Orthoptera* order have suckers and cushions too, have they not, father?

**PAPA.**—Yes: and Sir Everard Home is of opinion, —as many of them, the locusts for instance, are great leapers,—that the object of the cushions is to take off the jar which must otherwise be produced by alighting suddenly on the ground.

**ANNA.**—Their immense jumps must make some provision of the kind desirable, I think.

**PAPA.**—I have not yet shewn you this drawing of a gnat's foot. It is terminated, as you may see, with bushy hair, which acts like an oar, and enables it to swim.

**ANNA.**—When it visits the water to deposit its eggs there, I suppose. I remember you told me that gnats begin their existence in that element.

**HENRY.**—The difference between the wings of insects, is, without the microscope, much more apparent than that between their legs:—the varieties in their number and structure are certainly good characteristics for distinguishing their order.

**PAPA.**—I think they are. Most insects, you see, have four wings; which in some are all alike, while in others, the lower pair differs from the upper: but they vary exceedingly in form and texture.

**ANNA.**—Are there not some, Papa, that have only two wings?

**PAPA.**—Yes, a few, such as flies and gnats, have only two; they are distinguished by that circumstance, and the order to which they belong is called *diptera* or two-winged. But they have something, Anna, instead of a

second pair of wings. Look at this fly which I have put into the microscope,—do not you see something like a small wire with a ball at the end projecting from each side of the thorax behind the wings? These little projections are called poisers, because some have supposed that they enable the fly to balance its body, and obviate all unsteadiness in flight; others, however, are of opinion that they assist respiration; and others, with perhaps more probability, that they are only the rudiments of wings.

HENRY.—The flight of most insects of the diptera order is very rapid. I have somewhere read that the common house fly makes with its wings about six hundred strokes, which carry it five feet, every second; but if alarmed, its velocity can be increased six or seven-fold, or to thirty or thirty-five feet in the same period, so that, in its swiftest flight, it can go the third part of a mile in a minute.

PAPA.—That is at the rate, you know, of twenty miles an hour.

This drawer contains a very beautiful order of insects, Anna; you will have no difficulty in telling me what they are.

ANNA.—O, no, papa;—they are butterflies and moths. What beautiful little creatures!

HENRY.—You have a great many varieties of them, father.

PAPA.—Numerous as they may appear, I have not specimens of one fiftieth part of this order; which you will readily believe when I tell you that there are, of moths alone, more than a thousand species in this country.

HENRY.—Astonishing! we see, comparatively, but few of them.

PAPA.—Very true: it is because they are all, with few exceptions, night-fliers, and the existence of many of them is so short, that having quitted the chrysalis in the evening, they die before the morning. This order is termed *Lepidoptera*—can you tell me why, Anna?

ANNA.—I think you told me, papa, that *Lepidoptera* means scaly-winged.

PAPA.—It does. I will put this butterfly into the microscope, that you may see for yourself that the mealy dust which comes off on your fingers when you touch it, is, in reality, minute scales disposed in the most regular order.

ANNA.—Dear me, Papa, I could not have believed it! How regularly they lie! and the whole body seems to be covered with them, too, as well as the wings.

PAPA.—Yes, it is. The scales add considerably to the weight of the wings; and though that circumstance is in part obviated by extent of surface, for you observe all insects of this kind have comparatively large wings, yet it causes that irregular flight which butterflies have.

ANNA.—You mean that the weight of scales on the wings makes them flutter.

PAPA.—Yes. But that apparent inconvenience is of very great advantage to them; for it enables them to elude the pursuit of their enemies. It is a very difficult thing for a bird to catch a butterfly when it is in the act of flying.

ANNA.—O Papa! I do believe you have one of my silk-worm moths here!

PAPA.—Yes, it is. Its wings are not decked in such various colours as those of some of its neighbours, but they are quite as strong and useful, and enable it sometimes to travel a great way from home. The silk-worm moth has been known to fly to a distance of a hundred miles.

Here is another insect, Anna, which can escape its pursuers quite as well as the butterfly. Its four wings, you see, which are nearly equal in size, are a complete and beautiful piece of net-work, resembling the finest gauze.

ANNA.—What is it, papa?

PAPA.—It is one of the *libellulidæ* or dragon-flies.

This elegant insect does not evade its pursuers by fluttering, like the butterfly, but it has the peculiar faculty of flying in different directions without turning its body; so that it is constantly prepared to elude the attack of its enemy. Even the swallow is not active enough to catch it.

ANNA.—What an elegant and beautiful creature! How very rich its colours are! I should think, papa, that this strong gentleman here, this beetle, with his stiff horny wings, could not fly very fast.

PAPA.—Indeed you are mistaken. But you are to know that these stiff horny wings, as you call them, are not the implements he uses in flight. They are not indeed properly wings, but sheaths or *elytra*, as they are termed, under which his fine gauze wings are preserved securely from any accident. Beetles, as I told you before, burrow in the ground; and in doing so their delicate wings would be in danger of being torn, were they not defended by this horny covering. Did you ever observe a beetle flying? They always fly in a vertical, or perpendicular posture.

ANNA.—To what order do beetles belong, papa?

PAPA.—To the *Coleoptera*; a name derived from their sheathed wings. I have not yet shown you this grasshopper's wing: it is sheathed, you see, as well as the beetles, and for a similar reason; for grasshoppers, as well as beetles, burrow in the ground. Look how curiously the wing lies folded under the sheath, just like a fan.

ANNA.—It is very curious indeed.

PAPA.—I must not forget this earwig. You are not aware, perhaps, that it can fly?

ANNA.—Can it, papa?

PAPA.—Yes: earwigs have very curious, and, in proportion to their size, very ample wings. One of them, when extended, will nearly cover the whole insect. The *elytra*, or wing cases, are short, and extend only over the



breast, so that the wings are necessarily folded up. I will open one, and you shall see how very beautifully it is done. They are first closed length-ways, you see, like a fan, and afterwards refolded across in two different places.

ANNA.—They are very elegant indeed.

HENRY.—What a strange prejudice it is that people have against the earwig; under the notion that it introduces itself into the ear, and thence penetrates to the brain, and causes death.

PAPA.—The ear is too well defended by wax and membranes to be under any danger from such an intruder. If the history of this little creature were generally known, that it is superior to all other insects in maternal tenderness, brooding its young ones as a hen does her chickens, perhaps it would be viewed by the ladies in a more favourable light.

ANNA.—You have said nothing about the flight of bees and wasps, papa. I see you have several specimens.

PAPA.—Yes; the *Hymenoptera* order is a large and very interesting one. All the insects belonging to it have four wings, of which the upper pair are larger than the under, but I do not know much that is remarkable in their flight. The humble-bees are, I believe, the most powerful fliers among them: their rapidity far exceeds, in proportion to the size of the creature, that of any bird. It would take me a long time to point out to you every thing worthy of notice in the wings of insects: they differ, as you observe, very much; and are accommodated in all cases to the form and habits of the different species. There is, however, one particular common to them all, which I will just mention: the nervures, or fibres, of which these thin transparent membranes are composed, and which you see differ very much in their position and arrangement in different species, being usually proportioned to the weight of the insect, are hollow, and in flight are filled with air; by





Willow  
*Salix*  
*Diandria Monogynia.*

means of which the insect is rendered buoyant, and soars aloft with ease and pleasure. I am sorry that I am now obliged to leave you; but I hope, as you both appear so much interested in the subject, that we shall soon have an opportunity of resuming it. I have something more to tell you of the structure, and many amusing particulars of the habits of these little favourites of nature. Z. Z.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. IX.

#### WILLOW—*SALIX*.

THE Willows, including the Osiers, Withies, &c. are very numerous—there are altogether 35 species—we have given in our Plate a drawing of the most common—the others may be readily distinguished by their resemblance to this, especially in flower—the leaves of some species are thinner, more drooping, and of much greater length. Many species of Willow, better known by the name of Osiers, are cultivated in marshy grounds for the sake of the branches—they are cut to the root every year, whence they rapidly shoot up again, and are extremely serviceable for basket-work, and other such purposes, from being strong and pliable—of these Osiers the leaves are mostly long and pliant—not as in our drawing, short and stiff.

“*Salix Babylonica*, the Weeping Willow of Babylon, grows to a considerable size. Its branches are long, slender, and pendulous, which makes it proper to be planted upon the banks of rivers, ponds, and over springs; the leaves are long and narrow, and when any mist or dew falls, a drop of water is seen hanging at their extremities, which, together with the hanging branches, gives this tree a most mournful look. On that account, garlands for forsaken lovers were made of the twigs of this Willow.

‘I offered him my company to the Willow-tree, to make him a garland as being forsaken.’—SHAKESPEARE.

It is probable that under these Willows the children of Israel mourned their captivity, when they sat down by the waters of Babylon.”—HUNTER.

There is one species, *Salix Helix*, called the **Rose Willow**, on account of what appears a beautiful red flower.

"They come out at the sides of the branches, and numbers of them are joined together in a rose-like manner, forming a singular and beautiful appearance. This, however, is not a flower, but an accidental excrescence, occasioned by a wound made in the bark of the tender branches by a certain fly, for the reception of its egg, which soon produces a worm."—HUNTER.

"Among the ancients, the Willow was appropriated to many uses, but it was chiefly cultivated for binders, to be employed in the vineyard. With them, every thing that regarded the cultivation of the Vine, was attended to with the most scrupulous exactness; and Columella, when describing the different things requisite for the vineyard, emphatically styles Willow-reeds and Chesnut-trees the 'dowries' for vineyards. Of Willows, binders were made; and Reeds made frames; and Chesnut-poles were employed for props. The ancient Britons used boats made of Wicker, covered with skins, for passing rivers and arms of the sea. Besides these boats, our rude forefathers knew how to make baskets of Wicker, which were held in estimation even at Rome. Of these Martial says, '*Barbara de pictis veni Bascanda Britannis.*'"—HUNTER.

We are all acquainted with the fragrance and beauty of the Palms, the flower of the Willow in early Spring, before the leaves appear; but no use is, I believe, made of them, though Evelyn says of one species, which he calls the slopping Sallow,

"When they are blown, which is about the first of May, or sometimes June, the palms are four inches long, and full of a fine lanuginous cotton. Of this root, there is a *Salix* near Dorking, in Surrey, which bears a thick cottonous substance. A poor body might in an hour's space gather a pound or two of it, which resembling fine silk, might doubtless be converted to some profitable use by an ingenious housewife, if gathered in calm evenings, before wind, rain, and dew impair them: I am of opinion, if it were dried with care, it might be fit for cushions and pillows."—EVELYN.

"Osier yields wicker and flexible twigs for baskets, flasks, hampers, cages, lattices, cradles, &c. It is of excellent use for the bodies of coaches and waggons, being light, durable, and neat, as it may be wrought and covered. It is good for chairs, hurdles, stays, bands, the stronger being contused and wreathed; likewise for fish-weirs, and to support the banks of impetuous rivers: in fine, for all wicker and twiggy works."—EVELYN.

"Willow is the sweetest of all our English fuel, ash not excepted, provided it be sound and dry; and emitting little smoke, is the fittest for Ladies' chambers; and all these woods and twigs should be cut either to plant, work with, or burn, in the driest time of the day."—EVELYN.

"Pales are made of cleft Willow; also fruit baskets, cans, knives, forks, trenchers, trays, &c. It makes coals, bavin, and excellent firing, not forgetting the boughs, which of all the trees in nature, yield the chastest and coolest shade in the hottest season of the day; and this umbrage so wholesome, that physicians prescribe it to feverish persons, permitting them to be placed even about their beds, as a safe, comfortable refrigerium. Now by all these plantations of the aquatic trees, it is evident the lords of moorish commons and unprofitable wastes may learn some improvement; and the neighbour bees be gratified—many tools of husbandry become much cheaper."—EVELYN.

In our days, the Willow, like many other trees of the forests and herbs of the fields, seems to have lost its medical and magical properties, but by no means its value or usefulness. We have drawn the flower in seed, because it blows before the leaf is out. It is in the Class *Diandria Monogynia* of Withering, because there are in each male flower two *Stamina*—Linnæus places it in *Dioecia Diandria*, because the male and female flowers are on different plants.

## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

### LA PRIMAVERA.

Who loves the first fair budding Spring,  
 With fluttering and unequal wing,  
 As doubting and almost afraid,  
 It steals on Winter's parting tread?  
 The bud just green upon the stem,  
 Like settings of the emerald gem—  
 There pausing, as if fearful yet,  
 Lest winter turn to look on it,  
 And haply view with envious frown  
 The jewels of her sister's crown—  
 The Palm that scents the evening gale—  
 The Snowdrop, leafless, cold, and pale,  
 Like the season that it chooses—  
 The distant wood, that hourly loses,  
 Something of its russet sheen  
 In the tints of growing green—  
 The timid Primrose, almost blown,  
 Then closing up again and gone,

As if it were afraid to trust  
 The beam so warm upon its breast—  
 From forth the dewy thicket heard  
 The chirping of the unfledged bird,  
 Who loves to list it? Who delights  
 To watch the first-heard Cuckoo's flights?

Then all is promise—all is new—  
 All is untried—it may be, true.  
 'Tis Hope's own revel—Though there be  
 Nothing as yet of certainty,  
 All is beginning, all to come,  
 The bursting bud, the promised bloom,  
 The fruits unblighted, rich and rare,  
 And then—Hope never sees too far.  
 Youth—for thou'rt like itself wihal,  
 Dressing for some gay festival,  
 Scarce knowing what, but still presuming  
 It must be pleasure that is coming—  
 Youth and the happy love thee, who  
 Feel within their bosom grow  
 Something responsive—some fresh dream  
 About to-morrow—some new scheme  
 Of joys as brilliant and as sure  
 As autumn fruit, and summer flower.  
 Less timid than the Primrose, they  
 Give faith to the inspiring ray  
 That seems to cast o'er all they know  
 A brighter tint, a richer glow,  
 And brilliant fancies to beget  
 Of something that they know not yet.  
 'Tis likely that they love thee too,  
 Whose simple bosoms never know,  
 More than the day-dole of their doom,  
 Nor doubt of any thing to come;  
 Hold not of joy or grief in store,  
 Take for to-day, and ask no more:  
 They like the season that can pay,  
 The better wages for to-day.

All do not love thee, Spring—thou art  
 Too cold, too changeable—the heart  
 That has been loser, is not pleas'd  
 To see the busy world releas'd  
 From Winter's staid and sober chain,  
 To begin the game again.

Even as he, who, overworn  
 With too much toil, has laid him down  
 On the peaceful lap of night ;  
 Started by returning light,  
 Ere he scarcely yet reposes,  
 Does not love the voice that rouses  
 From his slumber, from his dream,  
 To something welcomeless to him.

Why should they love thee ? Thou can'st bring  
 Newness of life to every thing,  
 To trees, to flowers—but not to man,  
 To whom there nothing comes again.  
 Hopes, pleasures, feelings—his are borne  
 O'er tides that never, never turn.  
 There's nothing in thy gay attire,  
 Newly dizen'd every year ;  
 Thy careless air and freshen'd gait,  
 That seems to answer to his fate—  
 Once to blossom, once to die,  
 And pass into eternity.

To charm to life the things that pass,  
 To fill again the emptied glass,  
 To spread afresh the wasted feast,  
 And summon back the wearied guest—  
 Anew the dance, anew the song,  
 To feet, to voices wearied long—  
 To see the busy world begin  
 While all with them is finishing.  
 O, there are hearts on earth, I ween,  
 That undeceiv'd of what has been,  
 And undeceiv'd of what may be,  
 And mindless of thy flattery,  
 Love thy pensive sister best—  
 In her widow's garments dress'd,  
 Nor would change her chaplet brown,  
 For all the jewels of thy crown.

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 HYMN.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King ?  
 For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring ?  
 Shall I praise thee for plenty, for health, and for ease,  
 For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace ?



Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom'd on my breast,  
 For joys in perspective, and pleasures possess?  
 For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight,  
 And the slumber that sate on my pillow at night?

For all this should I praise thee, and only for this,  
 I should leave half unsung thy donation of bliss:  
 I praise thee for sorrow, for sickness, and care;  
 For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish I bear;

For my nights of anxiety, watching, and tears;  
 A present of pain, a perspective of fears;  
 I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,  
 For the good and the evil thy hand has bestow'd.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,  
 They left me no fruit, they are wither'd and gone;—  
 The thorn it is poignant, but precious to me,  
 As the message of mercy that led me to thee.



#### “MY FATHER’S AT THE HELM.”

THE curling waves, with awful roar,  
 A little boat assailed,  
 And pallid Fear’s distracting power,  
 O’er all on board prevailed.

Save one, the captain’s darling child,  
 Who stedfast viewed the storm,  
 And cheerful, with composure, smiled  
 At danger’s threatening form.

“And sport’st thou thus,” a seaman cried,  
 “While terrors overwhelm?”  
 Why should I fear?” the boy replied,  
 “My father’s at the helm.”

So when our worldly all is left,  
 Our earthly helpers gone,  
 We still have one true anchor left,  
 God helps, and he alone.

He to our prayers will bend an ear,  
 He gives our pangs relief;  
 He turns to smiles each trembling tear,  
 To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,  
 When wants and woes o'erwhelm;  
 Remembering, like the fearless child,  
 Our Father's at the helm.

*Copied from the Times Newspaper.*



### AN OLD SCOTCH SONG.

A WEARY bodie's blythe whan the sun gangs down,  
 A weary bodie's blythe whan the sun gangs down:  
 To smile wi' his wife, and to daute wi' his weans,  
 Wha wadna be blythe whan the sun gangs down.

The simmer sun's lang, an' we're a' toiled sair,  
 Frae sun-rise to sun-set's a dreigh tack o' care;  
 But at hame for to daute 'mang our wee bits o' weans,  
 We think on our toils an' our cares nae mair.

The Saturday sun gangs aye sweetest down,  
 My bonnie boys leave their wark i' the town;  
 My heart louns light at my sin ingle side,  
 Whan my kin' blythe bairn—time is a' sitting roun'.

The Sabbath morning comes, an' warm lowes the sun,  
 Ilk heart's fu o' joy a' the parishen roun';  
 Round the hip o' the hill comes the sweet Psalm tune,  
 An' the auld fowk a' to the preaching are bowne.

The hearts o' the younkers loup lightsome, to see  
 The gladness which dwalls in their auld grannie's ee;  
 An' they gather i' the sun, 'side the green haw-tree,  
 Nae new-flown birds are sae mirthsome an' hie.

Tho' my sonsie dame's cheeks nae to auld age are prief,  
 Tho' the roses which blumed there are smit i' the leaf;  
 Tho' the young blinks o' luve hae a' died in her ee,  
 She is bonnier an' dearer than ever to me!

My hame is the Mailen weel stockit an' fu,  
 My bairns are the flocks an' the herds which I loo;—  
 My Jeanie is the gowd an'd delight o' my ee,  
 She's worth a hale lairdship o' Mailens to me!

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IT is our intention, at the request particularly of our country readers, to whom the publications of the day find their way slowly and uncertainly, to notice briefly a greater number of books than we have hitherto done, reserving our longer Reviews for works of more importance. In doing this we shall include school, or more properly lesson books, as well as works of religion and amusement. We therefore beg not to be understood to recommend every book we notice, unless we expressly say so—though wherever there is any thing particular to discommend, we shall not fail to point it out.

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*Maria's Reward; or, the Voice of the Dead.* By the Author of *Jane and her Teacher*, &c. &c. Price 2s. Nisbet. 1825.

FOR a very serious child's book, we have rarely seen a better than this, though it is a little above the understanding of very young children. Death being the subject, it is very grave of course; but it is death presented under the most cheerful characters that Christianity can give to it—and the description of death in various little stories from infancy to old age, forms a simple sketch of Gospel doctrine and its effects.

*Clarke's Scripture Promises in French.*—Nisbet, 1825.—Price 2s.

IT is with much satisfaction we mention to our readers, that this little book, long a favourite in its English dress, has been published in French, in a small pocket volume. It may be useful to young people, who, as a task or for improvement, like to commit to memory passages of Holy Writ in a foreign language; the most

beautiful and precious texts being here selected for them in small compass. It may be equally useful to those travellers who labour to extend in other countries the knowledge of the love and mercy of our God.

*Old Friends in a New Dress; or Select Fables of Æsop, in verse. 3d Edit.: to which is added a Second Part.*  
Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill. 1826. Price 6s.

It is generally admitted that children's books are very much improved in latter ages—and in all utility, principle and good sense, no doubt they are. But we, not children, who are tasked to read them for the benefit of others, have sometimes wished they were as clever and entertaining as Tom Thumb, Little Red Riding-Hood, or even Mother Hubbard and her Cat, with which we used, and I believe still should be very much amused. Great is our delight, therefore, in being called upon to notice *Old Friends in a New dress—FABLES*, too; to which we have often owned an invincible attachment—perhaps because our minds are strongly impressed with the analogy that reigns throughout the physical, natural, and moral world. We know not who is the author that affords us this pleasure; but we are persuaded his muse *condescended* when she wrote them, to a task inferior to her powers; on which, however, her powers are not wasted. We advise all our little friends to purchase the book with the first money they can spare, and wish them as much pleasure in reading it as we have had ourselves.

*The Remains of the Rev. C. Wolfe, A.B., &c.* By John N. Russell, M.A., 2 vols. Price 10s. Dublin: Watson and Co., and Hamilton and Co., London. 1825.

THE first of these volumes contains a brief memoir of the Author, which is indeed, entirely without interest in the incidents; and in the character, little distinguishable

from that which friendship always draws of departed excellence. The letters are rather the amiable correspondence of private life, than any thing worth giving to the publick, with the exception of one letter on religious songs, in the appendix. There are a few pieces of youthful composition, enough to shew that the author might have grown up a poet if he would. Indeed the beautiful Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore, so often unfairly claimed or mis-ascribed to others, is sufficient of itself to prove Mr. Wolfe a poet. We extract one of his youthful compositions, on leaving the pleasures of home and the country, to resume his studies at college, which struck us as very pretty.

## SONG.

## I.

Oh, say not that my heart is cold  
 To aught that once could warm it;  
 That nature's form, so dear of old,  
 No more has power to charm it;  
 Or that the ungenerous world can chill  
 One glow of fond emotion  
 For those who made it dearer still,  
 And shar'd my wild devotion.

## II.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view  
 In rapt and dreamy sadness;  
 Oft look on those who lov'd them too  
 With Fancy's idle gladness;  
 Again I long'd to view the light  
 In Nature's features glowing;  
 Again to tread the mountain's height,  
 And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

## III.

Stern duty rose, and frowning flung  
 His leaden chain around me;  
 With iron look and sullen tongue  
 He mutter'd as he bound me;

"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven  
 "Unfit for toil the creature ;  
 "These for the free alone are given,—  
 But, what have Slaves with nature?"

But our principal motive in noticing this work, is to recommend very strongly the Sermons contained in the second volume as most peculiarly fitted for family or school-room reading. Sermons plain enough, and above all, short enough, to gain the attention of children and servants on a Sunday evening, when most Christian parents make it a practice to read one aloud to their families, have always been very difficult to find, and are so still, though volume after volume of most excellent divinity has been given to the publick for the professed purpose. For the most part they answer every other purpose but this, for which they are too deep, too heavy, or too long. The propriety of this custom cannot be questioned, even if its actual utility be doubted. It marks the hallowed day, and puts as it were a seal upon the sacred uses to which it is supposed to have been devoted. By calling the family together at a certain hour, it acts as a sort of muster-roll to prove that no one is gone after other business; and while it shows to the master that the servants are at home, it shows to the servants how the master is employed; and it sends the children to bed with the impression of right things upon their minds. Yet it must be remembered that it comes at an hour when children and servants are tired—the more so that the same subjects have exercised their minds great part of the day. What is read therefore should demand no great or prolonged effort of attention or of understanding; it should be very simple, very striking, and very brief: ten minutes is the utmost time that should be taken, for it is as long as, under such circumstances, children can or will listen. In looking through these sermons of Mr. Wolfe, we could not but be struck with their fitness for this purpose, on account of the animated language in

which they are written, the plainness and simplicity of the truths presented, and the strength and brevity with which they are given.

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## EXTRACTS.

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### TOBACCO.

It is generally thought that the particulars and the date of the introduction of Tobacco into England are not accurately known; this, however, is not the case. Captain Lane, who, along with Hariot, the mathematician, was employed in an unsuccessful endeavour to found the first English settlement in the New World, having acquired by his intercourse with the Indians a relish for smoking tobacco, brought with him some of it to England. This is expressly stated by Hariot, in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, III. 271. The love of novelty seems to have induced Sir Walter Raleigh, and some other young men of fashion, to use it; while the favourable opinion of its medicinal qualities, given by several physicians, was the motive or the pretext for adopting the practice with those, over whom fashion and novelty had no power. Smoking was the first mode of taking tobacco in England; and before the beginning of the seventeenth century, this was deemed one of the accomplishments of men of high breeding and spirit. From them it soon descended into common use; and when king James wrote against it, it was customary for women, as well as men, to smoke after supper. When the children went to school, they carried in their satchels, along with their books, a pipe of tobacco; this seems to have served them instead of a breakfast; at the hour set apart for this meal, every one laid aside his books, and lit his pipe; the master smoked with his scholars, and taught the inexperienced how to hold their pipes. People went to bed with pipes in their mouths, and rose in the night to light them. The use of snuff seems to have been very general in Howell's time: in one of his letters he says, "the serving-maid upon the washing-block, and the swain upon the ploughshare, when they are tired with labour, take out their boxes of smutchin, and draw it into their nostrils with a quill." This mode of taking it, whence in old plays we read of a spoonful of snuff, is still customary in the Highlands; but there, a small spoon is generally appended to the null, or snuff-horn. In the *Archæologia*, there are engravings of two ancient snuff-boxes; they resemble flat circular smelling bottles; the stopper screws in; it has a spoon at the end of it, like that used in a cruet for cayenne pepper."—*Westminster Review*.

THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

MARCH, 1826.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 72.)*

A REVIEW OF ASIA IN GENERAL FROM THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY TO  
THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

ABOUT to take leave of the history of Asia for a considerable time, after having traced up the affairs of her principal nations to the period when all things were made ready for the Messiah's coming, and the great epoch of redemption was arrived—of Israel to the coming of her Lord, of Babylon and Assyria to their absorption in the Persian empire, and of Persia till her own succumbance under European power—we must pause, as is our custom, to take a brief review of the subject: that, in the long period which will intervene before we return to it again, our readers may have as clear a view as possible of the state of Asia and the condition in which our history leaves it. Nor is this review in any way out of place at this moment of our progress: for the history of Asia, hitherto the most important part of our task, is now almost at an end; at least in comparative importance. We shall return to it, indeed, for the yet remaining century of Jewish story—for the interesting account of Arabia, and for the weight of its influence on European politics, especially during the preponderance of Rome. But there



will be very little more of separate history for this first great quarter of the globe—the first in the exhibition of divine power, of creative wisdom and providential interference, and finally of redeeming mercy—the first, as to time, in greatness, and glory, and historical importance; unless Egypt, its near neighbour, be excepted; for whether Egypt received her cultivation from Asia, or Asia from Egypt, will ever remain an undecided question. It is certain that Egypt has the earlier history, the earlier rise to greatness and the earlier fall. The advantages of the situation and its nearness to the place of man's creation, account for its early population; while their close connexion with God's chosen people, has occasioned us to receive notice of their affairs, before any nation but Israel had authentic records.

That Asia saw the world's beginning, is a fact disputed, we believe, by no one. Besides the authority of the Mosaic Scriptures, every thing in the historic records of our race confirms it; and the wisdom and kindness of the Creator to his new-formed creatures, make it, to natural calculation, most probable that it should be so: for it was the finest and fairest portion of the earth, in climate, natural productions, wealth and beauty. A writer has observed, that the first tribes of men, though endowed with all human faculties, could not possess all knowledge and experience, the subsequent acquisition of which was left to the natural operation of time and circumstance. Not to expose, therefore, these first-born sons of men to difficulties and dangers they were yet untaught to provide against, the place of men's earliest abode would be so selected, that all their wants might be most easily satisfied, and every thing essential to their existence readily procured. "Such a country is found in central Asia, between the 30th and 50th degrees of North Latitude, and the 90th and 110th of East Longitude, a spot which in respect to its height, can only be compared to the lofty plain of

Quito in South America. From this elevation, Asia sinks gradually to all the four quarters. The great chains of mountains, running in various directions, arise from it, and contain the sources of the great rivers which traverse this division of the globe on all sides. If the globe was covered with water, this great table land must have first become dry, and have appeared like an island in the watery expanse. The cold and barren desert of Cobi would not, indeed, have been a suitable abode for the first tribes; but on its southern declivity we find Thibet, separated by high mountains from the rest of the world, and containing within its boundaries all varieties of air and climate. If the severest cold prevails on its snowy mountains and glaciers, a perpetual summer reigns in its valleys and well-watered plains. This is the native abode of rice, the vine, pulse, fruit, and all other vegetable productions, from which man draws his nourishment. Here, too, all the animals are found wild which man has tamed for his use, and carried with him over the whole earth; the cow, the horse, the ass, sheep, goat, camel, pig, dog, cat, and even the serviceable rein-deer, his only attendant and friend in the icy deserts of the frozen polar regions. Close to Thibet, and just on the declivity of the great central elevation, we find the charming region of Cashmere, where great elevation converts the southern heat into perpetual spring, and where nature has exerted all her powers to produce plants, animals, and man, in the highest perfection. No spot on the whole earth unites so many advantages." We quote this passage, not because we think it necessary to prove that man was first placed in these regions, or would scan the purpose of omnipotence in the choice of their abode, but because we always delight to trace the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator in the arrangement of his providence and the order of his creation. Afterwards, the more practised and experienced race of man were to have harder climes and less pro-

ductive soils to deal with. They were to take from their native spots the animals needful to their existence, and rear them by industry, where they were not found by nature. With much toil and care they were to cultivate the roots and seeds that were never known to spring spontaneous from the soil—and eventually, by long navigations and expensive journeys, were to fetch from this first repository, the treasures that their distant lands cannot be made to produce.

When we speak of the history of Asia, however, we must consider how very small a part of the great continent we call by that name, has actually come under observation. From the Ganges to the Red Sea, from the Caspian to the Indian Ocean, is all we have so much as heard mention of in these four thousand years of history; and of this space, there are many parts of which the name is almost all we have heard. Of what was going on, if any thing, in all the immense regions beyond, making up the great continent of Asia, and her countless islands, the half in extent of the whole earth, we are entirely without information. Of course they were a long time without inhabitants—how long we know not. The sons of men would probably spread themselves in that direction as fast as in the other: but the tide of history sets the other way; these are left as it were behind. The ancients seem scarcely informed of their existence. Navigation and commerce have made us acquainted with them as at present existing; but we know very little of their history, and they seem to know as little of their own.

To return to those Asiatic nations whose history we have traced to the great epoch of the Nativity; or so far towards it at least, as their history extends; for with none of them, Judea excepted, have we reached the period. Five hundred and thirty-eight years before the Christian *Æra*, the history of Assyria ceased; because her race of independent princes was at an end, and her dominion and her name were merged in the empire of the Medes and

Persians. From that time, the history of Persia became the history of Asia. Three hundred and thirty years before Christ, that also ceased by the death of Darius, the last Persian king, and the absorption of his empire in that of the Greeks. The history of Asia from this time is comprised in that of Alexander and his successors, at which we shall arrive in our next section. The fate of Asia is henceforth to depend on Europe, and all her affairs are to be traced in European history. Not to anticipate that history, we shall fill up the interval from the death of Darius and the cessation of the last Asiatic Empire, to the epoch of the Nativity, by a general, rather than a particular account of the state of Asia.

Alexander, as we have seen, took easy possession of the Persian Empire, the whole in fact of the known part of Asia, on the death of Darius, 330 B.C. The Asiatic writers say "Alexander, the son of Philip, reigned six years before his death. He subdued many nations, so that his dominions extended even to India, and the frontiers of China. He was called *Idul-Karnain*, i.e. *two-horned*, because he seemed to have passed from one horn of the sun to the other, i.e. from East to West. Five and thirty kings he slew, and twelve cities he founded. When he returned out of India, he went to Babylon, where he died of poison, and his body being put into a chest of gold, was borne on the shoulders of kings and nobles to the Egyptian Alexandria, where it was interred. It was Alexander who began the wall Yajuii, which was composed of stone and iron, the iron being let into the stone to fasten it by the help of fire, each of the stones being twelve cubits in length and eight broad. This wall when it was finished came down to the place called Babo l'Abwah, in the vallies of the region Kaphjah, from whence it was carried over and through the mountains as far as the sea of the Greeks: nor were there wanting many of the Persian kings, who, to defend their dominions from the incur-

sions of the Turks, sought to find the foundations of this wall; at last they were found by Yadydejerd, who began to carry on the work, but did not live to see it finished; several succeeding kings prosecuted the same design, but none of them with effect, till God rendered it easy to Chosroes Musherwan, who built it strongly, uniting it to the mountains, and at last brought it down to the sea, placing iron gates at the end, so that a hundred men were able to defend what would otherwise require an army of a hundred thousand." Of this famous wall, thus said to have been begun by Alexander and completed by one of the kings of modern Persia, we often hear in Asiatic history. A modern writer thus speaks of it—"The remains of this wall, which the Persians pretend their king Nawshirnan caused to be drawn from the Caspian to the Black Sea, are at this day to be seen upon the confines of the province of Shirwan and Georgia; it begins at the higher town of Derbend, and extends thence north-eastward across the mountains of Georgia towards the Black Sea. These remains are every where three feet thick, but its height is very unequal; for in some parts it is still six or seven feet high, in others only one or two, and in some places quite beaten down. It appears at first sight to be built of stone, but when one comes to examine it near, it proves to be only a kind of petrified earth, sand, and shells, which have formed so solid a body that there is no freestone better than it. In all probability this wall had stood entire to this day if it had nothing to fear but time; but the hands of men which built it have also destroyed it; and most of the towns, burroughs, and villages of the country thereabouts are built with the ruins of this wall." In all probability the wall which Alexander built, if he did build one, for defence of his Persian dominions against the Scythians, had little to do with this wall of Tartar history; it having been much a custom of former times to build these strong and extensive walls to defend the

more cultivated nations from the inroads of their barbarian neighbours. As to the Persian account of Alexander's death, it agrees nearly in time with that of the Greek historians, who date it in B.C. 323—the manner of his death is much disputed, as we shall find when we come to the history of the conqueror himself. The Persian historians tell many stories of the reign of Alexander over them—but not being found in Greek history, they are not generally inserted in authentic history. It is the fate of the Persians, as of many other nations, to have their only received history written by their enemies; their own stories of themselves and their conquerors, being too improbable and too full of fable to gain any attention. Still, in reading of the contests of Greece and Persia, we should always remember it is the Greeks who tell the story.

Notwithstanding the numerous revolts, seditions, and massacres, that follow in the track of even successful war, it seems that the Asiatic nations were in general well satisfied with their European ruler, and as well-treated by him as his native subjects. The Persians appear to have suffered most from the jealous intrigues of the Macedonians, who did not like the favours extended to the conquered people. In hope to appease these animosities, and unite his European and Asiatic subjects, Alexander himself married two of the royal family of Persia, Statyra, the daughter of Darius, and Parisatis, the daughter of Ochus: and to his friends, to the number of eighty, he gave other Persian ladies of the greatest rank. All these marriages were celebrated at once, Alexander bestowing fortunes on them. He also ordered enquiry to be made for all those of his Greek officers and soldiers who had taken Asiatic wives; and though they amounted to 10,000, he conferred favours on all of them according to their rank. On an occasion in which the troops of Alexander had shown a disinclination to follow him any farther, he either formed or feigned an intention to fill up his army

entirely with Persians. He called the Persian nobility round him, and promoted them to the principal commands in the army. This occasioned fresh tumult and despondency in the Macedonians, which was with difficulty appeased by the renewed favours and promises of their king. Alexander, we are told, gave a solemn feast, at which were present nine thousand persons. The Macedonians sat next the king, next them the Persians, and after them persons of all nations. This vast company eat together, and drank all out of one golden cup, to the prosperity and perpetual affection of all nations over whom Alexander was king.

It is not our intention to follow up adventures belonging more properly to Macedonian history. But ere we take leave of them, we should briefly allude to the conquest of India, a country of Asia hitherto but little noticed. Nor is it much that we have now to relate respecting it. When the opposition he met with in Persia, Media, &c., was exhausted, Alexander pursued his way to the Indus, and we then hear of Indian kings, fortified cities, and disciplined armies, as of a country used to war and very capable of defending itself: nor can it be doubted that India was an ancient and powerful nation. At this time it seems to have consisted of a great number of small states, each one with its king: and when Alexander, on his first approach, summoned the kings as vassals to come forth and meet him, they complied. Taxiles appeared in the name of the rest, and bringing with him the most valuable presents their country could afford. His present, we are told, was twenty-six elephants, and three hundred bulls, a crown of gold, and a considerable sum of coined silver. Of his kingdom we are told that the city of Taxila, which was the capital, was seated between the rivers Indus and Hydaspes; that it was extremely well built, and governed by good laws; the country round about being extremely fruitful and well planted; and that the kingdom was as large as Egypt.

When advanced beyond the Indus, the Macedonians found the Indians not so easily to be reduced as the other Asiatics had been. They were not only a tall and robust, but a very hardy and well-disciplined race; their king, Porus, a prince of high spirit and courage invincible. Particularly were they annoyed by the elephants, a new species of enemy to European troops, which gave considerable alarm to the horses. Success, however, eventually attended them every where: those kings who submitted had their thrones restored; those that refused were dispossessed. The things which Alexander's army found or heard of in India, of which we have only their own extravagant reports, cannot be repeated as historic facts. Obligated to return because his army would follow him no farther, he reported of kings beyond the Ganges, who had 20,000 horse, 200,000 foot, 3,000 chariots, and 3,000 elephants; with how much truth, we cannot learn. Arriving with the fleet they had built on the Indus, at the mouth of that river, the Greeks are said to have been much surprised at the flux and reflux of the sea, which they had never before heard of. It does not appear that they ventured any distance on this strange ocean: nor have we any description worth remarking of the extensive country through which, with difficulties and sufferings of every kind, they returned to Babylon by land.

After the death of Alexander, his kingdom was divided, and Asia became the seat of the bloody contests that ensued. As to the division that took place of the Asiatic governments, there is so little exactness and so little agreement among historians respecting the limits of each possessor, we do not think it worth while to name them: the writer of the Maccabees gives a good summary of the fate of these nations. "So Alexander reigned twelve years, and then died; and his servants bare rule, every one in his place, and after his death they all put crowns upon themselves, so did their sons after them many years, and evils were multiplied upon



the earth." In all the contests of Perdiccas, Antigonus, Antipater, Eumenes, Demetrius, and Seleucus, kings, captains, and governors, Asia was the prize of the battle, and the prey of the victor. The conquests and the reign of the Seleucidæ in Syria might seem to be more properly Asiatic history: but it is usually given under the head of the Grecian Empire, and is too much connected with European story, to make it desirable to disjoin them. During all this time, the prophecies delivered by divine inspiration to the people of God, themselves so little connected with these affairs, were rapidly and literally fulfilling among the sons of men; and all was making ready among the heathen, for effecting the predicted purposes of the unknown God.

About a century and a half after the termination of the Persian empire, and something less than two centuries before the birth of Christ, the Romans began to interfere with the influence of the Greeks in Asia; this country became the seat of war to this second contest for the empire of the world, and finally the possession of the Roman victors. During the last convulsions of the Commonwealth, the family of the Seleucidæ were still struggling for dominion in Syria, their small remaining power perpetually disturbed and abridged by Roman encroachment: till, under the great Pompey, the last of the race was subdued, and the contested region became a Roman province. Of these events we shall speak again in the history of that people; under whose dominion we must consider the whole of the known districts of Asia to have passed, and to be held, at the time of the Nativity.

Of the Scythians, whom we have several times mentioned as a wild and wandering people, inhabiting those parts that lie north of the first known kingdoms of Asia, we hear again in the wars of Alexander. They approached the confines of his dominions in the hope of provoking him to war: but Alexander, believing there was little to be gained, and much to be risked in contest

with these barbarians, after a little skirmishing, gave them peace on their own terms, and turned his arms in an opposite direction.

Arabia, a country lying between the Persian empire and the Red Sea, we have not yet had occasion to mention, and shall do so now but briefly. We intend, in the proper place, to make a separate history of this remarkable people: and as very little is known of them up to this period, it will be better not to divide their story. It is enough now to observe, that being the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham, their antiquity as a separate people admits of no dispute; and so entirely were they separated from the other Asiatic nations, that neither the Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, nor Romans, could ever conquer them. At this period we may consider them as a separate nation, powerful and independent, but whose authentic history cannot be distinctly traced. The little that is known of their early adventures will be related when we resume their history. Thus for the present we take leave of Asia.

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#### REFLECTIONS

#### ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth.*—JOHN xv. 15.

It is one peculiarity of the child of God, that he knows what God is doing, that is, he understands him, in his word, in his wisdom, in his providence. The sometime mysterious government of this lower world, is no more a surprise to him, for he knows the beginning and he knows the end. The prosperity of the wicked and the afflictions of the righteous, the triumphs of folly and the baffled wisdom of the wise, the unequal

distribution, the untimely death, the crossing, as it were in mockery, of every human calculation—the chance, the confusion, the hazard, as it seems: these are no cause of wonder to him—for he has been admitted to his Father's counsels, and knows what it all means—how it came so, why it is permitted, and whither it is tending. And in the private interest of his own bosom he knoweth too. If sorrow be upon him, he knows what his Lord is doing—if disappointment mar his purposes, he knows—if he be bereaved and, as it seems, forsaken, he knows where his Father is, and why he is gone off from him—if he walk in darkness and the shadow of death, he knows, he still knows whither his Lord is leading him, and why he travels in so dark a path. For God has laid open to him the fearful disorders of his own estate, the means he uses for their cure, and the ultimate object of all he suffers upon earth. We have sometimes wished the children of God would put off the language of their servitude, and cease to speak of the circumstances, occurrences, aspects, and trials of life, as if they were not in the secret of their Lord's intentions, and were as much surprised as others, at the seeming confusion that prevails: speaking as if some strange thing had befallen, when, so far as the word of God is studied and believed, all has been foretold to them—explained and justified as far as their nature is capable of understanding it. The servant, rarely admitted to his master's presence, and never to his counsels, may well wonder what he doeth—the orders he receives seem often very strange—the movements above seem altogether unaccountable: he goes and consults over them with his fellow servants, but they know no more, and the talk may well be that of wonder, curiosity, and dissatisfaction. With the children it should not be so. They sit in their Father's presence. If not consulted, they hear what he intends—they see from day to day the con-

sistent purposes he pursues, the wisdom of his plans and his habitual methods of proceeding with them. Should they talk the same language?

*He was unto me as a bear lying in wait, and as a lion in secret places.*—LAMENT. iii. 10.

It is a fearful idea as applied to the living God—and yet it is what he is to those who walk not in his ways, whether habitually, as the sinner that despises him, or occasionally, as the servant that departs from him. To either for the time he is as the dreaded bear and the resistless lion, invisible, but lying as it were in ambush, to wait the opportunity of his wrath. When forgotten, He is so—for while all seems to prosper, while the transgressor walks gay and careless by the way, the world around him smiling, the flowers of temporal delight springing up under his feet, no cloud in the heavens and no tempest in the sky—all happy, all promising, all prosperous—there is the lion couched beneath the thicket, able and determined to take the confident sinner by surprise, and when least expected, to make retribution for the sin. And when not forgotten, he is so too. For when the conscious offender treads fearfully the way he is resolved to go, his offended God is somewhere at hand. Does he see? Is he lying in wait? Will he do as he has threatened? Shall he venture on upon this ill path, or shall he turn back for fear? He feign would, but is the lion there? O! as gladly as the defenceless traveller would be rid of the couched lion and the ambushed bear, would the conscious transgressor be ridden of the presence of his God. And whenever the believer wanders from the path of duty, and lives at variance with his principles, this, as to Israel of old, is what God becomes to him. Not a protecting power, a supporting hand, a trusted guide, most beloved and most confided in, such as in better moments he appears—but a dreaded and avoided thing, which, if it be upon the path at all, is there to

interrupt his purpose or to punish it. Who would purchase forbidden pleasure at such enormous cost? Who would walk any path, however else inviting, in which God, even his own God, becomes to him as a bear lying in wait, and as a lion in secret places.

*Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.*—II. COR. iv. 16.

IN Paul's case, it was no natural decay he spoke of—he died daily, living in daily risk of death for the gospel's sake. We too die daily, for daily we draw nearer to our death, and carry about us, in most cases, the disease that is to kill us. And the perishing of this our outward man occupies much of our attention. We hear people sigh perpetually over their advancing years, and count with real concern the retrograding steps of time. As soon as we have numbered our first score years, we begin to regret our time and disown our birth-days. A little farther on, we watch with uneasiness the lines of age upon our brow, and the tint of grey upon our heads; and to speak to us of our age is almost an insult. Were this the language of infidelity or earthly-mindedness only, nothing could be more natural. Existence is a treasure nothing that possesses it consents to part from. But when we hear it from the lips of the believer, it does seem to us indeed a strange language—because there is nothing in it expressive of fear or doubt as to what may be hereafter, but simply regret that the outward man should decay, and the mortal put off mortality. Very unlike at least is it to the language of St. Paul. He, as day by day, he saw his years depart, his body tending to decay, his mental powers perhaps, his physical vigour certainly, declining, felt the growth of the immortal part within him daily more vigorous, daily more beautiful, and every day brought nearer to its perfection. And so indeed, if we were like to Paul, might we. To-day I am a year older. What does that mean? If I am an expectant of im-

mortal bliss, it means that there is one year less between me and the enjoyment of it—that I am one year nearer to being a holy, happy, heavenly creature, clothed in celestial beauty, and feasted on enduring joy. Surely when age shuns the reckoning of her years, and turns disgusted from the glass that reflects her furrows—or when youth tells with sighs another season gone, and marks with regret the fading of her charms, it must be that immortality is forgotten, or not believed, or not desired.

*Portant son opprobre.*—HEB. xiii. 13.

IL n'y a rien de plus commun en la bouche des personnes affligées, ou de ceux qui les consolent, que ce dire, savoir, qu'ils portent leur croix; que leur croix est pesante; voire que l'homme est sujet à beaucoup de croix. Mais selon le langage de Dieu, il n'y a point d'afflictions qui se puissent appeller croix, excepté celles que les hommes nous font souffrir à cause du crucifié ou de son evangile. C'est à de souffrances que Dieu a réservé et approprié ce titre honorable. Ainsi les persécutions, que l'on nous a fait souffrir à cause de Christ, les supplices, les proscriptions et les pertes, les calomnies et tout ce qu'un chrétien endure pour cette querelle, sont honorées de ce nom de croix, pour la communion qu'elles ont avec les souffrances de Christ et particulièrement de sa mort. Les afflictions qui proviennent d'autres causes, n'ont point de part en une épithète si glorieuse. Et toutefois un homme, qui est châtié et même puni pour ses péchés, ou qui par sa folie ou par son intempérance aura attiré quelque malheur sur soi, dira que c'est une croix laquelle Dieu envoie. C'est abuser du mot. Telles afflictions, ni mêmes celles, qui procèdent des causes occultes, comme celle de l'homme qui naquit aveugle, ne se peuvent appeller croix. Néanmoins cette impropriété n'est pas seulement dans le langage du commun peuple, mais aussi de plusieurs théologiens, même dans leurs livres.

Ils écrivent aussi, qu'un méchant homme a semblablement sa croix, c'est à dire, son affliction. Grande inadvertence ! Car les afflictions d'un méchant homme ne sont pas dignes de ce nom là. Si même il est ennemi de la doctrine de la croix, et qu'il en soit puni, dirons-nous que sa punition est une croix ? Ou cela ce peut-il dire du malfaiteur qui endure pour ses crimes ? Toutes les afflictions mêmes d'un bon Chrétien ne s'appellent pas croix.

J. D. SCHIBBOLETH.

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## LECTURES

ON OUR

### SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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#### LECTURE THE TWENTIETH.

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*Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye ; but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye ? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye ; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.*  
—MATT. vii. 1—5.

WE have here a subject, on which, in the abstract, men are pretty well agreed. Writhing perpetually under the stripes of too much justice—for there appears no question here of injustice—all are of a mind to have an arrest of judgment, in hope to be gainers by the universal toleration. The basest have reason to like this precept well—the most virtuous know they have need of its protection. Some who, we fear, would cancel as against them every precept of the written word beside, would keep the first line of our text in all the influence of divine authority—if indeed it could stand without the second. And even to

that, perhaps, no great objection would be taken, might their judgment of sin in the abstract, apart from its commission against themselves, be the measure of God's final judgment on their own. This text, therefore, is so much a favourite, is so perpetually enforced by the divine and descanted on by the moralist, and pleaded by suffering humanity for the mercy that they find not, there may scarcely seem any thing remaining to be urged upon the subject. As far as it regards the intercourse of man with man, the judgment and the dealing of each one with the other, we could desire nothing better than that all would judge as they desire judgment, and fill the measure as they would have it filled to them again. Then would the hard dealing cease, and the bitter speaking cease, and forbearance, tenderness and liberality become the tone of human society. The law of retaliation, that favourite of the world, would go out of fashion, by this very enforcement of it: for men would not then love to do the rigid justice they desire not to receive.

In the connexion in which it stands, however, addressed to them whom he had taken apart with him into the mountain, to whom he had measured out so full a measure of promises, of blessing, of warning, of encouragement, whom by so broad a line he had separated from the world lying in wickedness, to be governed by principles and judged by rules so different, we must view these words of our Saviour in something of a different light. In some sense, as we have hinted, the irreligious world would be the gainers by this compact with their Lord. In all that regards his service and his laws, his claims upon his creatures and their transgressions against him, nothing could be more convenient than to be judged by their own judgment. For alas! no effort of self-interested lenity is needed here. Here all are generous, all are charitable, all can pardon on their God's behalf, the offences that they would not on their own. The gates of heaven would stand wide enough, might the unregenerate spirit be their keeper; nor better



meed be asked of any, than to be admitted to immortal bliss on the same terms they would admit their fellows. The man who hates another to such excess, the wide world seems too narrow to endure his presence in it, will wish him gone to heaven. He who will plunge a poignard into another's breast, will say or purchase masses for his soul. And "God forgive thee" is the expression of abhorrence with which man not seldom refuses his forgiveness.

The heart in its natural state, is perfectly unacquainted with the actual sinfulness of sin. That is, of what he admits to be sin, what he calls so, he does not know the real nature or desert. No man does, no man, I believe, can know by nature that he deserves eternal misery. He is told so—he may believe it or he may not believe it, as we believe a thing upon another's word—but of his own judgment, till by God's spirit taught, I believe he cannot perceive it. He cannot discern why the first man's disobedience to a single command, should have incurred so heavy a penalty on himself and all his progeny—he cannot discern why God could not have pardoned the trifling defalcations of humanity, and by his lenity set all right between him and his creatures, without wreaking the full measure of his vengeance on the head of a propitiatory victim—and he cannot discern, though perfectly conscious or convinced by arguments that he has sinned, and that considerably, how the sins committed in the imbecility of man's estate, and during the brief interval of his existence here, can merit the eternal torments of the lost. And the reason that he cannot, is because he does not know the real nature of sin, how monstrous it is, how base, how ungrateful. He does not know the Being against whom sin is committed, his holiness, his tenderness, his love. He does not know the creature who commits it, how false, how treacherous, how hateful. For he has not known God as the God of redeeming love—and he has not looked upon himself as the object of that love—and he has not considered sin as

committed by the one against the other. And until he does so, sin in his judgment is a light matter, easily accounted for by human weakness, and easily excused by celestial mercy; and the unawakened spirit would desire nothing better than that God should judge of it as he does. And all our fellow-creatures in this are rich partakers of our charitable opinion. Every body thinks every body will go to heaven—the open profligate and infidel perhaps excepted—nor always they: for one gets credit for a repentance of which he never shows the signs, and the other for a good heart, while all that issues thence proclaims it to be a bad one. And if any venture to protest against the breaking of God's written law, the disregard of religion, and the prevalent impiety of the world, the very words of our text are given them in reply—they are bidden “not to judge”—not to be so uncharitable, so censorious, so eager to condemn. If we warn the world of the wrath threatened on disobedience, we are supposed to have delight in the exhibition of these terrors, to judge harshly of our fellow-creatures in supposing they can possibly deserve any such thing, and to make a great deal of fuss about trifling and excusable errors. Embroiled, embittered as our whole existence is with impatience of offences towards ourselves and each other, the moment it becomes a question of offence towards God, all are agreed and of a mind—God is merciful and we must be charitable. It is a judgment in which God will not concur. With the judgment with which we judge, we shall not be judged—with the measure of liberality with which we mete what is not ours, it will not be measured to us of mercy back again. The words of our text are in this sense not addressed to the world at large, but to the disciples of Christ: and with how much need addressed to them, there requires but little consideration to perceive.

The enlightened Christian does necessarily become a harder and severer judge of human actions, because his estimate of moral wrong is very different to what it was

tears, and staining his cheek with blushes. And it is that which still offends, insults, dishonours the Father in Heaven who loves him. Every sin, therefore, let men call it greater or call it less, or call it no sin at all, is in the disciple's judgment of more importance than it is in the judgment of the world; and if this is what is meant when religious people are charged with want of charity, the charge is in some sense just. They judge that the gate of heaven does not stand wide—they judge that without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and this, all unacceptable as it is to men, is the judgment wherewith they must be judged. The disciple is content—for strait as is the gate, Jesus can open it—narrow as is the way, Jesus can lead him in it—sinner as he is, Jesus can make him holy.

To the enlightened mind under these circumstances, the words of the text are more particularly addressed. After having been taught in the preceding chapter a much severer rule, a much harder measurement of right and wrong, than any they before had heard of, they are here admonished, as much they need, to apply those rules to themselves first and chiefest, and not rather to busy themselves with applying to each other their new-gotten wisdom, and quickened perception of God's spiritual law.

How far Christians of the present day require this admonition, we submit it to themselves to judge. Be it admitted that our sensibility to sin cannot be too acute, nor our horror of it too intense, nor our judgment of it too severe. Yet how is it exercised; how does it show itself? It is impossible to have lived in what is called religious society, and to deny that the members of it deal hardly with each other. Travellers together on so strait a way, dwellers together in so small a fold, members together of one body indivisible, it might seem they should be agreed, and abide in harmony, and love, and peace. But is it so? Or is it not true that there is as much contention, as much rivalry,

as much bickering, as much party spirit, as much harsh censure, as much personal invective, as much secret whispering, among those who profess to be the disciples of Christ, as among the multitude who disown him? Whether this be true or not, we must judge by what we see. The wounded spirit with many a sigh has said so; suffering and ashamed for itself and its companions. The world, with many a laugh, has said so; triumphing to see believers thus merciless to each other. Do we say, to excuse ourselves, that we have become so much averse to sin, we can no more endure with calmness the contemplation of it—the good of our brethren is now a matter of such heartfelt interest to us, we cannot be indifferent to their misconduct—the honour of God is grown so dear to us, we cannot stand by in silence and see it attainted by those of his own household—the glory of God, the salvation of man, the honour of religion, animates us into what may seem severity. It is a good cause. But how comes it that we have so much time to spare, to do our neighbours' business, and set our neighbours right, and mourn for our neighbours' sinfulness? How came we to be so clear-sighted of the mote that clouds our brother's eye? He who has so keen a sight to perceive the defect, and so much leisure to perform the cure, must needs have settled all his own accounts, and set his house in order. He cannot have a heart wearied from day to day with its iniquities, and waging perpetual war against a corrupted nature and a seducing world; his eye obscured and clouded by the beam of yet unvanquished passion.

Thou hypocrite, if thou art one, see to thine own condition. Since thou indeed art so anxious for the glory of God and the honour of religion, examine how in thought, and word, and deed, thou dost daily offence to the one and dishonour to the other. Look to thy indulged passions, and unhallowed words, and unrepented follies. Since thou art so anxious for the salvation of men, that thou canst run hither and thither to

reform them, see how in the mean time thy soul is perishing, and thou unsaved art going to destruction. Or if thou art not quite a hypocrite, but art honestly in earnest in all this, consider the consequences of this misdirected zeal. With the measure of eternal truth in thy hand, with the judgment of God for ever on thy lips, thou art going about the world, from city to city, from house to house, dealing out thy opinions and thy judgments with unsparing liberality, criticizing the conduct of this person and that person, reproving, reproaching, condemning: and seest not behind thee one approaching, in his hand exactly the same measure, in his mouth exactly the same judgment, to judge thee as thou art, and to mete to thee as thou hast merited. O thou that art so busy, art thou perfect? Thou that hast so much leisure, art thou prepared? Thou that seest so clearly, is thy beam cast out? If not, it would surely be more wise to see to this first; lest thou share the fate of him, who knowing his Lord's will and doing it not, had more stripes than he who knew it not, whom yet he might presume himself competent to instruct.

It is to be feared—we have said it before, but cannot too often say it—in these days of activity in religion, that, occupied and engrossed with the things that are without, Christians will become increasingly strangers to their own hearts—for not truer is it that he who is much abroad cannot be much in his affairs at home, than that the mind which is drawn out of itself to be expended upon external things, cannot meantime be holding secret and internal communion with itself. If the consequence of this should be that we become ignorant of our characters, unconscious of our defects, indifferent to the correction of our faults, the attendant consequence is likely to be, that we shall become harsh in our opinions of each other, and impatient of the discrepancies we perceive in the conduct of those around us; and if not exactly unjust in our judgment, still prone to judge where it is not our business, and proudly intolerant

of what our more lenient Master is, in his great pity, pleased to bear with: a conduct of which we shall be ill able to abide the requital, whether it come to us of God or man—whether it be measured to us back again by our fellow-creatures that are on earth, or our Father that is in heaven. In proportion, on the other hand, as we become better acquainted with ourselves, we shall find but little vocation to this administration of judgment. Too intent on the painful excision of our own corrupt propensities, to volunteer our services to operate on another—too much abashed by the sense of our own failures, to lift up so much as an eye upon the shame of another, the sight, the sound of another's sin, will but bring to mind the recollection of our own—sorrow will be in the stead of anger, and if judgment pass, it will be only on ourselves.

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## SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

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THE objection that has been justly made to the interruptions of our Biography, when extending through so many numbers, has induced us to project some change in this part of the work. We now purpose giving a course of Biographical Sketches, that by their brevity need not to be above once divided, and by their succession to each other will preserve the interest that such slight notice could scarcely else possess. Also by making it an occasional, instead of a regular article, we shall be able to allot more space to it at one time, and thus further avoid the too frequent divisions. Our present course is formed upon that of Dr. Wordsworth, though not exclusively; forming a sort of history of the state of religion in England from the Reformation, traced in the life and character of the most eminent individual of the successive periods. The sketches must necessarily be brief, but we hope to make them entertaining.

## WICKLIFFE.

**JOHN WICKLIFFE** is said to have flourished about the year 1371, when Edward III. was on the throne of England, by which we understand that that was the period at which he began to appear as a publick character. The date, however, is not positively determined: the biographer admits his uncertainty, and adds, "This is out of all doubt; that at that time all the world was in most desperate and vile estate, and that the lamentable ignorance and darkness of God's truth had overshadowed the whole earth; this man stept forth like a valiant champion, unto whom it may justly be applied that is spoken in the book of Ecclesiasticus, of one Simon, the son of Onias: "Even as the morning star being in the midst of a cloud, as the moon being full in her course, and as the bright beams of the sun; so doth he shine and glitter in the temple and church of God." There is no reason to suppose that Wickliffe was the first who knew any thing of the truth in England. At every time, doubtless, there were some who in secret knew and mourned over the corruptions in faith and practice of the Catholic church, in England as elsewhere: and by degrees, the whispered accents of truth had begun to be heard throughout Europe; encouraged by the contention of the Pope and the Catholic princes for temporal power, under disguise of spiritual influence. And with respect to Wickliffe himself, he appears to have been drawn into publick, rather by the political and ecclesiastical disputes between the church and state, than from any predetermination of his own to become a public reformer.

The state of religion at this period cannot be described in fewer or more beautiful words than those of Fox, in his life of Wickliffe. "The only name of Christ remained amongst Christians, but his lively and living doctrine was as far unknown for the most part, as his

name was common among men. As touching faith, consolation, the end and use of the law, the office of Christ, of our impotence and weakness, of the Holy Ghost, of the greatness and strength of sin, of true works, of grace and free justification by faith, of liberty of a Christian man, wherein consisteth and resteth the sum and matter of our profession; there was no mention, nor any word almost spoken. Scripture learning and divinity were known but unto a few, and that in the schools only, and there also turned and controverted almost all into sophistry. Instead of Peter and Paul, men occupied their time in studying Aquinas and Scotus, and the master of sentences. The world, leaving and forsaking the lively power of God's spiritual word and doctrine, was altogether led and blinded with outward ceremonies and human traditions, wherein the whole scope, in a manner, of all Christian perfection did consist and depend. In these was all the hope of obtaining salvation fully fixed; hereunto all things were attributed. Insomuch, that scarcely any other thing was seen in the temples or churches, taught or spoken of in sermons, or finally intended or gone about in their whole life, but keeping up of certain shadowed ceremonies; neither was there any end of their heaping. The people were taught to worship no other thing but that which they did see, and did see almost nothing that they did not worship."

Wickliffe was reader of divinity at the university of Oxford, where he began his disputations, first on logical and metaphysical, and thence on theological questions; against the wisdom and the virulence of the whole church, but under the protection of the crown, and the particular patronage of John of Gaunt, the king's son, and Lord Henry Percy, whom Fox calls his "special maintainers." After the death of Edward III. the government was principally in the hands of the duke of Lancaster, who for the express purpose of setting him in opposition to the bishops whom he hated, sent for John



Wickliffe, "who, as is said, was then the divinity teacher at Oxford, and had commenced sundry acts and disputations, contrary to the form and teaching of the Pope's church in many things; who also for the same had been deprived of his benefice." The character his enemies give of him is this. "In his teaching and preaching he was very eloquent, but a dissembler and a hypocrite. Why he surmiseth him to be a hypocrite, the cause was this; because he and his fellows usually accustomed in their preaching to go barefoot and in simple russet gowns."

It was only by degrees that Wickliffe began to attack the more important doctrines as well as practices of the Roman church. Transubstantiation was as usual the first. It has been thought strange by the inconsiderate, that this doctrine is made the point of discrimination in a man's creed; and that the oath for it, or against it, decides his orthodoxy without notice of other things quite as important. But they do not consider that it is a decisive point, not as to whether a man be a real Christian or not, but whether or not he be a Roman Catholic—because every Roman Catholic must hold it; and it is held by no Protestant sect whatever. A very clear idea of this doctrine is given in the words of Master Harding, in answer to Bishop Jewel—"In this sacrament, *after consecration*, nothing in substance remaineth that was before, neither bread nor wine, but only the *accidents* of bread and wine, as their form and shape, savour, smell, colour, weight, and such like, which here have their being miraculously, without their *subject*: forasmuch as after consecration there is none other substance than the substance of the body and blood of our Lord, which is not affected with such accidents; which doctrine, though not with these precise terms, hath always been taught and believed from the beginning:" a clear explanation of the way in which Papists contrive to believe that what they see to be bread and wine, is actually the body and the blood of Christ. This unscrip-

tural doctrine was not at first renounced, even when in part disputed. Wickliffe and Luther, and many others, wishing to reconcile the corporeal, or as it is called, the real presence of Christ's body and blood, with the evidence of their senses, first taught that though they were present, the substance of the bread and wine remained also, which they call Consubstantiation.

The clergy alarmed by Wickliffe's growing encroachments, having deprived and prohibited him in vain about the year 1376, cited him to appear before them, assigning time and place in the usual form. It was not as a suffering and defenceless martyr, however, that Wickliffe made his appearance. The description of his first arraignment as a criminal is sufficiently amusing. "The duke (of Lancaster) having intelligence that Wickliffe his client should come before the bishops, fearing that he being but one, was too weak against such a multitude, calleth to him out of the orders of friars, four bachelors of divinity, to join them with Wickliffe, also for more surety. When the day was come assigned to the same Wickliffe to appear, which day was Thursday, 9th of February, John Wickliffe went accompanied with the four friars aforesaid, and with them also the duke of Lancaster, and Lord Henry Percy, Lord Marshal of England, the same Lord also going before them to make room and way wherewith Wickliffe should come. Thus Wickliffe, through the providence of God, being sufficiently guarded, was coming to the place where the bishops sate: whom by the way they animated, and exhorted not to fear nor shrink a whit at the company of the bishops there present, who were all unlearned, said they, in respect of him; neither that he should dread the concourse of the people, whom they would themselves assist and defend, in such sort as he should take no harm. With these words and with the assistance of the nobles, Wickliffe in heart encouraged, approacheth to the church of St. Paul in London, where a main press of people was gathered to hear what should

he said or done. Such was there the frequency and throng of the multitude, that the lords, for all the puissance of the High Marshal, with great difficulty could get through. Insomuch that the bishop of London, whose name was William Courtney, seeing the stir that the Lord Marshal kept in the church among the people, speaking to the Lord Percy, said; that if he had known before, what masteries he would have kept in the church, he would have stopt him out from coming there. At which words of the bishop, the duke disdainig not a little, answered to the bishop again, and said, he would keep such mastery there, though he said nay. At last, after much wrestling, they pierced through and came to our Lady's chapel, where the dukes and barons were sitting, together with the archbishop and other bishops, before whom the aforesaid Wickliffe, according to the manner, stood before them, to know what should be laid unto him. To whom first spake the Lord Percy, bidding him to sit down, saying, that he had many things to answer to, and therefore had need of some softer seat. But the bishop of London, cast into a furiouse chafe at these words, said, he should not sit there. Neither was it, said he, according to law or reason, that he which was cited there to appear to answer before his ordinary, should sit down during the time of his answer, but should stand. Upon these words a fire began to heat and kindle between them, insomuch that they began to rate and to revile one and the other, that the whole multitude therewith disquieted, began to set on in a hurry. Then the duke, taking Lord Percy's part, with hasty words began also to take up the bishop. To whom the bishop again, nothing inferior in reproachful checks and rebukes, did render and requite not only to him as good as he brought, but also did so far excel him, in this railing art of scolding, that to use the words of mine author, *Erubuit Dux, quod non potuit prævalere litigio*: the duke blushed and was ashamed, because he could not overpass the bishop in brawling and

railing; and therefore fell to plain threatening, menacing the bishop that he would bring down the pride not only of him, but also of all the prelacy of England. And speaking moreover unto him—"Thou," he said, "bearest thyself so brag upon thy parents, which shall not be able to help thee: they shall have enough to do to help themselves." For his parents were the earl and countess of Devonshire. To whom the bishop again answered, that to be bold to tell the truth, his confidence was not in his parents, nor in any man else, but only in God in whom he trusted. Then the duke softly whispering in the ear of him next by him, said that he would rather pluck out the bishop by the hair of his head out of the church, than he would take this at his hand. This was not spoken so secretly, but that the Londoners overheard him. Whereupon being set in a rage, they cried out, saying, that they would not suffer their bishop so contemptuously to be abused; but rather they would lose their lives, than that he should be so drawn out by the hair. Thus that council being broken with scolding and brawling for that day, was dissolved before nine of the clock." John of Gaunt and the bishop, it seems, finding something to dispute about, without transubstantiation, the citation was dropped and Wickliffe went his way, and spite of the bishop's prohibition, "continued yet with his fellows going barefoot, and in long frize gowns, preaching diligently to the people."

Wickliffe's heresies increased. He is now charged with preaching that the Eucharist is only spiritually and not really the body of Christ, that the Pope is not the head of the church, that priests have no power to excommunicate, and that they might be deprived by princes of their benefices for misconduct, &c. All very inconvenient doctrines to the Roman Church, but touching chiefly on political and ecclesiastical affairs, not on the more essential matters of doctrine or practice, in which Wickliffe at no time appears to have entered deeply. The Pope now found it time to interfere; and

in the first year of Richard the II., began to send his bulls to the university of Oxford, "rebuking them sharply and like a Pope, for suffering so long the doctrine of Wickliffe to take root, and not plucking it up with the crooked sickle of the Catholic doctrine." This curious bull thus begins—

"We are compelled not only to marvel, but also to lament that you, considering that the apostolical seat hath given unto your university of Oxford so great favour and privilege, and also for that you flow as in a large sea in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and ought to be the champions and defenders of the ancient and Catholic faith, without the which there is no salvation; by your great negligence and sloth, will suffer wild cockle not only to grow up among the pure wheat of the flourishing field of your university, but also to wax more strong and choke the corn. Neither have ye any care, as we are informed, to extirpate and pluck the same up by the roots, to the great blemishing of your renowned name, the peril of your souls, the contempt of the Church of Rome, and to the great decay of the ancient faith:" and ends with desiring that they apprehend immediately the said John Wickliffe, and deliver him into the safe custody of the archbishop of Canterbury or the bishop of London. With this bull came letters to those prelates, commanding them to cast Wickliffe into prison: and to "Richard the most noble king of England," commanding him of his great love for the Church, to assist them in doing so. Whether the king's love was not so great as it should be, or for other reasons, the Pope was not obeyed; and though he "was so exquisite and solicitous about the matter, to have Wickliffe apprehended, that he wrote three different letters to one person in one day," Wickliffe still went free.

The bishops, indeed, were willing, but not brave. "The bishops took no little hurt, thinking and fully determining with themselves, and that in open profession

before their provincial council, that all manner and respects of fear and favour set apart, no person high nor low should let them, neither would they be seduced by the entreaty of any man, nor by any threatening or rewards; but that in this cause they would execute most surely upright justice and equity; yea, albeit present danger of life should follow thereupon. But these so fierce brags, and stout promises, with the subtle practices of these bishops, which thought them so sure before, the Lord, against whom no determination of man's counsels can prevail, by a small occasion did lightly confound and overthrow. For the day of the examination being come, a certain personage of the prince's court, and yet of no great noble birth, named Lewes Clifford, entering in among the bishops, did command them that they should not proceed with any definitive sentence against John Wickliffe; with which words all they were so amazed and their combs so cut, that as in the story is mentioned, they became so mute and speechless, as men not having one word in their mouths to answer. And thus by the wondrous work of God's providence, escaped John Wickliffe the second time out of the bishops' hands."

*(To be continued.)*

### THE LISTENER.—No. XXXIII.

IN replying with some seriousness to the subject of our last paper, I must again offer the apology, no fictitious one, of a particular request. It is an important subject; and though I suppose not that any tale a Listener can tell, or any counsel a writer can offer, will decide the purpose of a mother in the manner of her child's education, they may awaken reflections and feelings in her bosom, that will materially affect her decisions. To the queries with which my correspondent

closed his tale, I should say No—No to each one of them. That all schools are not alike, I will take for granted; there are all the gradations from worst to best that are in other things. Whether a school education is the worst of all possible plans, I will leave to be decided by the wise, when I have related what befell in one of my Listening excursions.

My correspondent abridges his chapter of introduction—I will leave it quite out. I came, no matter how, into a house of strangers. The family were of something higher rank and larger fortune than the one my friend describes. Elegance and fashion, combined, as in modern times they are, with every imaginable comfort and convenience, were the prevailing character of the establishment; and wealth and rank were adorned in it, with much that is beautiful; in a worldly point of view, I may say I saw nothing otherwise. Sir B. was engaged all the day in an office of public trust, but not exclusively of the claims of humanity; for he was the first in liberality and the first in activity, wherever good was to be done. Lady B. was certainly not much more at home; and when at home, was much engaged in company; yet I saw her very attentive to such domestic duties as became her station, and even more than sometimes belongs to it. I heard her household orders given with great exactness and regularity. I accompanied her to the dress-maker's, and the shoe-maker's, and various other makers, to provide what was necessary for her family, more especially for her children, who seemed to be always first in her thoughts on these occasions. I saw her often employed in preparing comforts for the poor, and entering into minute details of charitable exertion. Altogether she was a very elegant, refined and amiable woman. Half her day was passed as above described, the other half in paying or receiving visits—the evening and half the night in company abroad or company at home, and the remainder I suppose in sleep.

I was not ignorant of the existence of the children in

this house; for beside the frequent mention of them by the mother, I saw at least a dozen pour into the room after dinner, an hour at which they had better have been in bed, dressed very elegantly, to be flattered, admired, and crammed; but was much concerned to know where they existed during the intervals of this periodical swarming. Lady B. was quite willing to satisfy my curiosity. She had built a nursery and a school-room in a distant part of the house, that the children might not be disturbed by the late hours of the family: she had nurses in one, and governesses in the other, the best that could be procured—that is to say, the dearest that could be purchased. When I asked why she saw so little of her children, she said it was a sacrifice she must necessarily make for their good. When she was at home after breakfast, they were just at their studies—when she would like to take them out with her, they were just at their dinner—and when her evening commenced, they were just going to bed. She seldom went into the school-room, because the governess did not like to be interfered with. She was very anxious they should be morally and religiously educated, and thought it was much better they should see no company, and not be much seen, till they were at an age to be introduced. With little difficulty I obtained permission to frequent the nursery and the school-room, where the education of the family was performed and perfected with all the secrecy of the Inquisition. A French nurse, with a strong provincial accent, was kept in the former, that as soon as the babes could speak, they might talk French, or something as near to it as the dialect of Somersetshire is to English. That the nurse was cramming their infant minds with the idle legends and vulgar superstitions of her catholicism—of its doctrines she knew as little as need be desired—was a matter of no consideration. Here the little beings enjoyed for seven years the full swing of their native dispositions, except where they happened to interfere with the native dispo-



sitions of their nurses, who, next to themselves, agreed to indulge the children—coaxed, humoured, flattered when they were wrong—reproved, checked, and scolded when they were right—and most carefully instructed to tell no tales out of the nursery of what passed in it. Children early know their interest; the happiness of these depended on their nurses, not on their parents; there was little disposition, had there been an opportunity, to disclose what they heard or saw, at the risk of offending the nurse. What they did see and hear, those mothers who leave their children to the care of servants and the company of servant's companions, but little know. At seven years old, these scions underwent transplantation, and were received to the mysteries of the school-room.

Lady B. had procured her governess as other ladies do—that is, when she wanted one, she drove to her book-seller's, and asked him if he knew of one—he gave her the address of a dozen, whom he did not know—she appointed an interview, and saw them once for half an hour—asked them if they knew every thing, to which they answered, “Yes”—if they gave attention to religious and moral instruction, which they did of course—if they belonged to the Church of England, which for aught they knew to the contrary, they did also—and finally chose the one that asked the highest price, had lived with people of the highest rank, and said “Yes,” with the most unshrinking confidence. To this lady, with no further examination than a polite note to her last employer, politely answered in affirmatives to every thing, the children were committed for the next ten years—the most unlimited monarchy existing in society—subject to no laws but those she made for herself, and broke at her pleasure—no superintendence, no resistance, no appeal—legislative, executive, judicative, all in one. The lady who held the appointment during my visit, was not more than five and twenty: she had passed her youth in a fashionable boarding-school, the few first years of her woman-hood in the

idleness of genteel life, and at twenty had been left unexpectedly to poverty and her own resources. Patronage had put her forward in a task she hated, but could not escape from—five years' experience had taught her how to perform it with the least possible inconvenience to herself, and the greatest possible satisfaction to her careless or ignorant employers—her bosom seared by her isolated condition, and soured by her fate, gave into the melancholy narrowness of her sphere—it could only open itself in degrading gossip with the servants about family affairs, or imprudent gossip with the children about that world from which they were so anxiously excluded—its follies, its passions, its excitements, even its vices—all those secrets they were shut up here that they might not too early learn. This, however, was the evening's indulgence or the Sunday's treat—from six in the morning to six at night, the girls were kept to work—lesson after lesson, master after master, filled the six days entire. One hour, and not always that, if the governess happened to have a letter to write at home, these caged birds might breathe the air of heaven—that is, they might lag arm in arm, speechless, and all but motionless, round and round the square in London or the garden in the country. How the lessons were done, nobody knew, and nobody cared—not the governess, she hated the task, and only cared it should be over—not the children, for no valued approbation waited their success—not the mother, for she never interfered. A few things indeed it was essential to advance in—their manner, their carriage, might be observed after dinner—they might possibly be desired to play. All this was prepared for—they had ample instructions what to do and what to say, whatever should be asked of them. The nursery lesson was relearned in the school-room. It little affected their comfort whether their mother was pleased, but every thing depended on pleasing their governess; from interest and habit they heard and confirmed the flattering reports made, and the interested deceptions she

used, in the few short interviews that took place between the mother and the governess, without any disposition to contradict them. They did not love their governess, for she was selfish and indifferent—they did not fear her, for she had too little dignity and consistency to impose respect—but it was their interest to keep her in good-humour; their sole companion, guide, and confidant. Their minds took necessarily the measurement of hers, their opinions her conceits, their principles her duplicity, their knowledge her assumption, their dispositions her plausibility. It might be a little better or a little worse, or a little different without being better or worse, as the governess was changed—but whether worse or better the careless parent never knew—she paid the salary and was content. This must be allowed a worse education than any decent school would have offered. There, at least, the eye of scrutiny can reach—there, twice at least in the twelve months, tongues are free to tell their tale—there the mind has space to expand itself, and the intellect to measure itself, and passions to punish themselves, in the collision of disunited interests—and there, at least, experience and capability hold the reins of government. I should decide it clearly preferable—as much preferable as the King's Bench to the Bastile.

Rutting away all comparison, and the deprecation of any one system of education in particular, which was not our object, I would pass on to the last question of my correspondent—*Must* parents, Christian parents, put the education of their children out of their own hands? Ought they to do it? May they do it? Women of the world, women of fashion, I am aware, cannot do otherwise. Their children must get up when they go to bed. While they are abroad or engaged with company at home, which is all the time they are up, somebody must have the management of their children. Their hours, their habits, their duties, if such they are, and the subjects which engross their thoughts and attention,

totally disable them from taking any part in their children's education, and the best they can do is carefully to appoint another to their abdicated maternity. And in this case, the object being what it is, perhaps the education ordinarily so attained, is not inadequate to the purpose. They are preparing for the world's service. If in the highest rank of life, an advantageous marriage is avowedly the object—the purchase of their beauty, their name, their dower, or their external accomplishments. A step lower, this may be the object still, but not an avowed one to themselves; and happiness is allowed to stand by the side of wealth and name in the reckoning of futurity. As you descend in the scale, this object loses its supremacy, and the parents educate their children for their actual, rather than their speculative condition in the world. But still it is for the world, and the world exclusively. Of this same world, the governess may know more than the parent; she may be more apt at modern tactics; she may be fully competent to make her pupils feel ashamed of their father's manners and their father's friends; and through many a mortification, and many an unchristian feeling, help them to place themselves eventually a step or two above it. In all these alike, to keep their station in the world or to improve it, is the primary, I may say the only object: and we leave it willingly to the more able and experienced to decide, by what mode of education it may be best attained.

But with the exception of some few particular cases, and such in every thing there must be, I confess I see not why *christian* mothers put from their hands the first duty of their existence; and without a necessity, I cannot perceive how it can be excusable. Its incompatibility with other duties is the usual plea. But what are these superseding claims upon a mother's time and care? In the whole round of matronly occupation, I can admit but one—the claims of her husband; and this is often pleaded. So far as these claims really do interfere, I

would admit the full priority of this. Were it to our point, I could say much more upon the miscalculation of those ladies who withdraw themselves from the society of their husband, and put his house in perpetual discomfort and confusion, for the sake of what they are pleased to call devotion to their children; but I have generally observed that it is the part of the nursery-maid, not of the governess, these ladies perform in preference to the duties of a wife. So far as they interfere, the latter should surely take precedence; but there are few gentlemen so *désœuvré*, as to require their wife's society always, to be always at home; and if they are principally so, it becomes their duty too, and being Christians, as we are throughout supposing, is most likely to become their pleasure, to take an interest in their children's education also. It is not a mother's whole time that needs to be thus occupied—she is mistaken, if she supposes it occupies the whole time of those to whom she commits it in her stead. At school, the mistress sees her pupils an hour or two in the day—in the private school-room, the governess is personally indeed imprisoned, but her thoughts, her feelings, and her time, own widely scattered objects. Neither when a mother takes the direction of her children's education, is it by any means implied that she must have no assistance in the hours that her attention is necessarily withdrawn.

Domestic management is another excuse. I do not particularly pride myself on my powers of calculation, but certainly I never could understand the arithmetic of this sort of economy. The lady has the charge of her family, which takes up all her time—that is, she has to order the dinner, provide the dress, direct the servants, economize the revenue—perhaps she has to make the frocks, and stitch the wristbands, and various other little matters ladies wot of. I might be charged with inexperience were I to affirm that these may be done too; but of this I am certain—a housekeeper may be hired for twenty guineas, and a needle-woman may be hired for

ten—and a governess cannot be hired for a hundred, nor a good school be paid for two hundred a year. With respect to the superior importance of the one charge to the other, need a rational being—least of all, need a Christian to be taught it? Is the cutting of a frock or the shape of a bonnet of more importance than the formation of a child's mind and character, as some mothers practically declare it to be, by neglecting the one because they have to attend to the other? Christian ladies of the present day have discovered that neither their household cares, nor the claims of their husbands, nor the demands of society, nor all united, are sufficient to occupy their whole time. Witness the schools of charity, the institutions of benevolence, the committee-rooms of societies. Have we no married women here? And if we have, where are their children? Fifty miles off, taking their chance in a fashionable school—at home, left to the entire management of a stranger, uninterested and incompetent to the formation of their character, whatever she may be to their mere tuition? Far be it from me to express disapprobation of the above exertions—but I must think the moral, and religious, and rational education of our own children a prior duty. If it can be done for hire, hire somebody to go to the school of charity—if orders will supply the place of personal interference, send a deputy to the cottage of poverty. We know they cannot—and we act on the persuasion in every thing, but in the first great duty of maternal responsibility.

The last remaining excuse we hear women plead, is incapacity. There may be cases—but unless she be bed-ridden or an idiot, we confess we know not where to look for them—in which a Christian mother is incapable of educating her own children, with such assistance as she might procure without giving the management out of her own hands. What should she desire for her children that she has not? A few accomplishments? They may be easily purchased, if she can afford it—if not, they may

be done without. A little more of solid, useful knowledge? That she may acquire, if it is necessary, or put them in a way to acquire it for themselves; or that also she may pay somebody else to teach them. She does not understand teaching, and knows not so well to manage children as those whose particular business it is. This she might know. And to what sort of persons does she defer her fancied inexperience. To young women for the most part less educated than herself, as little used and far more unwilling to the task; who come to it to earn an uncomfortable subsistence, with little interest in it while doing, and little gain from it when done—strangers to the children, their dispositions, and their prospects—neglecting, mistaking, often opposing the parents' views and aims; or if yielding to them, embarrassed by their inconsistency with her own. And this is equally true whether the child be educated at home or abroad. Mothers complain that governesses are so little interested in their charge, enter so little into their parent's feelings, perform so like hirelings their tasks. Are not these complaints unreasonable? What is the wonder, that a stranger should ill like the charge a mother shows no liking for? Should do distastefully what a mother shuns entirely? What should she be made of, that her heart and soul should be devoted to children whom she must part from, and likely never see again, or see them in a sphere she never can approach—while she whose first and deepest interest it is, now and for ever, prefers to occupy herself with any thing beside? It is vain to say the governess is brought up to it—it is her business—the former for the most part is not true, the latter is her misfortune. She may be a very useful assistant to the mother, but she never, or in a few rare cases indeed, can assume her duties or effect her cares: though she may, and often does, most conscientiously fulfil her own—that is, she does what she engaged to do; the best a stranger can for a stranger's children.

We fear there is more behind than all these pleas,

admitted to the fashionable mother, but denied to us by the Christian. There must be something more than this that would induce the pious mother, whose heart beats in holy solicitude over the spiritual welfare of every peasant's child, to send from her own hands, from her own care, the child of her affections—to make over to another the fond claims of gratitude and affection due to the instructors of our childhood—to forego the sweetest, fondest task maternity can know, the rearing, forming, maturing its own work, and watching the growth, and gathering in holy gratitude the produce of its labours. We fear that parents have not made up their minds for which world their children are to be reared, and are determined they shall be made fit for either. Should Mammon hereafter claim them, their breeding shall not disgrace his service—whereas should the parents' God be pleased hereafter to claim the child, his grace will supply what is wanting and subdue what is amiss. O shame upon the monstrous calculation! Founded on the proud exactions of the one master, and the forbearing pity of the other! It has been remarked that the children of religious parents turn out worse than others. If they do, this is the cause. The worldly parent is honest in his purposes and succeeds in it. The Christian parent is not honest: he will run any risks, make any compromise, rather than forego for his children one of the factitious advantages enjoyed by the children of the world. He says—his conduct says—it is as much an object of desire to him that his children should rise in the world, shine in society, distinguish themselves in earthly pursuits, and form high connexions, as it is to others. If it is, our religion is as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal—and the sooner we give over to fret the ears of men with it, the better. If the advantages of earth bear exactly the same relative importance that they did before, we may have changed our creed, but our hearts are the same—we had better shake hands again with the world, and ask pardon for the



divisions we have occasioned. We have talked of higher destinies and superior aims ; and for ourselves, we seem, from satiety and weariness it may be, to have altered the objects of pursuit and the estimate of good ; but begin the game again for our children, and behold it is all no other than it was before. They must play for the same stake, and use the same means to win it, and set as high a value on it, and be taught to play for it at as high a cost, as if we did not profess to have discovered that it is not worth the having. And for its sake we must submit to place in jeopardy that rich inheritance which it is not ours indeed to secure to them—nor the other either—but it is ours to use the means for one or for the other, according as our wishes are ; and as our wishes are, our endeavours most surely will be, however we may persuade ourselves eternity has our choice, while time has our cares. What portion the Disposer of all things will bestow, his wisdom and his mercy must determine. His promises to parental care are great and many. They scarcely seem to have been fulfilled. Have those parental cares been honest ones ? Has not the father, the mother, for the sake of some fancied external advantage, exposed her children to contamination ? For a name of fashion, has she not compromised her own principles ? For fear the world should reject them, has she not provoked their rejection from above ?

We would be last to neglect or undervalue all reasonable attention to external charms in education, still less all rational cultivation of the mind. We know that the world that now is, as well as that which is to come, is the Christian's inheritance—beauty, elegance, accomplishments, are the gifts of God, and therefore to be valued. But to all its season and to all its place—and we must believe that the road to fashion and distinction in the world, is not the road to Christian simplicity and truth ; nor the same education promotative of both. Parents intend to secure to their children thus a double advantage ; but ill, for the most part, fares the

undertaking. The children of fashion disown them, because they will not go all lengths in their career—the religious mistrust them, because they wear another's livery. They are not happy with the world, because they have the truths and feelings of religion in their hearts—they are not happy out of it, because it is there they are to exhibit and succeed. Brought up entirely for the world, they had been happy in it while it lasted, for their minds had been suited to their pursuits. Brought up entirely for religion, they had been happy out of it, for they had never known what its attractions are. But now the thorns are scattered on either path—of desire on the one, of compunction on the other. And if the better part of their education eventually prevail, the other part may rivet a chain about their necks, that will make them go heavily, even to the gates of Heaven.

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## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

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### CONVERSATION IX.

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Porphyry—Quartz Rock—Lyenite—Marble.

MRS. L.—To the class of massive, unstratified rocks belongs Porphyry, a substance which is ranked by Werner among the Primitive formations; by other Geologists it has been placed elsewhere. Its essential constituent is Felspar; and genuine Porphyry may be defined as massive Felspar, containing embedded crystals of the same substance. Any rock including distinct crystals of Felspar, is called Porphyritic, as Porphyritic Granite, &c., which I explained to you before. The colour of Porphyry, which is usually reddish, brown, and green, is principally derived from the base or paste including the crystals. The common aspect of Porphyry is that of blocks and masses, not very unlike some of the varieties of Granite

noticed before, but its fragments are generally smaller and are in a more decaying condition. Porphyry is an extremely durable material for architectural purposes, and as such was highly esteemed among the nations of antiquity. It is met with in many parts of Britain; and in the north, the Porphyry districts are of singular grandeur, as at the base of Ben Cruachan on the banks of the Awe, and amidst the frightful precipices of Ben Nevis, the highest of the British mountains. The British Porphyries are many of them of great beauty, and might well be substituted for all ornamental purposes, for the more rare and expensive foreign varieties. The variety called Egyptian Porphyry is the most valued.

MAT.—Have we a specimen of Porphyry?

MRS. L.—We have two. Here is one, a hard red substance, enveloping or containing crystals embedded in it, which are generally Felspar of a light colour; this is called Red Egyptian Porphyry.—*Fig. 1.* Green Porphyry is of a dull, dark green, with crystals of Felspar of a light green: the ancients called it Oophites, but the modern Italians, Serpentine. Brown Porphyry, as that from Sweden, *Fig. 2.*, resembles the Egyptian, but is not so hard. You observe that the light specks of the Granite are almost always angular, very seldom round—they are distinct crystals, not confused with the mass as in Granite. Porphyry is often met with in a decomposing state; it then is much softer, and finally becomes Clay. This rock is of a substance as hard as the mineral we call Jasper, which, of various colours and descriptions, is sometimes found in its fissures, forming a sort of vein: it is generally red or dull green, often striped, and contains a great deal of Iron. We shall speak of this mineral hereafter.

ANNE.—Here is a specimen that I think I have seen before.

MRS. L.—Then I hope you remember what it is, and where it occurred.

ANNE.—Was it not among our specimens of Quartz?

MRS. L.—It was there placed, under the name of Quartz Rock, (*Fig. 2., Plate 5.,*) when we were speaking of the constituent parts of Granite. I there told you it was found in separate masses of great extent, and described its properties and appearance—volume 5, page 338. I now allude to it again, as one of the Primary Rocks, and will name whatever else is known of it. You must often be content to hear of the same substance twice—as most of these rocks, &c., appear again in altered situations and conditions.

MAT.—That will be rather to our advantage, provided we can keep our ideas of them distinct, and have a right understanding of the cause of the repetition.

MRS. L.—This we will endeavour—and for the purpose, put out of mind now the beautiful Rock Crystal I have shewn you as pure Quartz; and do not, like a girl I once taught, fancy the Dublin sugar-loaf mountains as transparent as her ear-rings, because I told her they were composed of Quartz. Quartz Rock consists either of pure Quartz, compact or imperfectly granular; or it is a compact granular compound of Quartz and Felspar, or of Quartz and Mica, subject to other accidents. The obviously re-united structure even of the most compact kinds, together with the marks of stratification, prevent the compounds of Quartz and Felspar from being confounded with Granite, except, perhaps, at the points of junction with that rock. From certain varieties of Micaceous Schiste, it can only be distinguished by the predominance of the Quartz: the limits of the two being evanescent. Quartz Rocks vary exceedingly in dimensions, even from an inch to many yards in thickness; and as they often possess natural joints, they break, like the Schistose Rocks, into rhomboidal or rectangular fragments. The Strata are occasionally, but rarely bent, and never present the contortions so common in Micaceous Schiste. You remember, I hope, what that term means?

ANNE.—Perfectly—Slate containing a good deal of

Mica—and I was turning over the leaves to *Plate 3*, to see what was meant by rhomboidal.

MRS. L.—I did not think you would have forgotten—I never pass a term unexplained, unless it has occurred before: therefore when memory fails, you do right to look back on former conversations—you will be sure to find what you want.

“With regard to the precise place which Quartz Rock occupies among the Primary Strata, nothing positive can be laid down; since it is found alternating with all those which follow Granite. It alternates, that is, lies in alternate beds, sometimes with Gneiss, sometimes with Micaceous Schiste, and by a little change becomes so like them, that it may be scarcely distinguished. Such varieties holding an intermediate state between two rocks, have an equal claim to be ranked under either; but as it is a fruitless attempt to define that to which nature has not set bounds, and as no advantages are gained by multiplying terms to express such gradations, it is most proper to class the doubtful specimen in that division which is the predominant one. But the alternations between Micaceous Slate and Quartz Rock, are often more decided and on a larger scale; a sudden and complete change taking place where they meet. Scarba and Jura, and many other parts of Scotland, afford specimens of this. There are beside, large tracts of country, exhibiting Strata of some thousand feet in thickness, consisting solely of Quartz Rock; giving it thus a decided claim to be ranked as a principal member of the Primitive Class. The varieties in the mineral character of Quartz Rocks are numerous. It is occasionally, but rarely, in a compact state and crystalline throughout. More generally, when pure, it has an aspect obscurely granular, by degrees becoming lax and arenaceous (sandy); as the grains vary in size and in the closeness of their union. The next, and perhaps prevailing variety consists of a mixture of Quartz and Felspar; and from the latter it

Fig. 1.

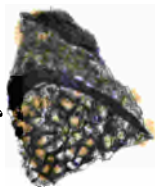


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

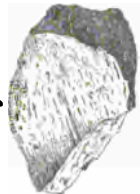


Fig. 4.

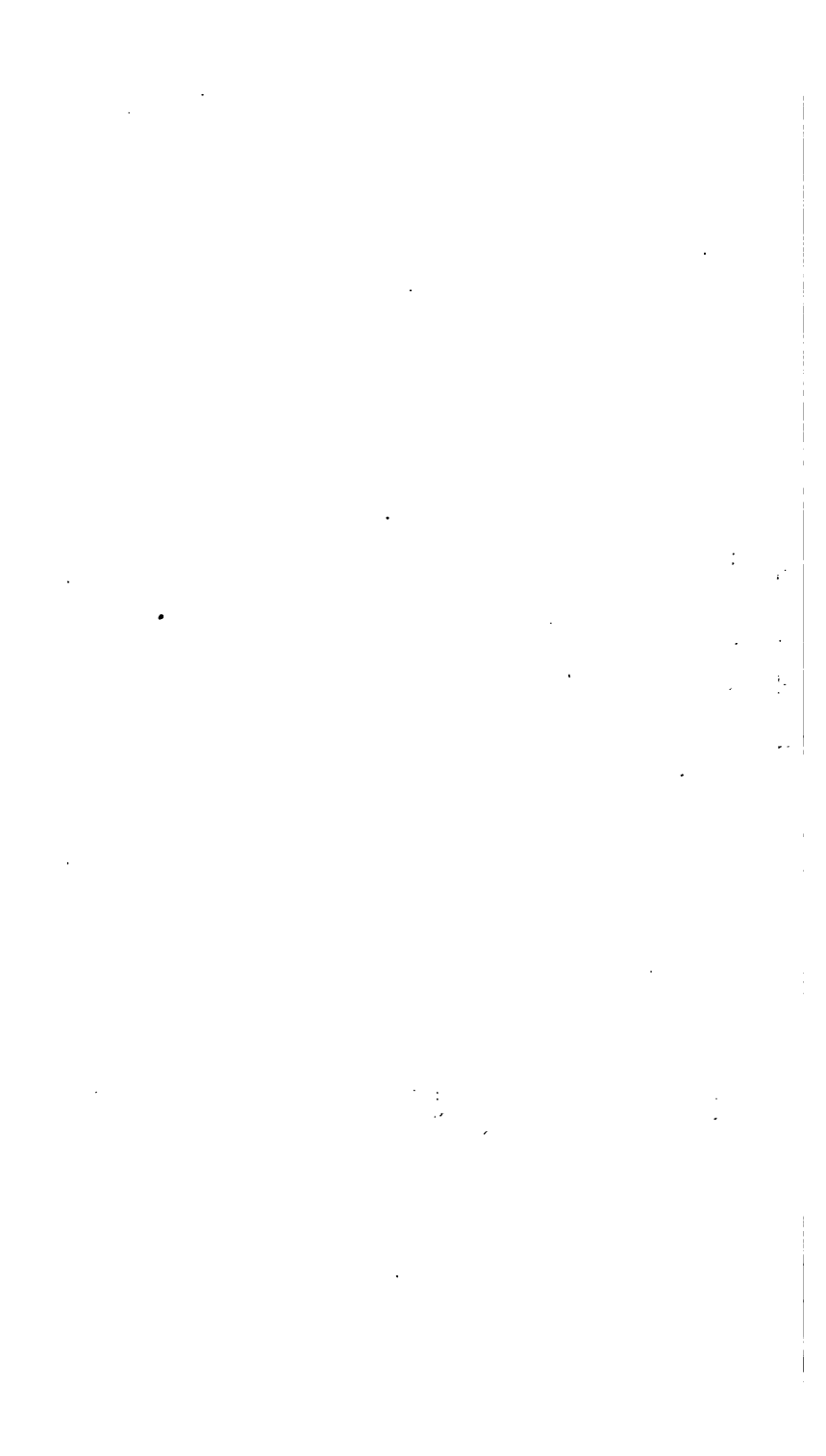


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.





generally derives a reddish hue. Its texture is various, the grains of Felspar being at times imbedded in a crystalline Quartz, while more frequently, the whole rock is a mass of agglutinated grains of the two substances, in various proportions. In every instance it has a foliated disposition (a disposition to spilt into leaves.) Another variety is Quartz mixed with Mica. Sometimes the grains become so large as to appear like agglutinations of gravel; nor is it uncommon to find specimens containing rounded pebbles of large size. From these the passage is easy into common Grauwacke, which I have already described to you.

Quartz Rock never appears to contain any essential minerals, capable of changing its general characters; and it is equally remarkable that it is very rarely the repository of any independent mineral, except Garnets and Pyrites. The colours are extremely limited. In the purer varieties, white is the predominant hue; but they are occasionally to be found tinged with ochre yellow, or with reddish, and even dark purple tints. Where Mica is present, the colour is often grey; and the presence of Felspar, in the same manner, often confers a pink or flesh-coloured hue to the compound rock. *Fig. 3.* is a common kind of Quartz Rock, something different in colour to our former specimen.

MAT.—May I interrupt you to ask what Syenite is. I heard the term used in speaking of the Primitive Rocks, and did not recollect your having referred to it in any way.

MRS. L.—Syenite is not very abundant, and is frequently confounded with Granite. It is in fact little else than Granite with a predominant quantity of Hornblende. Granite Rocks, as I have before explained to you, often contain a considerable quantity of Hornblende—these aggregates are termed Syenites, or Syenitic Rocks, and are of various hues, according as one or other of the constituents predominates. Sometimes the place of the Quartz is wholly occupied by



Hornblende, and the rock is principally an aggregate of Felspar and Hornblende. The term Syenite is derived from Syene, in Upper Egypt, where this rock is plentiful, and was used for architectural purposes by the Egyptian and Roman sculptors. The famous head of Memnon in the British Museum, and most of the colossal statues in Egypt, are of Syenite. The aspect of Syenitic Rocks is allied to that of Granite and Porphyry. They may be observed rising from the slaty districts of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, and in Cumberland, near Wastdale and Buttermere. A beautiful Syenite is noticed by Mr. Bakewell as occurring in Leicestershire, at Markfield Knowle, a hill on Charnwood Forest. Syenite very often contains magnetic Oxyde of Iron. It is commonly a very hard substance, of a dull red or green.—*Fig. 4.* When composed of more Hornblende than Felspar, it is sometimes called Greenstone.

The next substance I have to present to you, and the last of this Class, is Primary Limestone, or Marble.

ANNE.—If I may judge of the importance of a substance in nature by its value in the world, I should wonder why you put Marble last.

MRS. L.—I did so, because its right to be there at all is disputed. Indeed most Limestones belong to the Secondary Class, and must be deferred till we come to speak of those: but there is a kind that is found intermixed with the Primary Rocks, and clearly belonging to them, and is thence called Primitive Limestone. Some geologists put it in the Primary, some in the Transition Class.

MAT.—Are Limestone and Marble the same thing?

MRS. L.—Not always. Limestone takes the name of Marble only when it is sufficiently hard to receive a polish. All other kinds of Limestone we defer for the present. Limestones in general may be known by their effervescing when strong acids are applied to them. When separated from their native position, it is not

easy to distinguish the Primary and Secondary Limestones one from the other—but if the specimen contains Mica, Hornblende, or other minerals intermixed, you may safely decide that it belongs to the Primary.

Primitive Limestone is found in Strata of the usual variety of forms, alternating with other rocks of the same Class, and it occurs in every part of the series. It exists either in a considerable succession of unmixed beds, or else in rare and slender strata, or laminae intermixed in small proportion with some other Rock, most frequently with Clay Slates. It is also found in irregular masses, or large nodules, which can scarcely be said to possess a stratified shape, and which very much resemble, as already remarked, the masses of Serpentine that occur in similar situations. In Scotland it occurs in contact with Granite, in which case it is often indurated. Sometimes when in contact with Mica, Slate, and Gneiss, it becomes so much intermixed with Mica as to be scarcely distinguishable from those substances, the Limestone becoming almost invisible.

MAT.—I think you have not told us what this Marble is composed of.

MRS. L.—It cannot be said to be composed at all, because it is a simple substance, pure Limestone; though the appearance is varied by the intermixture of minerals not essential to it. The texture varies from the highly crystalline, of a larger or finer grain, to the uniformly compact, and the earthy. The Marble of the Primary Rocks differs from Marble belonging to other rocks, in its granularly foliated texture, and the absence of organic remains. The most esteemed varieties are perfectly white, and free from veins; somewhat translucent and susceptible of a good polish. These marbles are imported for ornamental purposes, especially for those of the sculptor. Nearly all the sublime works of the Grecian artists were sculptured in the marble from the isle of Paros in the Archipelago. Next in point of estimation is that of Carrara in Italy.—*Fig. 5.* White

Marble is abundantly quarried in different parts of the Alps. Near the summit of Mount Cenis, it is found fine grained and micaceous. There are several quarries in the Vallais, and upon the Italian side of the Simplon, and in the hills surrounding the Alpine extremity of Lago Maggiore. Hence is obtained the beautiful marble of which the cathedral of Milan is built, and likewise that intended for the completion of the magnificent triumphal arch, commenced by Napoleon, at the northern entrance of that capital. In some places it contains interspersed Hornblende. Of the coloured varieties that of the isle of Tiree is extremely beautiful; it is of a pale red, spotted with green Hornblende. Marble is found in several parts of Scotland, and in some places of characteristic beauty, and alternating, within small limits, with other rocks. In Inverary park it may be seen in contact with Mica Slate and Porphyry. Serpentine and Marble are sometimes blended together, and they form a valuable compound for ornamental purposes, which has been called Verde Antique. In the splendid Serpentine of Anglesea, patches of Marble are found, which much enhance its beauty. A very remarkable Marble quarry is that of Icolmkil, or Iona. Syenitic rocks constitute the leading features—but at the south-west point of the island is a bed of Marble about forty feet wide, bounded by vertical walls of Hornblende Rock. The Marble is of the species called Dolomite. Near it is a mass of Hornstone, and above the whole protrudes an immense vein of Granite, surrounded by the Marble, but from which it has been loosened, so as just to admit a person to pass between the two walls. That they have once been in contact, is proved by the organic protuberances having correspondent indentations in the Marble, and *vice versa*.

ANNE.—Have we now seen specimens of all the Primary Rocks?

MRS. L.—There is one newly placed among them by Macculloch, which I will just notice, as you may find

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*T. Higham sculp.*

Hawthorn.  
*Crataegus Oxyacantha.*  
*Icosandria Digynia.*

it sometimes mentioned among them. It is called Compact Felspar, differs from Common Felspar in containing Soda, and is found among Gneiss. You will hear of it again hereafter.

MAT.—You mentioned just now Hornstone. Have we heard of it before?

MRS. L.—I think not. It is a species of Quartz, grey or greenish, or yellow white, of a shining lustre, not unlike horn. *Fig. 6.*

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WE are extremely sorry that the unintentional extension of some articles forces us to omit the Conversation on the Animal Kingdom—which we assure our young readers, who are partial to it, shall not occur again.

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## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. IX.

#### HAWTHORN—CRATEGUS.

WE have not much information to give respecting this beautiful tree, the theme of the poet, and the favourite of the spring, but not the most famed for the variety or extent of its uses. Under the familiar name of May, we all delight in its beautiful blossoms and exquisite perfumes, we watch their opening as the sure harbinger of summer, being seldom in blossom till the treacherous spring weather is pretty well passed; and at the commencement of winter, we see it laden with red berries, the undisputed treasure of the birds. The name of May is probably derived from the month in which it is expected to appear—but in ordinary seasons we seldom see it till June. The Hawthorn is of the Class Icosandria Digynia—though on examination we shall find the flower has seldom more than one pistil. The manner of its growth is rude and wild, in old trees remarkably picturesque. The leaves are small, shining, and variously cut.

"The Hawthorn, of all other Thorns, is the best calculated for forming a good fence."—"Quickset hedges are of great antiquity. It appears from Homer, that when Ulysses returned to his father Laërtes, the good old man had sent his servants into the woods to gather young Thorns, and was occupied himself in preparing ground to receive them.—*Odyss. Lib. xxiv.* Varro call this sort of fence, *Tutela naturalis et viva.* And Columella prefers it before the struatile one, or dead hedge, as being more lasting and less expensive."—HUNTER.

The Quickset-hedges, so common in every part of the country for fencing, are chiefly of this plant, which is not very commonly allowed to grow up into large trees; except occasionally for ornament.

"To other uses. The root of an old Thorn is excellent both for boxes and combs, and is curiously and naturally wrought: I have read that they made ribs to small boats and vessels with the White Thorn; and it is certain, that if they were planted single, and in standards, where they might be safe, they would rise into large bedded trees in time, and be of excellent use for the turner, not inferior to Box. It was accounted among the fortunate trees, and therefore used in *Fasces Nuptiarum.*"—EVELYN.

"Dans les mariages des anciens Grecs, on portoit des branches fleuries d'Aubépine; il falloit en outre que les flambeaux qui devoient éclairer les nouveaux époux, lorsqu'ils entroient dans la chambre nuptiale, fussent faits de bois d'Aubépine."—GENLIS.

Under the general name of Thorns, and composing what are called quickset hedges, we have several other plants beside this White-thorn, as the Black-thorn, Buck-thorn, &c.—but they are not of the same Class and Order as the above. Speaking of the Thorns in general, Evelyn adds—

"There are none of the spinous shrubs more hardy, none that make a more glorious show, nor fitter for our defence, competently armed; especially the *Rhamnus*, (Buckthorn,) which I therefore join to the *Oxyacantha*, (Hawthorn) for its terrible and almost irresistible spines, able almost to pierce a coat of mail: and for this made use of by the malicious Jews, to crown the sacred temples of our blessed Saviour; and it is yet preserved among the the venerable relics in St. Chapel at Paris, as is pretended by the devotees, &c., and hence has the tree, for it sometimes exceeds a shrub, the name of Christ's Thorn."—EVELYN.

"The *Rhamnus Paluerus* (Buckthorn) is supposed to be the plant that composed the crown that was placed upon the head of Christ at his crucifixion; but Dr. Haselquist, who had great opportunities of examining the plants of the Holy Land, is of opinion that it was a species of *Ziziphus*, which grows in great plenty in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. It is a very thorny plant."—HUNTER.

This appears to be little more than a conjectural opinion—other writers have formed different conclusions respecting the plant of which the Saviour's crown was woven.—The beautiful Red May is only a variety of the White.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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*"I am as a Sparrow alone on the housetops.—"*

ALONE—within the sound and ken,  
And noise, and habitings of men,  
A stranger, uncompanion'd and unknown—  
To sit there all the even-tide,  
Where none will come to sit beside—  
One in the mid-world dwelling, yet alone.

Upon the house-top—even there  
Where all so gay, so busy are,  
A single one, and lonely even there—  
Aye, lonelier far in crowds to move,  
With none to seek, and none to love,  
Than if he wander'd on the desert bare.

A Sparrow—a despised one—  
A poor, neglected bird, that none  
Will haply seek for pleasure or for gain—  
He has no morning song to sing,  
He has no painting on his wing,  
To get for recompence the scattered grain.

And, oh! in all the busy throng  
That sweeps the crowded world along,  
Is there a thing so sad, so lone beside?  
That none will love, that none will own,  
Condemn'd to think, to feel alone,  
Of all neglected and of all denied.

There was one once—He walked among  
The eager and the busy throng,  
A stranger, and unwelcome, and unknown—  
His lofty spirit look'd in vain,  
Down on the habitings of men,  
To see, in all that crowd, if there was one—



One who would love him, or would love  
 Ought that he lov'd below, above,  
 Share in his labours, or divide his woe.  
 Angels, his once companions, ne'er  
 His equals, angels were not there—  
 Or if they were, they too forsook him now.

Alone in holiness, alone  
 In wisdom, understood of none,  
 And wonder'd at, and question'd of in vain—  
 Unfit for earth because a God—  
 Unfit for heaven, for he stood  
 Charg'd with man's yet unexpiated sin.

And if it should be that there dwell,  
 More lone than in the vestal's cell,  
 One upon earth who has no kindred there—  
 Gone the things she lov'd beneath,  
 And gone the heart she lov'd them with,  
 To find itself a happiness elsewhere:—

Who weeps alone, though thousands near  
 Are weeping too, but not for her—  
 And sits alone with hundreds at her side—  
 And thinks alone, and feels alone—  
 A winter leaf, that hangs upon  
 The summer bough in all its fresh-blown pride—

Say to that one, that He who trod  
 So lonely once this earthly sod,  
 Stain'd with his blood, and moisten'd with his tears—  
 And own'd no kindred by the way,  
 With the happy and the gay,  
 Will own it with a bosom such as her's.



#### MISSIONARY HYMN.

LORD of Mercy, hear our wishes,  
 Earth is weary of her chain;  
 Nature groaning in corruption,  
 Longs to be her God's again.

Warm our hearts to do thine errand,  
 Teach us where to find thine own.  
 How we long to tell to others,  
 All the mercies we have known.

Pardon, Lord, our long delaying;  
 Pardon that we slept so long :  
 Never more we cease thy praises,  
 Till the world resound our song.



*Song for the Tune of "Whisperings heard" in the National Melodies.*

WARBLINGS of the morning Lark  
 That wakes our souls to pleasure ;  
 Flowers whence the thievish Bee  
 Steals his hidden treasure ;  
     Each blossom unclosing,  
     Each rude wind reposing,  
 Joys of Spring how soon they pass,  
 The joys of Spring how fleeting.

Bright hopes of our early days,  
 That dream of sorrow never ;  
 Promises of future draughts  
 Of bliss that lasts for ever ;  
     Our bosoms believing,  
     Each promise receiving,  
 Joys of Youth how soon they pass,  
 The joys of Youth how fleeting.



## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Memoirs and Poetical Remains of the late Jane Taylor, with Extracts from her Correspondence.*—By Isaac Taylor.—Price 16s.—Holdsworth, 1825.

So many useful and unpretending works are constantly coming from this family of authors, we have hitherto had a very confused idea of the difference between one and the other. We have long had an intention of noticing these works altogether, which we shall shortly put in execution. By these memoirs we learn that the younger lady has finished her task upon earth ; and that she was the

author of but few of the works that emanated from her family. Whether they are the best, we may have occasion to give our opinion hereafter. Jane Taylor was the second daughter of the family, born in 1783—her father was a dissenting minister, by profession an engraver; to that art his daughter was brought up; but relinquished it for that of an author, to which she showed the earliest disposition. With respect to these *Memoirs*, they are written with the feelings of a brother, who, like most Editors of such *Memoirs*, gives us a character without a character—a portrait of perfection that may resemble any body who happens to be perfect. We do not mean to ridicule his work, or to intimate for a moment that Miss Taylor had any faults, or that he was obliged to expose them if she had. If *Memoirs* of this description are to be written, and by the voice of the publick they are, they must prove such as this is. For our own parts, we can only repeat what we have often said before, that the annals of female domesticity are the most uninteresting and dullest things in the world, when they come to be printed: and though the individual may herself become an object of interest by some circumstance of merited distinction, we cannot yet believe that it is amusing to read a life devoid of every incident, character, or peculiarity of any kind, merely because it is hers. We must vote the first volume of this work, therefore, very dull. But in doing so, we beg to detract nothing from the merits or talents of Jane Taylor, which we are persuaded were of very solid value. The Editor seems to consider her predominant points of character a vivid imagination and poetic feeling—we should think them, from her writings and letters, to be the more rare, and infinitely more valuable distinctions of sober piety, and sound good sense. He, however, must know best. The second volume contains extracts of *Letters*, and a collection of *Poetical Pieces*. The quantity of Poetry, more especially intended for children, which Miss Taylor has published, and which has so largely cir-

culated, has made the publick sufficiently acquainted with the extent of her poetic powers. We need only remark that these are about upon the same level. Her letters are sensible, modest, and pious like herself; we cannot say we think them any thing else. In short, Miss Taylor seems to have led a most useful, happy, and religious life, in the bosom of an affectionate family; and as far as we are here informed, one of moderate and equable prosperity. Besides verse in many forms and shapes, she published a Tale entitled "Display," which, some years ago, we remember to have read with much pleasure and approbation, and have no reason to suppose we should now change our opinion. The Contributions of Q. Q., first published by Miss Taylor in a periodical work, and since collected into two volumes, we have before recommended to our young readers, and now renew our commendation of it, as full of matter instructive and amusing to childhood, stamped with the good sense and piety of the writer.

*Sophia de Lissau; or, a Portraiture of the Jews of the nineteenth Century. By the Author of Elizabeth Allen.* London. 1826. Gardiner and Son, and Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers Court.—Price 3s. 6d.

It had been our intention to name this little book, to those whom benevolence might induce to purchase it from the hand of poverty, looking to the sale of it for support. But now that we have read it, we change our purpose, and speak of it for its own sake, and the pleasure it must afford the reader. Our own feelings have greatly deceived us, if it is not the most beautiful story we have read for many a day; and this even if it were no more than a fictitious vehicle for the amusing and interesting details of domestick habits, ceremonies, and superstitions, of the modern Jews. But when we are told that it is truth—when we know that the Emma de

Lissau, whom our fancy pictures in her robe of stiff brocade and powdered hair, in the garret, with her stuff frock and checked apron, or sitting in silence at the feet of her insane mother, is a visible and living being—the story acquires a heart-affecting interest, that fiction, however beautiful, cannot reach. We could not read the story of Sydney, without contrasting it with the conversions of Dunallan and Tremaine. The fate of the Rabbi Colmar reminds us forcibly of Father Clement, conveying much the same lesson—that there is but one religion that can administer consolation to an awakened conscience. But this picture is even more appalling. A Pharisee, the most deeply devoted to his faith, and having attained, as he believed, the proud perfection he aspired to, discovers in himself a secret sin, and cannot outlive the horrors of the discovery, though known to no human being but himself. With respect to giving this book to very young people, to which we are always expected to speak—it is not intended for them—there is no child who would not read it with avidity, nor do we see any thing in it that can attain the purest mind—but it is to be considered whether it is not too deeply affecting for the susceptibility of very young minds. When we offered our names as subscribers to the work, the author said, with great simplicity, “You know it is not a religious book.” We thought of this when we read it, and could not help contrasting this “not religious book” with the trash under the name of religion we have had occasion to review.

THE  
**ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.**

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APRIL, 1826.  
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**A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.**

*(Continued from page 181.)*

**HISTORY OF GREECE, FROM THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY, 588, TO THE  
BIRTH OF CHRIST.**

**SPARTA, FROM B.C. 588, TO B.C. 468.**

PASSING now from Asiatic to European History, we have to resume that of Greece; and first of Sparta or Lacedæmon, which we relinquished at the Captivity, stating it to be still under the same administration in which it had been left by Lycurgus some centuries before; but wanting of all particular or interesting information respecting it, during that interval.

About the period at which we resume the history, for we are very uncertainly furnished with dates, we find Cleomenes and Demaratus on the throne, the eldest sons of the preceding kings—so strictly did the Spartans still maintain the double line of succession, first established by the accident of their monarch leaving twin sons: a government that has no parallel in the history of the world; and it seems that no inconvenience accruing from it in Sparta, was sufficient to put an end to what was once established. It was this strict regard to hereditary right, that induced the Lacedæmonians to place Cleomenes on the throne, though he was con-

sidered to be at times out of his senses: and when he had them, was cunning, ambitious, and deceitful. He appears at all times to have acted from the impulse of a fierce, ungovernable temper, delighting in nothing but war, and little caring for the pretext or the means. He was accustomed to say that Homer was the poet of the Lacedæmonians, because he wrote of war, Hesiod of the Helotes, because he made husbandry his subject. He was first successfully engaged against the Argives, a rising state in Greece—then in the domestic war of the Athenians, against the Pisistradæ. Demaratus, his colleague, a virtuous and quiet prince, once accused him to the Ephori and the Senate of being an enemy to peace, a disturber of Greece, and one who would provoke all the neighbouring states to look on Sparta with enmity and suspicion. Cleomenes found means to get himself acquitted and his colleague deposed, by some false charge of illegitimacy in his birth, which he bribed the Delphic Oracle to confirm. The excellent Demaratus retired to the court of Persia, where himself and his posterity lived greatly honoured. When he found the Persian king determined to make war on Greece, he is said to have sent the first intimation of it to his country, cut in tables, which he afterwards covered with wax. His cousin, Leotychides, succeeded to the divided throne, entirely governed by Cleomenes, who had placed him there. Cleomenes pursued a wild and inconsistent course, sometimes showing a great deal of Spartan virtue; at other times, the extreme of villainy and injustice. When the people at one time showed a disposition to enquire into his conduct towards his late colleague, he fled into Thessaly, and thence to Arcadia, where he excited new troubles, and the Spartans, alarmed by his machinations, recalled and restored him. Shortly after, he became entirely mad, and was obliged to be confined; in which condition he put an end to his existence.

Leonidas, a name of much renown in Grecian story, succeeded Cleomenes, being his half-brother, and married

to his daughter Gorgo, a lady of some celebrity in Spartan story. Xerxes with his enormous army was now on the shores of Greece. It is told that the banished Demaratus sent a slave to Sparta bearing a waxen tablet with nothing written on it: when the Spartans knew not what to understand by this, Gorgo bade them scrape off the wax, when notice of Xerxes' expedition was found carved in the wood beneath. On the certainty of the Persians' approach, a general assembly was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, of which the resolutions were that the states of Greece should unanimously join in defending its liberty; that for the present all their quarrels should be suspended; that the tenth part of the spoil should be dedicated to Apollo; and that of those who deserted the common cause, a decimation should be made, that is, a tenth part should be put to death. These, however, proved but words; when they were to be executed, the Spartans and Athenians alone were ready. Totally unable to meet the enemy in the open plain of Thessaly, where they first appeared, it was determined to resist them at the straits of Thermopylæ, and 6000 foot under Leonidas were appointed to the service. Of these 300 only were Spartans, by the direction of the king, who being asked if he had not some secret design in this, said, "I pretend to defend the straits of Thermopylæ, but in truth I go to die for my country." When it was wondered at that he took so small a number, he remarked to those he confided in, "There are enow considering the works we go upon." Taking leave of Gorgo, who asked him if he had any thing to say to her, he bade her marry a brave man and bring him brave children. When Xerxes came with his immense armies, he sent a spy to give him advice of the posture of Leonidas and his troops: the spy reported that he found them exercising their usual games, and they were putting garlands on their heads as if about to celebrate some festival. The Persian asked of Demaratus the meaning of this; who answered to him, that it implied, these men had devoted themselves



to death for the service of their country. Xerxes was more disposed to believe that the sight of his countless army would put these brave warriors to flight. The allies of Leonidas were much disposed to it. They represented that one discharge of the Persians' arrows would take away the light of the sun. 'Very well,' he replied, 'then we shall fight in the shade.' When Xerxes saw the determination of Leonidas to fight, he wrote to him a letter, representing the great superiority of his army, and offering to make him lord of Greece, if he would espouse his interests. Leonidas answered to this, "If you knew wherein the happiness of life consists, you would not covet what belongs to others. I had rather die for the liberty of Greece, than reign over it." Xerxes commanded the Medes of his van to fall on the Greeks, which they did, but were repulsed with prodigious slaughter. A choice corps of Persians shared the same fate; and the best of Xerxes' army might have fallen there without accomplishing their purpose, had he not succeeded, as we have related in the Persian history, in passing the mountains and surrounding them. Leonidas and all his Spartans fell, together with the Thespians; the Thebans holding up their targets demanded quarter and were spared, but with disgrace. This victory cost the Persians 20,000 men, and by the impression it left of the foe they came to vanquish, eventually saved Greece. It is told that Leonidas was much influenced in his conduct by the declaration of the oracle that either Sparta or her king must fall. Also that a single Spartan having returned alive, was disgraced for his cowardice and shamed by his citizens, till he redeemed his honour by death at the battle of Plataea. The other king, Leotychides, had command of the fleets. The successor of Leonidas was an infant, and instead of preparing their armies for the field, the Lacedæmonians were now for some time only intent on celebrating their feasts at home. Meantime, vanquished by the Athenians, Xerxes had returned to Asia, but left Mardonius with 500,000 men

in possession of Athens. With this yet large remnant of the Persian host, the famous battle of Plataea was fought, the Athenian and Lacedæmonian armies being united under the command of Pausanias the Lacedæmonian, nephew of Leonidas. The Spartans had again the honour of the victory, the Athenians being prevented from joining by the Greek allies of Persia. The Asiatic army, it appears, fought long and bravely, and whilst Mardonius lived, held the battle in suspense. When he fell, they gave way, and the barbarous crowd followed the brave Persians in their flight, without having fought at all. It seems to have been impossible, with any inequality of numbers, for Asiatic troops to defeat the Grecian armies. They knew not how to fight them. Charging tumultuously and without order, they were received by the Grecian troops, standing firm in their ranks, and immediately slain: if they broke through the first line they were received by the second without the least disorder. The Persians seem not to have wanted courage, but in the confusion that ensued, their commanders knew not how to direct them nor they how to obey their orders. Pausanias afterwards attacked the Grecian camp: but all sieges and attacks of fortified positions had been forbidden by the laws of Lycurgus, and the Spartans did not here succeed, till the Athenians, the most accustomed among the Greeks to that sort of warfare, came to their assistance. All was then completed, and of Mardonius' army, 3000 only are said to have escaped. It is told that when Pausanias beheld the magnificent tent and splendid furniture of Mardonius, the magazines of provision, and all the preparations for luxury and indulgence, he ordered their cooks to prepare him a supper as they would do for Mardonius, and his own servants at the same time to dress a Spartan meal. Then making comparison to his officers between the two suppers, he said, "See the folly of this king; who living thus sumptuously at home, must needs come so far to spoil us of such hard fare." Of the treasures

found in the Persian camp, the Helotes, who were employed to collect them, purloined a part—the rest were divided, Pausanias had a tenth of the whole, and a part was dedicated to the gods. The next step was to punish those Greeks who had joined the Persian forces. Thebes was accordingly taken, and the principals of the Median faction put to death.

On the same day the battle of Plataea was fought, a decisive naval victory was also obtained at Mycale, by the united fleets of Sparta and Athens under command of Leotychides, the Spartan king. The Lacedæmonians did certainly not excel in naval affairs, nor by any means equal the Athenians—but such was the glory of their name at this time in Greece, the allies would not fight under any commander but a Lacedæmonian; and we find on all occasions the chief command was given to them. The battle of Mycale was chiefly determined by the report that reached the forces while engaged, of the success of the Greeks at Plataea. This was impossible, without a miracle, which the Greeks of course allege; but it is much more easily accounted for, by supposing Leotychides to have calculated the good effect of such a report, and caused it to be circulated, without waiting to ascertain the truth of it. These events took place about the year 491, B. C.

The manner of Pausanias' death, as given by ancient historians, is one of the extraordinary events of Spartan story. Convicted of holding treaty with the Persians against his country, to whose safety and glory he had heretofore so greatly contributed, the general fled for safety to the temple of Minerva Chalcidica. The Lacedæmonians, like all the people of antiquity, too much respected the dwellings of their gods, to enter them, and take thence a prisoner by force; as long as a culprit remained in these sacred enclosures, he was safe. They were therefore at a loss how to proceed, when the mother of Pausanias, a true Spartan woman it appears, took a tile, and laid it at the door of the temple, and,

without speaking, retired to her house. The Spartans understood her, blocked up the door of the temple, and thus left their prisoner to starve. When they were sure he must be dead, the door was opened, and his body delivered to his relations. Leotychides too, at this time was detected in receiving bribes of Persia, and compelled to fly his country, died in exile.

The son of Leonidas, the colleague of Leotychides, had died; and the succeeding kings of Sparta were Plistonax and Archidamus; monarchs of peaceful dispositions and small renown. Sparta had now a formidable foe within herself, in the immense numbers of her Helotes or slaves, the most oppressed, injured, and insulted beings, who could want only the opportunity to avenge themselves. In this, and many other like cases, it seems strange that nations will venture to rear in their own bosoms an enemy to whom numbers will sometimes give the power, and injuries must give the desire to destroy, their masters. Considerable jealousy had been at this time excited in Greece by the superiority of the Lacedæmonians; especially were they in danger of contention with Athens, the rival of their glory. At this time also a tremendous earthquake happened in Sparta, in which 20,000 persons are said to have been lost, and only five houses to have escaped. Archidamus, as the only means to save his people, sounded an alarm as for the approach of an enemy, and led his forces into the field. The Helotes had the desired opportunity of escaping and avenging their long oppression. They freed themselves and took arms against their masters; who in the imminence of the danger, were compelled to solicit aid of their allies against their rebellious servants. The Messenians joined the Helotes. The Athenians sent aid to Sparta; but some jealousy arising, were dismissed with rudeness, a sufficient ground of quarrel between the already contentious cities. We find the Lacedæmonians engaged for more than ten years in this war, and at last compelling their ene-

mies to depart from Peloponnesus, the Athenians received and settled them in Attica.

The next war with the Lacedæmonians, for we must expect nothing else in their history, was the Phocian, or Sacred War, for the possession of the Temple at Delphi: they gained the possession for a time, but it was afterwards restored by Athenian arms to the Phocians. A first, but unsuccessful attempt was now made against Athens: the Lacedæmonian king was bribed by Pericles, and sent into banishment by his country; and a long truce was concluded. There was, however, that degree of hatred subsisting between the rival cities, that would never be satisfied till one or the other fell: the surrounding nations, or rather cities, for the kingdoms of Greece were nothing more than cities with a few miles of surrounding territory, joined themselves with one or the other, or alternately with both, as their interests or their passions led them; and the Greek armies became far more formidable enemies to each other, because more equally matched, than ever the Persians had been to them. At first the Athenians had the stronger party among the states, offended with the haughtiness of the Lacedæmonians while they reigned supreme. But these, when they gained the ascendancy, behaving yet worse, the allies passed over to the other side, and sent deputies to Sparta to complain of the tyranny of Athens. Nothing could be more agreeable to the Lacedæmonians than to declare immediate war with their rivals, though the thirty years' truce was but half expired. Archidamus, their wise and gentle king, attempted in vain to dissuade them. War was declared. The Oracle at Delphi, as on all great occasions, was consulted, and returned a favourable answer.

REFLECTIONS  
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*And when the sun was up, they were scorched.—*  
MATT. xiii. 6.

WE all wish for prosperity. The eye watches with intense desire, the rising of its earthly sun, and the bosom whispers, when will it be noon. It is natural—but is it wise? O you, whose fortune's sun has never risen—who have sate your life through in the dull twilight of sickening expectation, and seen not so much as one fair promise open—or like the inhabitants of that frozen sphere, have seen what should have been your sun, rolling round and round in lurid mistiness, not gone and not coming, never rising, and yet there—consider it and be comforted. The ground is hard, the seed is scarcely rooted—while the light dew rests upon its leaf, and the shades of twilight hang upon the tender stem, there yet is hope for it. Gladly would the watchful gardener avert, if he could, from his fondly cherished flower, the dreaded influence of the mid-day sun. He looks upon it in the morning, so fresh, so beautiful, even as if its growth were sure, and its root had stricken deep—but he knows it has not. He sees the orb of day rising in cloudless intensity of heat—fain would he delay it or forbid it till his flower had taken root; but he cannot; he tries to shelter it; but the very air it inhales is parched and sultry, and he sees his flower die. And may not so that better Husbandman, whose flowers are the children of his love? He who has power to delay it or forbid it at his pleasure, when he has dropt his own fair seed, and with the soft dews of his Spirit reared it almost into blossom, shall he suffer that the brightness of temporal prosperity destroy the promise of his cherished plant? Does he not see, does he not know that the soil

is sterile, and the root is weak, and nothing but the shadows of adversity can save it? Children of the twilight, be content. Spare your too rash and too presumptuous wishes. The sun the brightest and the fairest must go down again—but the seed it withers may spring up no more.

NOUS avons plusieurs écrits de philosophes qui parlent du mépris de la mort. Leurs raisons sont tirées de la nécessité. Ils disent que c'est folie que de se tourmenter pour un mal qu'on ne peut éviter. Que dès notre naissance nous tendons et tirons à la mort. Qu'il n'y a qu'un chemin pour entrer dans la vie, mais qu'il y en a mille pour en sortir. Que c'est une loi universelle, à laquelle il vaut mieux obéir volontiers, que d'y être entraîné par la force. Que c'est quelque consolation de suivre le cours du monde, et de s'envelopper dans la ruine de tout le genre humain. Par de tels discours, les philosophes chatouillent la plaie sans la guérir. Certainement c'est une pauvre et misérable consolation, de dire à un homme, que son mal est irrémédiable vu que toute nécessité est la principale cause de sa douleur; ou de lui dire qu'un pareil accident arrive à tous les autres. Celui qui se noie en compagnie, ne périt pas moins que s'il s'étoit noyé tout seul. Les consolations que la parole de Dieu fournit sont d'une autre nature. Le fidèle mourant ne cherche point des consolations contre la mort, vu que la mort même lui est une consolation.

PIERRE DUMOULIN.

*For this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim.—LAMENT. v. 17.*

FOR what things? Men doubt when it is told them they love the world too much and God too little, that earth is nearer to their hearts than heaven, and time has their preference over eternity. They deny the fact, say it is not so. But whether it be not so with the mass of mankind in this our Christian world, nothing can

more strongly argue, than the nature of the sorrows with which our hearts are faint, and the cause of the tears with which our eyes are dimmed. Look round where the bosom of gaiety exchanges its healthful vivacity for sinking, sickening sadness—where the eye of beauty grows dim, and the cheek of health turns pale, and the brow takes its furrows of sorrow, rather than of age. You need not look far. Enough are the hearts that are faint, and enough are the eyes that are dim. And then enquire into the cause. Time, earth, the world—something that is in them—something that belongs to them—temporal sorrows—temporal injuries—temporal losses. It is so far well; for we are at the present creatures of time, and cannot be insensible of its ills. But enquire for those whose hearts are faint with the displeasure of their God, are sick with a desire for his mercy—whose eyes are dimmed, and whose cheeks are paled with the sleeplessness of repentance, and the tears of penitential sorrow—whose spirits are broken down with a sense of their deservings and their dangers, and consumed with the import of their eternal interest. A God offended, a Saviour neglected, a heaven forfeited, a hell deserved. Whom do these things deprive of sleep, that their eyes should grow dim? Whom do these things bereave of joy and fill with anxiety, till their hearts grow faint within them? Enquire of it, even among those that believe in all these things; and if it be found that they are none or that they are few, will it be still denied us that earth is the nearer and the dearer interest? It is that which is most valued that causes most anxiety—it is that which is dearer causes most sorrow—it is that which occupies the heart supremely, that alone can break it. Would any decide for themselves which they love best? That which causes you most joy, most carefulness, most watchfulness, most sorrow. Is it earth or heaven? Time or Eternity?



*They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine.*—ISAIAH xxix. 24.

ERROR in spirit—unseen by the vigilant eye of friendship—unknown by the heart misled, and misleading: this shall be, by the Spirit of Truth, laid open to the mental sight, and the chastened mind come to understanding.

Unmindful of the infinite disproportion between our thoughts and ways and the thoughts and ways of God, we presume to form an estimate of what we can never unfold: this 'error of spirit' awakens discordant feelings in the bosom, and we soon are classed with those 'that have murmured.' Strange, passing strange—that the great Jehovah should bear with this. Murmured—why hath not such presumption been engulfed in an earthquake, or riven asunder by the four mighty winds? Murmured—why, if man must know of the doings of the Almighty, ere the hour when all is promised to be made plain, has he not been summoned in his murmuring mood, before the Eternal Throne, to learn the mysterious secret? Yet not such is the mild and gentle method of the Great Teacher of the church—'they that have murmured shall learn doctrine.' Their very *folly* shall teach them lessons of deep abasement, and lead them to a firmer reliance on the *wisdom* of the just. Their consciousness of *liability* to error shall endear to them the absolute government of him who *cannot* err. Their pressing *weakness* shall teach them the *strength* of their rock upon which they will lean more fearlessly, and all the holy doctrines of the cross shall be conveyed more clearly to their understandings, and more deeply to their hearts in the vale of Humiliation, into which they descended through the gloomy avenue of murmuring; from the secret track of 'error in spirit.'

MYOSOTIS.

**LECTURES**  
ON OUR  
**SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.**

**LECTURE THE TWENTY-FIRST.**

*Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote out of thy brother's eye. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.—MATTHEW vii. 5, 6.*

WE have purposely recalled the former verse, and joined it with the next, with which it stands in connexion, in order to view in the light of a command, what we rather before considered as a prohibition; and to repeat, that to make light of sin, to consider of it with indifference, to affect toleration for all sorts of error and perversion, and be so universally charitable that the broad distinctions of right and wrong are merged in the careless conclusion that all men are sinners, was not the design of our Lord in the foregoing precepts; neither our own meaning in the manner in which we explained them. A tender susceptibility of sin is the strongest mark of a regenerate spirit—a quickness to perceive it and an aversion to it when perceived, are the first symptoms of assimilation to the mind of God, that betoken our union and reconciliation with him. Nothing could be farther from our Lord's intention than to weaken this susceptibility: his whole object was to give it a right direction, and make it appear before the world, what it is in his own eyes, the genuine offspring of a renewed and enlightened spirit—the honest jealousy of a heart alive to every thing that imports its master's honour or its master's service. When therefore he calls his dis-

ciples "Hypocrites," he does not mean they are to put aside, as a false estimate, their rigid reckoning of moral good and ill, sit smiling in the assemblies of profaneness, give into the practices of impiety and folly—listen to the defiance of their Father's will, and utter no reproof, and assume no attitude of resistance, and leave men to suppose that though we may differ something from them in opinion, it is immaterial—we are too liberal to condemn what others do—too charitable to think any body in the wrong, though they be living, acting, speaking in direct opposition to the will of him whose more especial and devoted servants we profess ourselves. No—the words of the Preacher will never advocate such cowardly dissimulation. Wrong is not right and cannot be right: and though hand join in hand, and the whole world be agreed upon it, the individual who knows it wrong, must protest against it as such. If there is any such thing as right and wrong, as truth and falsehood, this universal liberality of opinion is treason or hypocrisy. Men are not all in the right—neither are they all so indiscriminately in the wrong, that it is matter of indifference what sort of wrong it is. If that is the case, the revelation of God is of no use, his laws of no use, and his gospel of no use—a rayless lamp that has left all in darkness. It is true that we mistake: the beam is in our eye, and the perversion is in our hearts; and the wisest and most enlightened are liable to err—and because they are, they should be slow to decide, and modest to affirm, and cautious to condemn—but so far as we see, or think we see the will of God, and the truth of God made plain, it is our duty to abide by it, and stand by it, and openly acknowledge it before the world; and to protest in word and deed that nothing can be right or indifferent which God calls wrong; neither that what is admitted to be wrong, may on any pretext be indulged in.

But how then is this protest to be made? And why does the Saviour address with the hard name of

**"Hypocrite,"** those who would appear as the reprovers of iniquity?

First, because a real hatred of sin must begin with the hatred of it in ourselves. It is in our own bosoms that we see it nearest, and should know it best. It is there we look on the foul source that so contaminates the stream. It is there we taste its bitter fruits and drink up its miserable consequences. In the close chambers of our own hearts we see sin disrobe itself of its fair names and fair pretences, and stand forth naked, the mis-shapen, loathsome, baleful thing it is. And next, because a real hatred of sin implies a hatred of all sin—simply as an offence against God, without reference to the degree of malignity with which it appears before men—the secret desire which no man knows, and which no man perhaps is injured by, as well as the overt act of undisguised injustice. What term then, other than that of **Hypocrite**, can we expect to be addressed by, if while we are reproving sin in others, we appear to love and cherish it in ourselves? Not the same sin, perhaps—but some other as offensive to God, if not so manifest to the world. For instance—for we would always bring down our arguments to every-day practice—what name becomes us, if, while we are remonstrating with the worldly for their prodigal festivities, their licentious spectacles, their avaricious schemes and selfish purposes—or with our fellow Christians for too much conformity in dress, and speech, and habits, with those whom in deeper matters they condemn, crying out upon the sins of a ball, a poem, or a bunch of feathers—we, in the privacy of our houses and the secrecy of our bosoms, are proud, tyrannical, selfish, ostentatious; full of temper, full of passion, without standing reprov'd in our own eyes, and ashamed before God, and daily on our bended knees before him, asking help to rid ourselves of these detested sins. This is the one great secret between the sinner and his God, that no man may look into. O beware! lest some at whom you boldly cast a stone, may be night and morn-

ing in this condition at his feet; attesting in anguish of spirit their hatred of the sin they do, and demanding the excision of the beam, though the right eye go together with it, while you are abroad lashing their errors with unsparing bitterness, talking of sin, of judgment and repentance, but never, never shedding a single tear in secret for your own. Is hypocrite not the word? Men may call the other the hypocrite and you the saint—because, seeing you so busily operating on others, and not coming near enough to detect the beam, they take it for granted that your sight is clear. But, O, beware how you be deluded by their judgment. God takes nothing on appearances, and comes too near to be deceived in any thing.

But how otherwise can we manifest to the world our hatred of sin and love of holiness, and pious jealousy of our Master's name? Well and easily. Let the world see us perform the operation first upon ourselves. We have spoken of doing it before God in secret, and that is indeed the main point—but what is done in secret will be proclaimed on the house tops. That man was haughty once, but he is humbled now—he once was ambitious, but now he lives content—he once was a murmurer and complaining, now all things are good to him—he had a hard, imposing, embroiling spirit; now he is generous and conciliating—we were used to mistrust his words, and fear his whispering; now all he says is simple, open, moderate! O! these are operations that performed in the secrets of our bosoms, will appear even in the out-beamings of the eye. Our sins, we may be sure, have not been so secret or so few, that none will miss them. And, with respect to the reproof it is our duty to give to the transgressor, what stronger reproof can we give, than by steadily and firmly pursuing an opposite course. Our absence from any place in which we ought not to be, is a better reproof to those that are there, than volumes of remonstrance. Our abstinence from any practice forbidden by God's law, is a stronger

protest against it than hours of bitter disputation. When we cut off the right hand of unhallowed labour, and pluck out the right eye of unsanctified delight, we bear more testimony to the holiness of religion and the hatefulness of sin, than by the severest code of moral justice, administered on the faults of others.

It is true, our religion is in none of its offices a selfish one. A conscience void of offence is so rich a treasure, a bosom at peace with itself is so sweet an enjoyment, the Christian who begins to taste it for himself, must wish to communicate it. His gradually purifying vision must excite in him an earnestness, proportionally increasing, that others too may see. He cannot love his God, unless he loves his brother—and if he loves his brother, he must hate for him the evil that degrades and makes him miserable, even as he hates for himself. It is not intended, therefore, neither is it possible, if our hearts are tuned aright, that we should remain indifferent spectators to the perversion of God's gifts and the ruin of his creatures, exhibited perpetually around us. We have a pearl of most invaluable price, free to us to offer as to possess, communicable without the lessening of its value to ourselves. It were selfish indeed, if our hearts could be at rest over their treasure hidden and engrossed—and that too, while angels in heaven are waiting the joy of seeing it accepted and acknowledged by the children of men. Whoever is holy, will in proportion as he is so, desire to see others made holy; and whoever is rich in eternal treasure, will desire to relieve the poverty of the sordid slave of earth.

It is with reference to this desire, which he by no means intended to suppress or to condemn, the Preacher uses the words of the succeeding verse. "Give not that which is holy to the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine." There is certainly some difficulty in the verse; because it implies the passing of a severe judgment on those from whom we withhold this precious pearl. The passages of Scripture that command us to

offer the gospel to all men, and invite all to partake of its treasures, are so many, that though we know all will not accept it, or be in any wise the richer for its abundance, yet there is no individual of whom we may say, it is not for him. We consider, therefore, that this prohibition refers rather to the time, the manner, the circumstance in which the gift is offered, than to the unworthiness of any individual to receive it. For alas! who is worthy? Assuredly not we, when we accepted the pearl, if indeed we have the happiness to possess it. Not the dog is more unholy, nor the swine more debased, than the beings to whom this holy thing is given, and this fair pearl is cast, until the gift itself has made them other-wise. It is not for us, not the best and wisest of us, to conclude that any one is too vile or too corrupt to be told of the redemption that is in Jesus Christ. But there are times to speak and times to be silent, and notwithstanding what we have said, we believe this admonition to be of every-day utility.

The opposition needlessly excited, the persecution unnecessarily provoked, the profane mockery which those who use it are secretly ashamed of, are very often the result of ill-judged zeal for the propagation of truth, mistimed, mismanaged obtrusion of the subject when it is not acceptable. We would speak with great tenderness of this sort of mistake—for we love the overflow of an honest, earnest spirit, though its fulness sometimes may outpass the bounds of cold and calculating policy. But we are confident of having seen a great deal of mischief done to religion, and a great deal of sinful retaliation provoked, by the injudicious proceedings of Christians in general society. We have heard the subject of religion forced into the conversation in a connexion that has appeared to us a profanation of its holiness; and the language of Scripture so admixed with talk profane—we do not mean in mockery, but with really pious intent—as to force from us a smile at the ludicrous association. This is always dangerous. The holy vessels of the temple, once pro-

faned, could never be re-purified—the sacred text once degraded to secular familiarity, not easily resumes its awful sanctity. We can better forgive those who have argued for hours against our valued faith, than those who have for a moment made us laugh at it; for the one has probably done us less injury than the other. It may be replied, that wherever a Christian is, he ought not to feel religion out of place, nor should he be partner in any conversation in which its introduction is ludicrous. Then let him not go there—let him not be there. That is indeed a question worth considering; but it is not to the present point. Certain it is that there are times and circumstances, in which the introduction of holy things is painful and embarrassing to those that love them, and in those who do not, excite nothing but ridicule and resentment. Like the swine, they know not what the Pearl is you thus cast before them—they take it to be something else. If it be the promises and blessings of the gospel, they take it to be an ostentatious exhibition of your own knowledge and advantages—if it be its threatenings, it seems like a personal insult offered to themselves, an impertinent intrusion of unasked counsel. And if the polish of society, or the forbearance of personal esteem, prevent their turning to rend the improvident expositor of the ill-prized jewel, they will vent their bitterness against the thing itself—they will trample it under their feet as a despised thing, and the ridicule and insult the servant may escape, will pass over to the Master and the Master's cause.

It is not for cowardice that this should be avoided, nor for our own sakes; though by the text that seems in some cases an admitted cause of silence. But it is for the sake of the religion which we thus unwittingly expose to misconstruction and to shame, by making it the bone of secular contention, for wit to play upon and learning to dispute against. And for the sake, more especially, of those whose good is the object we have in view—for where we can do them no good, we may do



them harm—we give occasion to the commission of fresh sin—we provoke them to heap up the measure of their guilt, too full already, by profane and bitter words—and by our ill-timed importunity, we close their hearts against a subject, which at some more favourable moment we might have found them willing to entertain. Our Saviour himself, when on earth, seems to have waited his opportunity to speak. Except when his followers were assembled to hear expressly what he would say—a very different case, as is that of the appointed minister in his appointed place, standing forth to speak to those who are come purposely to hear him, where we cannot think that any plea of expedience should restrain the messenger in the delivery of his message—Jesus himself came always cautiously and gradually to his point; very often waiting till a question was put to him, or exciting curiosity first, by some remark unconnected with his subject. He could, indeed, create for himself the opportunities to speak, by acting on the hearts of those around him, and suggesting the words to which he would reply. And so he can for us. Our task is to walk after his manner through the world, the truth for ever in our hearts, its language for ever ready on our lips, and the love of it present ever to our feelings; waiting and watching the opportunity to set it forth, happy and not ashamed when the occasion comes. It is his to find the occasion, to make it plain to us, to incline the ear to listen, and the heart to receive.

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## SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

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### WICKLIFFE.

A BLOODY contest for the Papal dignity, now for several years engrossed the attention of their Holinesses; while Wat Tyler and Jack Straw found employment in

England for John of Gaunt and the bishops; and "in the mean season Wickliffe's sect increased privily, and daily grew to greater force." In the year 1381, William Courtney, before distinguished for out-scolding John of Gaunt, having risen to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and losing nothing of his dislike to heresy by this elevation, renewed the pursuit of the transgressors, and Wickliffe was threatened with excommunication if he did not appear.

Excommunication is so often mentioned at this period, it may be interesting to know how it was performed—the manner of cursing with book, bell, and candle, as it was expressed. "One of the priests, apparelled in white, ascended into the pulpit," and there first preached against the heretic. Then said the prelate, "By the authority of God the Father Almighty, and of the Virgin Mary, of St. Peter and Paul, and of the holy saints, we excommunicate, we utterly curse and ban, commit and deliver to the devil of hell, him or her, whatsoever he or she be, that have, in spite of God and St. Peter, whose church this is, in spite of all holy saints, and in spite of our most Holy Father the Pope, God's vicar here on earth, and in spite of the Rev. Father in God, John our Diocesan, and the worshipful canons, masters, and priests, and clerks, which serve God daily in this cathedral church," &c. [here citing the nature of the crime.] Excommunicate be he, or she, or they, and delivered over to the devil as perpetual malefactors and schismatics: cursed be they in cities and towns, in fields, in ways, in paths, in houses, out of houses, and in all other places; standing, lying, or rising, walking, running, waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, and whatsoever thing they do beside. We separate them from the threshold, and from all the good things of the church, from the participation of the holy mass, from all sacraments, chapels, and altars; from holy bread, and holy water; from all the merits of God's priests and religious men, and from all their cloisters; from all their pardons, privileges,

grants, and immunities, which all the holy fathers, Popes of Rome, have granted to them; and we give them utterly to the power of the fiend, and let us quench their souls, if they be dead this night, in the pains of hell fire, as this candle is now quenched and put out; [and with that he put out one of the candles] and let us pray to God, if they be alive, that their eyes may be put out, as this candle is; [so he put out the other candle] and let us pray to God and to our Lady, and to St. Peter and Paul, and all the holy saints, that all the senses of their body may fail them, and that they may have no feeling, as now the light of this candle is gone [and so he put out the third candle] except they come openly now and confess their blasphemy, and by repentance, as in them shall be, make satisfaction to God, to our Lady, and to St. Peter and Paul, and all holy saints, and all the worshipful company of this cathedral church; and as this holy cross and staff now falleth down, so might they, except they repent and show themselves"—and one taking away the cross, the staff fell down. After the imprecations were over, the priest, according to some forms, subjoined these words: "*Fiat, Fiat:* Do to the book: Quench the candles: Ring the bells: Amen, Amen!" And then the book is clapped together, the candles blown out, and the bells rung, with a most dreadful noise made by the congregation present, bewailing the accursed persons concerned in that black doom denounced against them.

Thus pursued with "curse and ban," Wickliffe seems for a time to have shrunk from the contest. "The which thing," says his biographer, "when Wickliffe understood, forsaking the Pope and all the clergy, he thought to appeal unto the king's most excellent majesty, but the duke of Lancaster coming between, forbade him, that he should not hereafter attempt or begin any such matters, but rather submit himself unto the censure and judgment of his ordinary. Whereby Wickliffe, being beset with troubles and vexations, as it were,

in the midst of the waves, he was forced once again to make confession of his doctrine: in the which confession, to avoid the rigor of things, he answered, making his declaration and qualifying his assertions after such a sort, that he did mitigate and assuage the rigour of his enemies." The enemies of the reformer thence took occasion to say that he recanted. Though we have no idea that Wickliffe had a disposition to martyrdom, we cannot suppose this to have been the case; as we find him still going on in the same course, and still pursued by the same weapons of vengeance. Why the duke of Lancaster forsook his friend, does not appear, but he never after gave open encouragement to the party.

We now find the king beginning to write "letters patent" against the heresy, commanding the University of Oxford to exterminate the sect, to refuse them their houses, to forbid their books, and have no dealings with them, on pain of forfeiting all their privileges. His majesty's "letters patent" were as little effectual as the bulls of his holiness. The University was deeply infected with the heresy, and some of the members openly and in the pulpit, defended the Wickliffites, or as they now were called, Lollards. The origin of the term is uncertain: some derive it from a sect of persons of that name in Germany: others say it came from *Lolium*, the Corn Cockle, "because as that weed is a great damage to the wheat among which it grows, so the Lollards, their enemies said, corrupted and spoiled the well-meaning faithful among whom they were conversant;" and we find the Pope using this figure in his address to the University.

In 1382, active measures were instituted by the bishops to apprehend the offenders, whom they went on summoning in vain. Some appeared and submitted; but the chief, Wickliffe and Nicholas Herford, did neither, and were excommunicated. The bishops next addressed a memorial to the king for aid to execute their sentence; to which Richard, among other things,

replies:—"This we cannot but something marvel at in your said letters. First to see you men of the church and angels of peace, to be so desirous of blood. Secondly, to consider you again so fierce in prosecuting the breach of your law, and yet so cold in pursuing the breach of the express law of God and his commandments. Thirdly, to behold the unstable doubleness in your proceedings, who, pretending in your public sentence to become as intreaters for them to us in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that we will withdraw from them the rigour of our severity, and yet in your letters, you be they who most set on us:" and ends his epistle thus beautifully:—"This one man, for not appearing before you, you think worthy of death; whose life you would have condemned notwithstanding, if he had appeared. It is no reason, if the squirrel climbing the tree from the lion's claws would not appear, being sent for to be devoured, that the eagle therefore seize upon him without any just cause declared against the party." It is evident throughout, that the king, though issuing decrees against the heresy, had no mind to punish the heretics. The pretensions of the Pope and the clergy had become too troublesome to be anxiously upheld by royalty. Princes were not sorry to see them thus humbled and embarrassed.

Where Wickliffe was all this time, does not appear—probably in exile or concealment. We find him addressing a letter to Pope Urban to excuse himself from appearing before him, in which he again sets forth his opinions, "That the gospel of Christ is the whole body of God's law. Again I do give and hold the bishop of Rome, forasmuch as he is the vicar of Christ here on earth, to be bound most of all other men unto the law of the gospel. For the greatness among Christ's disciples, did not consist in worldly dignity or honours, but in the near and exact following of Christ, in his life and manners. Whereupon I do gather out of the heart of the law of the Lord, that Christ for the time of his pilgrim-

age here, was a most poor man, abjecting and casting off all worldly rule and honour. Hereby I do gather fully, that no faithful man ought to follow, neither the Pope himself, neither any of the holy men, but in such points as he hath followed the Lord Jesus Christ. Hereof I do gather, as a counsel that the pope ought to leave unto the secular power all temporal dominion and rule." As these are the only points on which we find Wickliffe defending himself, we must suppose they are the only questions on which he had been charged with heresy by the church of Rome.

"Thus much wrote John Wickliffe unto Pope Urban. But this Pope Urban, otherwise termed Turhanus, was so hot in his wars against Clement the French Pope, his adversary, that he had no leisure, and less list, to attend unto Wickliffe's matters. By the occasion of which schism, God so provided for poor Wickliffe, that he was in some more rest and quietness; and returning again within short space, either from his banishment, or from some other place where he was secretly kept, he repaired to his parish of Lutterworth, where he was a parson, and there quietly departing this mortal life, slept in peace in the Lord, in the beginning of the year 1384, upon Silvester's day."

Wickliffe's character and doctrines have been a subject of much critical discussion, into which we need not enter. No man has doubted the honest zeal with which he advocated truth, as far as he perceived it, or the excellence of his whole life and conversation. Very far into that truth, as hidden by the dark veil of popery, we cannot think he saw—though many have maintained otherwise. It was forty-one years after he had peacefully died and been quietly buried in his parish church of Lutterworth, that the fury of the clergy revived against him, venting its impotent wrath upon his bones, which were dug up and burned.

That Wickliffe lived in safety and died in peace, may certainly be attributed to the disposition of the court to-

wards him: for when Henry had usurped the throne of Richard, many of his followers suffered martyrdom. His doctrines had spread far, even before his death: he himself asserts that a third of the clergy were of his opinions; the University of Oxford evidently leaned to them; and after his death they spread rapidly. It is from his book that John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, is said to have first received the truths of the reformed religion. "There chanced at that time, a certain student of the country of Bohemia to be at Oxford, one of a wealthy house and of a noble stock. Who returning home, carried with him certain books of Wickliffe. It chanced the same time, a certain nobleman in the city of Prague, had founded and builded a great church, giving it great lands, and finding two preachers every day, to preach both holy day and working day to the people. Of the which two preachers John Huss was one, a man of great knowledge, of a pregnant wit, and excellently favoured for his worthy life amongst them. This John Huss having familiarity with this young man, in reading and perusing these books of Wickliffe, took such pleasure and fruit in reading thereof, that not only he began to defend this author openly in the schools, but also in his sermons; commending him for a good man, a holy man, a heavenly man, wishing himself when he should die, to be there placed where the soul of Wickliffe should be." Doubtless these doctrines were communicated also to Bohemia, by means of Anne, the wife of king Richard, to whose influence we should be disposed to give some part of the credit, for the forbearance of that monarch towards the reformers. "Certain it is, says the biographer, "that Anne, his wife, most rightly deserveth singular commendation; who, at the same time living with the king, had the gospels of Christ in English, with four doctors (commentators) upon the same. This Anne was a Bohemian born, and sister to Winceslaus, king of Bohemia before. The said virtuous queen Anne, after she had lived with king Richard

about eleven years, changed this mortal life, and was buried at Westminster." In her funeral sermon she was commended, "in that she being so great a lady, and also an alien, would study so lowly, so virtuous books;" and had them "not for a show hanging at her girdle."

"Some have contended, that Dr. Wickliffe was not the first translator of the bible into English. The truth seems to be that he was the first who translated the whole together, of which it is probable others might have given detached parts. It does not, however, appear that Dr. Wickliffe understood the Hebrew language. His method was to collect what Latin bibles he could find; from these he made one correct copy, and from that translated." This is one of the heaviest charges of his contemporaries against him. "Christ entrusted his Gospel," they said, "to the clergy and doctors of the church, to minister it to the laity and weaker sort, according to their exigencies and several occasions. But this Master John Wickliffe, by translating it, has made it vulgar; and has laid it more open to the laity and even to women that can read, than it used to be to the most learned of the clergy, and those of the best understanding; and thus the Gospel jewel, the evangelical pearl, is thrown about and trodden under foot by swine."

"The zeal of the bishops to suppress Wickliffe's bible, only made it, as is generally the case, the more sought after. They who were able among the reformers, purchased copies; and they who were not able, procured at least transcripts of particular gospels, or epistles, as their inclinations led. In after times, when Lollardy increased, and the flames were kindled, it was a common practice to fasten about the neck of the condemned heretic, such of the scraps of scripture as were found in his possession, which generally shared his fate."

Wickliffe wrote a great number of books; but as they were publicly burned forty years afterwards both in England and Bohemia, and penalties attached to having



or concealing them, few of his writings remain. "The number of the volumes which he (the archbishop of Prague) is said to have burned, most excellently written and richly adorned with bosses of gold and rich coverings, were above the number of two hundred." We have a curious specimen of Wickliffe's style of writing and reasoning, in his answer to the king respecting his right to retain in time of necessity the money usually paid to the Pope. "First, I prove it thus: Every natural body hath power given it of God to resist against his contrary, and to preserve itself in due estate, as philosophers know very well. Insomuch that bodies without life, are endued with such kind of power, as it is evident, unto whom hardness is given to resist those things that would break it, and coldness to withstand the heat that dissolveth it. Forasmuch then as the kingdom of England, after the manner and phrase of the scriptures, ought to be one body, and the clergy with the commonalty the members thereof, it seemeth that the same kingdom hath such power given it of God; and so much the more apparent, by how much the same body is more precious unto God, adorned with virtue and knowledge. Forasmuch therefore as there is no power given of God unto any creature, for any end or purpose, but that he may lawfully use the same to that end and purpose; it followeth that our kingdom may lawfully keep back and detain their treasure for the defence of itself, in what case soever necessity do require the same. Secondly, the same is proved by the law of the Gospel. For the Pope cannot challenge the treasure of this kingdom, but under the title of alms, and consequently under the pretence of the works of mercy, according to the rules of charity. But in case aforesaid, the title of alms ought utterly to cease: *ergo*, the right and title of challenging the treasure of our realm shall cease also in the presupposed necessity. Forasmuch as all charity hath his beginning of himself, it were no work of charity, but of mere madness, to send away the treasures of the

realm unto foreign nations, whereby the realm itself may fall into ruin, under the pretence of such charity."

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### THE LISTENER.—No. XXXIV.

IT was one of those splendid days before midsummer, when every thing seems to have reached the perfection of its beauty, and to luxuriate in the fulness of its enjoyment. The leaf had blown full, but it had not faded, neither had the dust or the drought spoiled its brightness. Of the field, the hedge, the woodland, every flower had blown, but as yet they had not died—there seemed scarcely space enough in nature for the revel of their beauty. All creation teemed with increase of life, without the feeling that sometimes assimilates it with increase of suffering—a feeling of life's disproportionate supply. The character of this hour was abundance—prodigal abundance. The seed was in the grass, the berry was in the blossom, the wheat was in the blade; and the barrenness of winter was forgotten. It was evening, but there was no cold to shrink the limbs, no dews to chill the blood. Beneath the thick foliage of the underwood, over grass and flowers, where the mower had never whet his scythe, I walked as dry as if on the artificial carpet of the drawing-room. We have not in England many such days as these: in the few we have, there is a concentration of delight, of luxurious ecstasy in our sensations, that if we had them always we could scarcely know; but this makes not to my tale.

I was walking in such a place, at such a moment, when I observed a group of young people busy, with no common earnestness, in making a bouquet of flowers from the wood. And much was the difficulty, and many were the dangers they seemed disposed to encounter, to effect their purpose. If a honeysuckle of fairer promise

than those below, hung high upon the branches, long and patient were the contrivances to reach it, and great the destruction of muslin and ribbon that ensued. If a rose-bud of deeper red than usual was caught sight of, many were the scratches endured to ravish the well-guarded treasure from its bed of thorns. And presently they were on their knees in the herbage, in spite of sting-nettles and thistles, to steal some more hidden treasure—it might be the sweet violet, or the pretty myosotis. From the eagerness with which these beauties were collected, and the taste with which they were chosen, the bouquet was forming for some favorite purpose.

Casting my eyes at that moment on the ground, I saw, under my feet, a bed of small, white flowers. They too had looked down upon it, and several times their feet had trodden over it—but they had not stooped to gather any. I picked a piece—the tiny stars that formed each separate flower, of the purest and most brilliant white, arranging themselves into a head, formed a group as rich as it was delicate. The thread-like stems that supported them, the circles round it of slender leaves, minutely cut and fringed, gave such elegance and lightness to the whole, it seemed fitted to be the flower of fairy-land. But a still greater charm was the exquisite perfume of the many blossoms—too delicate, like its beauty, to be perceived at a distance, but exquisite when approached. Perhaps because I was enamoured of its charms, perhaps because others had neglected and despised it, I left the rose among its thorns, and the woodbine on its heights, and gathered myself a bouquet of this small flower, contemplating its beauty, and feasted on its perfumes during the remainder of my walk. My flowers died—the pure white took the hue of decay, and the perfume of the blossoms passed. With still lingering attachment, I placed the withered branches in my work-box; as they dried there, they acquired the most delightful and refreshing scent, and became themselves a

treasure—one carefully collected, I have been told, by ladies in other countries, to perfume their drawers—and for weeks and months that it remained there, I found no diminution of its sweetness.

Many a time since, as I have walked the paths of society, have circumstances called back to memory my sweet woodroffe—fenced by no thorns, armed with no stings, planted on no heights inaccessible—attainable without cost, and yet passed by, its beauty and its sweetness unperceived. And there is one thing in particular to which I have compared it. It is so despised a thing, that I scarcely know by what name I should call it, or if there is a name by which what I mean will be exactly understood. I would call it Good-nature, but in the received language of society, a good-natured person means a fool—or, at best, a character that having no prominence of feature, good or bad, that can be seized upon, is dismissed with a sentence of harmless uselessness, under the appellation of good-nature. Good-temper is not the thing I mean. I have seen most decidedly good tempers with a great deficiency of this quality—and I have seen it subsist where the temper, when put to trial, has proved by no means a good one. I have seen so much virtue, so much excellence, so much benevolence subsist without it, and I have seen it pre-eminently exhibited among so much vice, that I am satisfied it is a virtue and a beauty of itself, and independently of every other; and one too much neglected and too much despised. For want of a better name, I will call it Good-humour. In the commonest acceptation of words, when we say a person is good-humoured, I do not think it expresses what I mean—but when we say any one is in *good humour*, I think it does exactly. So let it be understood that by good-humoured, I mean always in a good humour.

This plant, alas! is not, like my sweet Woodroffe, of the growth of England. Whether by something in our physical formation, or by the influence of our skies, I fear it is an exotic with us, and must be cultivated with

some diligence ere it will flourish. But that it will grow in England, I am sure—and that in every bosom swayed by christian principles, it ought to be implanted, if it is not indigenous, I am doubly sure. I have known too little of foreign society, to give it as my own observation; but from all that may be learned otherwise than by personal intercourse, I do not understand that there is any other country where people get out of humour gratuitously and for nothing, as we do in England—and I am sure if that is the case, it is no small inducement to seek the influence of fairer skies; for what with our own ill-humour, and other people's ill-humour, half the pleasure of existence is destroyed—and what is worse, virtue, and piety, and truth, lose half their charms—man is injured, and God is offended.

I go into a family where there is nothing external to interrupt the happiness of its members, and nothing wanting that can essentially promote it; and I find every body as intent on making troubles, as if it were their misery to have none. At breakfast, peace is disturbed, and the blessing of abundance forgotten, because an egg is not boiled enough—though five minutes and hot water would soon boil it more. After breakfast, a walk or a ride is rendered thoroughly disagreeable, and the delights of scenery and sunshine disregarded, because no one will say whether they prefer to go up hill or down, though it is evident all will be dissatisfied who have not their choice. At noon, every body begins to grunt and grumble because the day is so hot; which, if it would cool them, might be excused. At dinner, the gentleman is out of humour, because the window is open—whereas nothing can be so easy as to get up and shut it; the lady is out of humour because the butcher has served beef instead of mutton—though no one at table cares whether they eat mutton or beef; the daughter is out of humour because she is sitting on the wrong side of the table—though she had no reason on earth for preferring the other side but because she is

not sitting there; the boys are out of humour because a shower prevents their going out—though, till it began, they had not discovered that they wished to go out; the servant is out of humour because the bell has rung a second time before he has time to answer it the first; the dog—the least unreasonable, as I thought, of the party—is out of humour because he has been kicked, and trodden upon, and scolded for being in the way, when he might as well be put quietly out of the way. The evening, in a family party of well-informed, accomplished and agreeable people, did they happen to be in a good humour, could not otherwise than pass very pleasantly. But here every thing goes wrong. Maria is vexed because Sarah opens the instrument first. Sarah will not play because Mary is vexed, and Mary will not play for about the same reason—and so neither plays. Jane cannot do her work because Anne has lost her needle, though five hundred other needles were offered to her choice, neither can she quietly leave her work undone. When one takes up a book, another pronounces it rude, disagreeable and unsocial to read in company—though a full half hour has passed since any one opened their lips. If one laughs, the other is sure to wonder what there is to laugh at—if one complains, the other is certain there can be nothing the matter. Whatever is praised, nobody else can see the merit of—though if it had first been censured, some one would have found it all perfection. It may be supposed this family are remarkably ill-natured. So far from it, there is not among them one who does not love the other most sincerely, or would hurt a hair of the other's head, to serve a selfish interest.

I go into another family where the hand of adversity presses hard—where unaccustomed penury has abridged the indulgences, and overhanging evil saddened the bosoms of its inmates. I see the father come home after a day of anxious exertions for his family, and instead of being greeted with cheerfulness and smiles, to

lighten his bosom of its cares, or at least to requite him for their endurance, he finds nothing but superfluous ill-humour, and useless contradictions, and teasing importunities. Why this, why that, why not the other? If he wants any thing, it is the only thing that cannot be had—if he complains of any thing, it is the very thing that must be—he cannot put so much as his hat or his stick down, but it is in the wrong place. His wearied mind is regaled with nothing but complaints of servants, complaints of children, complaints of every thing. If he tries to cheer the spirits with some pleasant communication, his own are damped by the humour with which it is received. If anxiety has made him irritable, instead of being soothed and pacified by compliance and forbearance, he is goaded afresh with idle bickerings, and useless opposition—and this from a wife, from children who in the genuine affection of their hearts, would gladly, were it possible, take the load from off his bosom, and bear it all themselves.

I see the mistress of a house, a very pattern of domestick virtue, the most just, humane, well-meaning person in the universe, whose whole care in life is to do her own duty, and see that others do theirs—by a regular seasoning of ill-humour, I see her succeed in making every body's business irksome and disagreeable. If any one comes near, they are always in the way—if they keep at a distance, they are always out of the way—if they do any thing without bidding, they are too busy by half—if they wait to be bidden, they never think for themselves. If you offer her advice, she likes people to mind their own business—if nobody interferes with her, she has every thing to bear alone. The very thing she lets you see she desires of you, she refuses when you offer it; and the very thing she has done to please you, she undoes as soon as she sees you are pleased with it. If you do a kindness to any one about her, she will defeat it or empoison it, though she would have done it herself, if you had not. Yet, for I know her well, she is

not a selfish nor an unfeeling woman in matters of importance—she would sacrifice her own convenience for the benefit of the meanest of her family.

I see the generous benefactor, who divides her income with the unfortunate, who looks out for sorrow that she may lessen it, and for need, that she may supply it—at great expence, and perhaps the sacrifice of many of her superfluities, she has brought the afflicted into her house or under her protection; and day by day I see her empoison the cup she fills for them, and make bitter the bread she supplies to them, by little ill-humoured suspicions, and captious answers, and side-way remarks, and broad hints, and bye-words; not one of which has the shadow of a meaning or a cause—and by perpetual wearing on a wounded spirit, the more susceptible in proportion as it is grateful, consumes the heart with useless irritation, that she might as well have left to break with the weight of its own sorrow.

I see people compelled to live together, and who would not, by the offer of a kingdom, be induced to live apart, managing matters as if the disturbing of each other's peace was the only object of their union; contending for a thousand little things that neither cares about, though in really important matters, either has pleasure in yielding to the other. I hear many a daughter quarrel with her mother, and many a wife dispute with her husband, whether they shall go out of one door or the other, when, if she were called upon to give up house, doors, and all, for her mother's or her husband's sake, she would do it without a word. And I see again, where, from necessity or choice, every thing is yielded to the will of another, so much ill grace in the doing, so many bitter words and sullen looks, that more pain and provocation is given by compliance, than would be by resistance.

I know families of young people, upon whom thousands have been expended to make them agreeable, and who have taken as much pains to commend themselves



to the approbation of society and the affection of each other, as their parents have taken for them: and they are the most agreeable, entertaining, affectionate young people in the universe, *when* they happen to be in a good humour. But as to any possible calculation when that may be, you might as well trust Moore's Almanack for a fine day. Never have I been able to discover by the affinities of cause and consequence, or any other affinities, by what laws these ladies or any other ladies get in and out of humour. You must take your chance with them, and that but a poor one: it is a summer day indeed in which you do not find some one out of humour, with something or with nothing, with each other or themselves. Then, if you are on intimacy, woe betide you—for whatever thing you say is the wrong thing—whatever you propose is the disagreeable thing—whatever you ask is the impossible thing. If you are sufficiently a stranger to impose deference towards yourself, woe betide you still—for all your amusement is to hear sisters, sisters most really attached to each other, snapping and snarling, contending and contradicting, like nothing but the little growling dogs that settle all their quarrels on the pavement, to the no small annoyance of the passengers. I never join a family circle but somebody's humour disturbs the rest. I never join a party of pleasure but somebody's humour makes it disagreeable. These are small matters; but it is the perpetual dropping that wears out the stone, and not the sudden shower—and it is these small frettings of ill-humour that consume the peace of our bosoms, and attain the character of domestic happiness in England, which else has there, and perhaps there only, its full and perfect loveliness. That this propensity to ill-humour is the effect of a foggy atmosphere and a sluggish circulation, I have no more doubt than of the tendency of an Italian sky, or a doze of Hydraggin to relieve it. But we do not abide an evil contentedly, merely because we know the cause; rather we go more hopefully to find a cure. Whether

we can help feeling out of humour I will not be positive; though by the habit of reflection and resistance I think we may. That we can avoid making others feel it, I am quite positive. I know one who from the languor of a consumptive habit, feels always ill and dispirited in the morning: when asked why she never speaks at breakfast-time, she says it is lost under those sensations she may speak ill-naturedly. I know one who from mental exertion at night, feels for the few first hours of the day all the languor and exhaustion of disease. Having the care of children, she never reproves them or gives them orders till the sensation goes off, because she feels that she must wait to be in a good-humour herself before she can judge of any thing, much less venture a reproach. This case is more clearly physical than most—and yet it can thus be governed. I often hear ladies say in their families, “Do not teaze me to-day, for I am unwell.” I should not have the least objection to hear them say, “Do not teaze me to-day, for I am in an ill-humour”—the candour of the confession on one part and the shame of it on the other, might put an end to ill-humour on both. That all can controul their humours is certain; because all do, when there is a necessity for it. In certain companies, in the presence of those we fear, or with whom we have some purpose to effect, either the ill-humour is conquered or it is concealed. However the venom be native in our bosoms, the sting is put forth but at our pleasure—and strange as it is, we reserve it for our best and dearest; for the torment of our home and the misery of our families.

You who in character are yet unnamed, who are fretting and toiling yourselves to be hereafter called clever women, sensible women, elegant or accomplished or benevolent women, has it ever come into your mind to earn the title of good-humoured women? Perhaps not, for you use the appellation in contempt; and cede it to those who can claim no character beside. You have heard it used so, and you have not reflected on the

term or on the thing it means. Of this be persuaded. Good-humour will lighten sorrows that talent can but render more acute. Good-humour will bear you through difficulties that the strongest sense cannot help you to evade. Good-humour will preserve affections beauty and elegance can do little more than win. Good-humour will lessen the sufferings of humanity more than thousands of gold and silver, which but administer to the body, while the other spares the mind. Good-humour will remain a blessing when others are gone by—like the Woodroffe that was sweet in my drawer, when the Rose had perished, and the Woodbine was forgotten.

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## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

### CONVERSATION X.

General position of Primitive Rocks—Trap, or Greenstone.

MATILDA.—Now we have gone through the Primitive Rocks, I suppose. I think I have a clear idea of them as separate substances, broken up and put into my hands: but I should like a sketch of them as they lie heaped together beneath the soil. I had no idea of the order that seems to exist among the materials of which the earth is composed. Can you show us a sketch of their position in any known spot of earth, in which that position has been actually ascertained?

MRS. L.—Without any difficulty. Geological maps have been made of many parts of the world. I have copied for you a small part of one, containing a district in Cornwall, the neighbourhood of Dartmoor, where the Primitive Rocks are to be traced rising successively to the surface, unintermixed with the secondary—the way in which I would first show them to you, as with the secondary you are not yet acquainted. (*Plate 9, Fig. 1.*)

you will trace the various substances in their natural order of occurrence. Try if you can explain for yourselves the different way in which the rocks are attempted to be represented.

ANNE.—The Granite, the lowest, though at one point rising highest, is drawn in blocks, as if put together by the hands of some skilful mason. I recollect you explained to us that this was the case; being split and chasmed at right angles, so as to divide it into enormous blocks. The slate is striped, to represent, I suppose, the thin layers into which it splits itself. And here is the Serpentine, in small quantity, and imitating in miniature the formation of the Granite. But now I am puzzled—here is one I never heard of—and drawn so smooth, that I suppose it is in no way stratified. It is written Greenstone or Trap.

MRS. L.—It is one of a singular class of rocks, which I have not yet mentioned. They occur indiscriminately in Primary and Secondary countries, and are not less varied in their characters and aspects, than in their situation. Werner calls them Trap Rocks—Dr. Hutton calls them Whinstones. They have been termed Primary Trap, Transition Trap, Alluvial or Floetz Trap, according to the substances among which they are found. By the term Greenstone, we mean a compound of Hornblende and Felspar, differing extremely in its appearance, being sometimes so fine-grained as to appear homogeneous; at other times presenting distinct and often large crystals of Hornblende.

Greenstone is met with in many parts of England, immediately upon Granite and Primary Rocks, as you see it here; and it assumes the character of its neighbours, breaking into large blocks and masses of very irregular appearance. In this state it is seen in Cornwall, at the Lizard Point. Upon the north side of the Welsh mountains, a chain of Greenstone follows the Slate, which in some places is columnar, as upon the Cader Idris, and it forms a singular cavity near the summit of that mountain,

very like the crater of a volcano." The Greenstones differ but little from Syenite, containing more Hornblende, which usually gives them a dark green colour, (*Fig. 2*): the particles are often so small, as to resemble a simple substance—sometimes spotted.

MAT.—Indeed it now comes to my mind that you mentioned Greenstone in speaking of Syenite.

MRS. L.—I was in hopes you would recollect this—they are nearly the same thing in appearance and in composition; but the Greenstone has never the reddish tint of the Syenite; nor has it quite so crystalline an appearance as the other Primitive Rocks. Is there any thing else in the plate that takes your attention?

ANNE.—I observe that the Granite runs into the Mica in several places, as do the others into those adjoining—but nothing penetrates into the Granite.

MRS. L.—This is the case—and it was to this appearance I alluded in a former conversation, when speaking of the original formation of the Granite. It is an ascertained fact, that the Granite does, in the manner described in the plate, project itself, in branch-like veins, into the solid masses that surround it, of materials no less impenetrable than itself—whereas nothing has ever been found to have penetrated the Granite. Of the conclusions to be drawn from this, there is much difference of opinion. Had all these substances been fused, or dissolved together, they would most likely have intermixed—certainly could not have assumed their present position. Had the Granite been first and unchangeably moulded, whence should have issued these projecting veins? The only conjecture that seems to account for it, is that after the Granite had been moulded and the other rocks disposed in their beds above it, some great internal convulsion may not only have disrupted but melted the Granite, forcing it upwards between the superincumbent rocks, and driving the fluid mass into the crevices and cracks occasioned by the rupture.

# GEOLOGY.

PLATE IV.



Fig. 1.

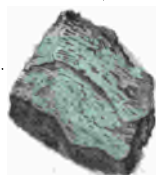
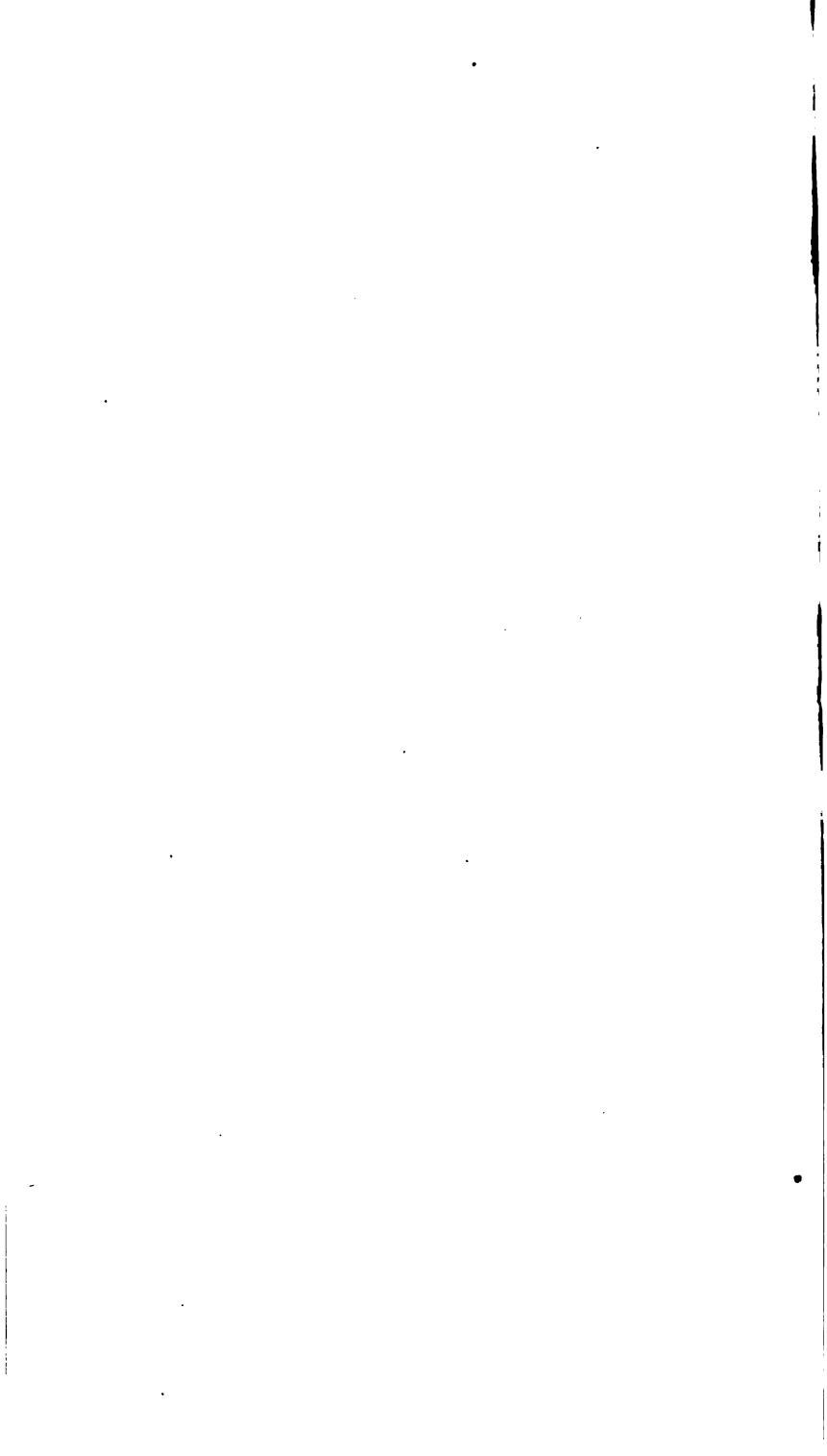


Fig. 2.

Highnam-stone.

Pub. by Baker & Co. 1841, Newbury Place.



**MAT.**—But when and how could this great explosion take place?

**MRS. L.**—That, indeed, I cannot pretend to tell you. Most likely before man was an inhabitant of earth; and this is the more probable, from there being in these first formations no traces of organic substances. You remember, I trust, what I mean by that term, for I now wish in some degree to recapitulate.

**ANNE.**—Certainly—the remains of any thing that once had life, whether animal or vegetable. I should like to see some.

**MRS. L.**—In good time. I purposely postpone this most interesting subject till we come to treat of the substances that contain them.

**MAT.**—But may we not suppose the Granite to be as it pleased God to make it, without assigning any other cause?

**MRS. L.**—However it came to have its present form, it is most certainly as it pleased God to make it. With something of your sagacity, a recent writer has been very angry that any one should suppose either fire or water necessary to crystalize Granite, or any eruption or deposition necessary to give it its present form. But I see neither piety nor sense in this evasion of a question of natural and legitimate curiosity. God made the fire, and he made the water, and he made the Granite; and he gave them all the properties they have of acting on each other, and his purpose in doing so was, that they should produce exactly such a world as they have produced, and answer the purpose for which he intended them. But the Creator does not—He does not wish to work in mystery and darkness. He lets us see how his creatures perform their unconscious task before our eyes—he lets us enquire into the works that were finished and completed before we came into existence—and the more we enquire, and the further we seek, the more our wonder and our admiration grow. I cannot see how God's creative power is the more honoured by saying



that he formed the Granite mass as it is, and because it pleased him, than by proving, or rather conjecturing, for it is no more, that within the once unbroken mass of rock, he inclosed a nucleus of fire, or something that under certain circumstances would cause combustion, for the purpose of disrupting the mass he placed around it. We do not, we cannot, if we wished it, get rid of a first great Cause. Say the fire formed the Granite—who formed the fire? Say the fire was the natural result of certain substances meeting together, as we know it often is—who made those substances? And resolve the world into atoms, as some have absurdly taught, and have said those atoms formed themselves by their natural properties, into the existing state of things; they do not yet achieve their wicked purpose of excluding God from his creation—for how came there to be atoms, and how came they possessed of such natural properties, but by the hand of the Creator, working for his own especial purpose, and giving them such properties as would eventually conduce to his own ends?

MAT.—But is it possible that the force of any fire should burst and dissolve such an impenetrable mass?

MRS. L.—You know not what the mass was before it was so disrupted and dissolved—crystalization makes most substances harder than they were before. But if it should have been as hard as it is now, it is impossible to calculate or to limit the force of confined combustion. You have seen the smallest quantity of gunpowder, placed in a fissure, explode the solid rock. Consider the tremendous volcano, that shakes the very earth in which it is imprisoned, and sends into the air its torrents of liquified minerals.

ANNE.—I confess imagination need but stretch itself a little, to fancy the whole mass of earth exploded and dissolved.

MRS. L.—The Creator, when it pleases him, has many ways to do it, even in the existing properties of things. You know that some people fancy, when the

earth is consumed with fire, as he has said it shall be, a comet will approach to ignite it.

MAT.—Yes, and I remember well, when, many years ago, a comet came nearer to the earth than usual, the vulgar thought the time of destruction was at hand.

MRS. L.—This would be a means—but not a necessary one. God generally, I may say in this world always works by means; and therefore it is likely that he will use them when he destroys it, although he need not. He may, if he pleases, bring a comet to ignite the earth—or he may rain fire and brimstone from above as he did when Sodom and Gomorrha were consumed—but I believe neither would be necessary to effect this great combustion.

ANNE.—But if it can be effected by natural means, will not the unbeliever say it comes to pass by accident?

MRS. L.—That they will say at any rate, to their own eternal condemnation. They may say it was by accident the world was drowned—but it was not by accident that God predicted it forty years before. They may say it was by accident, or rather in the common course of human wars, that the Romans laid Jerusalem in ruins, as they did many other cities. But it could not be by accident, nor in the course of natural events, that the time, and the manner, and the consequences of that seige, even to the minute particulars, had been declared to these people, and written in their sacred records centuries before. But we have something wandered from our subject. I have only further to remark, that as to the inconsistency of this supposed process of combustion and crystalization with the Mosaic account of the Creation, I have before explained to you, in our seventh conversation, why I do not think they in any way affect each other. I think Moses has not told us how the mass of the void, and unformed, and uninhabited earth was made, or when: though truly he tells us who had made it, and for what purpose he was now about to use it.

ANNE.—I should like to know more about Volcanos

—those strange fires that lie for ever, buried in the bowels of the earth. I wonder they are so quiet.

MRS. L.—When you understand the nature of combustion better, you will perceive that the fires which issue thence, are not necessarily there. Did it ever come into your head to wonder that the coals lie so cold and quiet in the cellar? With respect to Volcanos, it is a subject we have in reserve—but I think it will be better to take it up when we come to examine their real and known effects, rather than while touching only on those that are conjectural. Is there any thing in our past lessons you desire to recapitulate? I wish you could give me some idea of what you retain of them.

MAT.—Certainly I think I have gained some new ideas and some increase of knowledge: at any rate I have gained a desire to know more.

ANNE.—I have formed to myself what seems to me a pretty clear notion of the disposition of strata—their inclination to the horizon, which puzzled me at first—their successive appearance on the surface and occasional intermixture. The properties of mineral substances too, and the terms used for them, I think I understand—and though I am certain I shall not recognize each individual substance wherever I see it, I know the essential differences, and by often seeing and examining specimens, I fancy I should come to distinguish them more readily.

MRS. L.—I doubt not you would. As in entering a family of strangers where there is a strong family likeness, you at first mistake one sister for another—but on more familiarity, begin to wonder how you could be so stupid as not to know them apart.

## SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

### CONVERSATION VIII.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS INSECTS.

*The Imago, or perfect Insect—Its structure.*

HENRY.—We left one part of the insect unexamined in our last conversation, respecting which I feel some little curiosity.

PAPA.—You mean the head. It is generally larger in the perfect insect than in the larva; and is supposed to be with insects, as it is with most other animals, the principal seat of the senses. Internally it contains the brain; and externally, the mouth, eyes, stemmata, and antennae.

HENRY.—I was not aware that insects had a brain in the head.

PAPA.—It was the opinion of Linnæus, and of other naturalists who followed him, that they had not; but the diligent and attentive observations of the indefatigable Cuvier, have placed it beyond a doubt that insects, as well as most other animals, have a genuine brain. It is not, however, constantly of the same structure in all insects; nor indeed, in the same insect in all its states. But as this is a subject that will not interest Anne much, we will wave it for the present, and devote our attention to the external parts. The mouth of insects is curiously formed; but it varies so exceedingly in different species, that it would be tedious to describe it at large. It is generally placed somewhat underneath the front part of the head, but in a few, it is situated below the breast. A vast number, including the beetle, bee, and locust tribes, with some others, have it furnished with

jaws; but of extremely various constructions: "some are sharp, and armed with spines and branches for tearing flesh; others hooked for seizing, and, at the same time, hollow for suction; some are adapted, like shears, for gnawing leaves; others, more resembling grindstones, are of a strength and solidity sufficient to reduce the hardest wood to powder." Those insects intended to live on liquid food, to whom jaws would have been useless, have mouths of a totally different form. The innumerable tribes of moths and butterflies, that eat nothing but the honey secreted in the nectaries of flowers, which are frequently situated at the bottom of a tube of great length, have a slender tubular tongue, sometimes three inches long; which, when at rest, is spirally rolled up, like the main spring of a watch, into a convenient compass. This tongue, which they have the power of instantly unrolling, they dart into the bottom of a flower, and draw up by it a supply of the delicious nectar. Another numerous race, the whole of the order *Hemiptera*, which includes the bug and cicada tribes, abstract the juices of plants or of animals, by means of a hollow grooved beak, often jointed, and containing three bristle-formed lancets; which, at the same time that they pierce the food, apply to each other so accurately, that they form one air-tight tube, through which the little animals suck up their repast.

ANNA.—What sort of mouths have flies, papa? I have noticed some that appear to have little trunks something like that of the elephant.

PAPA.—They have a sucker formed on the same general plan as that of the *Hemiptera*, but of a much more complicated and varied structure. It is, in like manner, composed of a grooved case, inclosing several lancets; but the case, although horny and beak-like in some, is in others fleshy, flexible, and resembling, as you remark, the proboscis of an elephant. The number and form of their lancets are extremely various: some have but one; others, three; others, four; and the blood-

thirsty gnat has five ; some acutely sharpened at the extremity, and others jagged like a saw on one side.

HENRY.—The variations in the mouths of insects are, indeed, numerous.

PAPA.—They are so many, that the classification of all insects, in the Fabrician system, is founded on this character.

HENRY.—But I believe some, though furnished with the organs of feeding, make no use of them, and consume no food whatever in their perfect state.

PAPA.—Many do not. The moth of the silkworm, and several others of the same order, the different species of *Cæstrus*, and the *Ephemera* are of this description : they all live so short a time in the imago state, that they require no food. It may be laid down as a general rule, as I believe I have before remarked to you, that insects in their perfect state, eat much less than in that of larvæ : the voracious caterpillar, when become a butterfly, takes only a small quantity of honey ; and the gluttonous maggot, when transformed into a fly, is contented with sipping a drop or two of any sweet liquid.

ANNA.—Are not the eyes of insects very curious ?

PAPA.—They are very differently formed from those of other animals. Most insects have two, which are composed of a transparent crustaceous set of lenses, so hard as to require no covering to protect them. These, like multiplying glasses, have innumerable surfaces, on every one of which the objects are distinctly formed ; so that, if a candle be held opposite to them, it appears multiplied almost to infinity.

ANNE.—Then every single object they see is multiplied to an immense number.

PAPA.—O, no ; I do not suppose that. You have two eyes, but you do not see things double, do you ? By the compound construction of their eyes, their power of vision is probably strengthened, and their field of view enlarged. It seems, indeed, admirably adapted to their convenience ; for as the eyes of insects are immoveable,

they would have lost sight of many things, if they had been formed like those of other animals ; but as some or other of these minute hemispheres is always directed towards objects, from whatever quarter they present themselves, nothing can pass unobserved. These lenses, which amount to a greater or less number in different insects, give to the naked eye the appearance of network. Mr. Leeuwenhoek counted 3181 of them in the eye of a beetle ; 8000 in that of the common housefly, and 12,544 in that of a dragon-fly.

HENRY.—Mr. Leeuwenhoek, I think, made some curious experiments with the eye of a dragon-fly. With the aid of a microscope, used as a telescope, he viewed the steeple of a church through it: he could plainly see the steeple, though not apparently larger than the point of a fine needle. He also looked at a house ; and could discern the front, distinguish the doors and windows, and perceive whether the windows were shut or open.

PAPA.—At least so he fancied.

ANNE.—You mentioned *stemmata*, papa ; what are they ?

PAPA.—The *stemmata*, my dear, are three smooth, glossy, hemispherical dots, situated at the top of the head ; and supposed to be additional organs of sight ; for it has been found that the insect can guide its flight by them, even when deprived of its eyes ; but if they also be destroyed, it becomes completely blind, and will not venture to use its wings. The *stemmata* are most conspicuous in bees and wasps, and other *hymenopterous* insects. The *antennæ*, or horns, are a very curious part of the insect's head : they seem also to be an extremely important medium of sense ; for if an insect be deprived of them, it is observed to become listless and inactive.

ANNA.—You mean what are sometimes called feelers, papa.

PAPA.—No, my dear ; I mean those two little horns which appear on each side of the head in all perfect

insects, and indeed not unfrequently in larvæ too: the *palpi*, or feelers, are distinct from these, and are placed at the mouth: they are naked, more numerous, and smaller.

HENRY.—The feelers are considered as the organs of touch, are they not?

PAPA.—Yes; and it is probable that they are so; for the insect generally agitates them and presses its food with them before it begins to eat. They are not, however, like the antennæ, common to all insects, for many whole genera are destitute of them. All perfect insects have two, and only two, antennæ: but they differ so much in form and size, in different individuals, that they are considered by entomologists of material importance in distinguishing the various genera and species, and also the sexes.

ANNA.—I suppose it is with the antennæ of insects as with the plumage of birds; the males have the most beautiful.

PAPA.—Yes; those of the male are frequently plumose, or ornamented with tufts of feathers; while those of the female appear like a delicate thread, entirely smooth. This is observable throughout the moth tribe: among beetles also the males are often distinguishable from the other sex by the superior size and beauty of these organs. The continual motion of the antennæ and the extreme sensibility they appear to possess, point them out to be exquisite organs of more than one sense; perhaps of some that we have no idea of. They are probably the seat of hearing, and also the medium of conversation; for insects have been observed to touch antennæ when they meet, as if to greet their acquaintance, or to communicate some information to them.

HENRY.—Are they not the organs of smell also?

PAPA.—Some have thought so; but it appears more probable that as insects breathe through their sides, they smell through them too.

Z. Z.



## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

## No. X.

## SYCAMORE—ACER PSEUDO—PLATANUS.

THE Sycamore is the larger species of Maple, of which tree we have spoken before. The elegant form of its drooping leaves makes it very beautiful to the eye, but it is not a favourite with the planter on the score of utility.

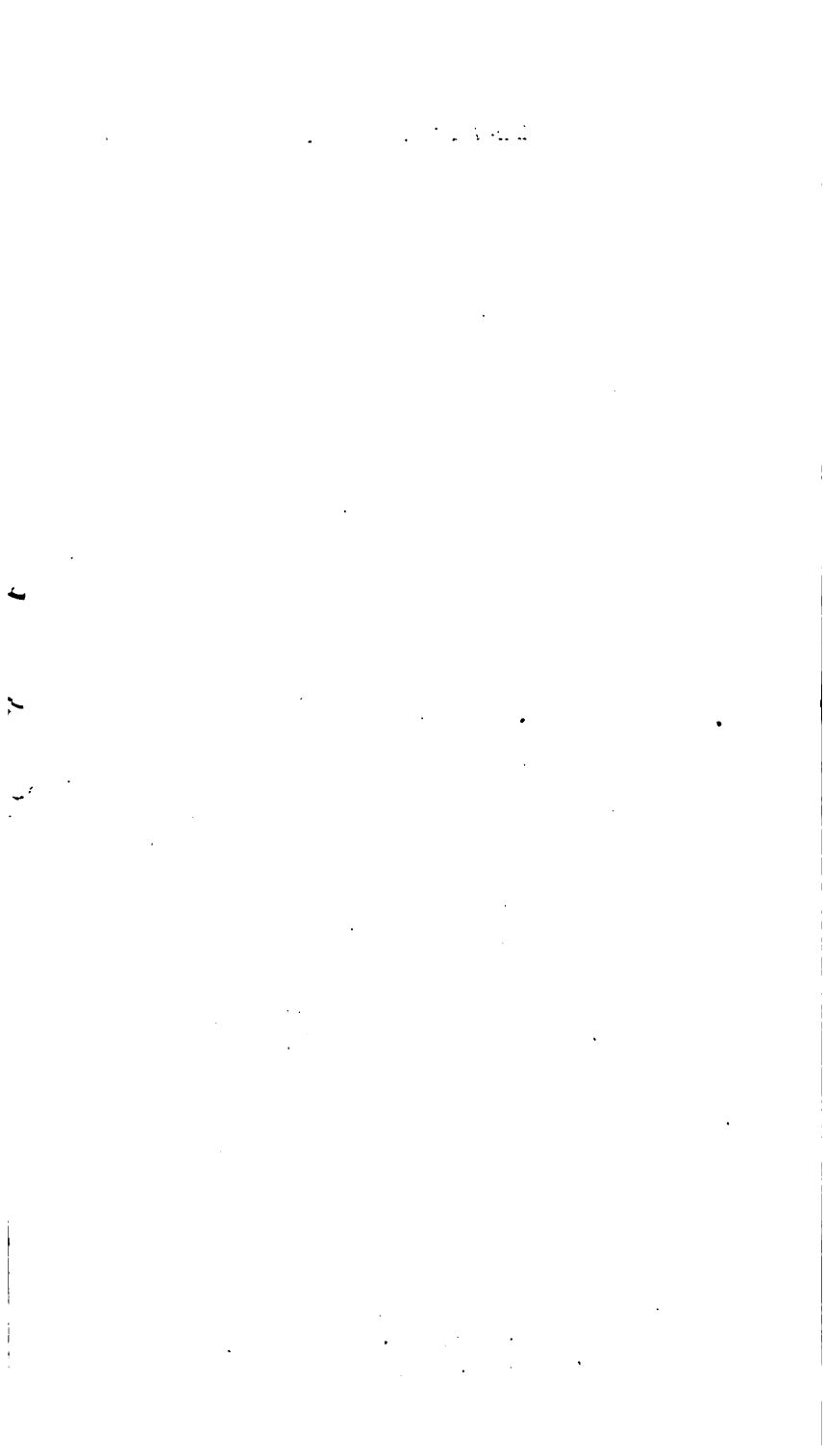
"The Sycamore, or Wild Fig-tree, falsely so called, is our *Acer Majus*, or broad-leaved Mas, one of the Maples, and is much more in reputation for its shade than it deserves; for the honey-dew leaves, which fall early, like those of the Ash, turn to mucilage, producing noxious insects, and putrify with the first moisture of the season, so as they contaminate and mar our walks; and are therefore, by my consent, to be banished from all curious gardens and avenues."—EVELYN.

"This is a large growing tree, and adapted to increase the variety in our woods and fields. It is very proper, if kept down, for underwood, because it shoots fast from the stool, and makes excellent fuel. There is no tree more proper than this to make large plantations near the sea; for the spray, which is prejudicial to most trees, seems to have no bad effect upon it. The Sycamore is not only a large timber tree, but will stand long on the soil before it decays. This may be seen from what St. Hierome says, who lived in the fourth century after Christ, namely, that he saw the Sycamore tree Zaccheus climbed up to see our Saviour ride in triumph to Jerusalem."—HUNTER.

"There is in Germany a better sort of Sycamore than ours, (nor are ours indigenous,) wherewith they make saddle-trees, and divers other things for use. Our own is excellent for trenchers, cart and plough timber, being light, tough, and not much inferior to Ash itself, and if the trees be very tall and handsome, they are more tolerable for distant walks, especially where other better trees prosper not so well, or where a sudden shade is expected. Some commend them to thicken copses, especially in parks, as least apt to be the spoil of deer, and that it is good for fire-wood. This tree being wounded, bleeds a great part of the year; the liquor emulating that of the Birch, which happening to few of the rest, (that is, to bleed winter and summer,) I therefore mention: the sap is sweet and wholesome, and in a short time yields sufficient quantity to brew with, so as when it is used, one bushel of malt will make as good ale, as four bushels with ordinary water."—EVELYN.



Sycamore Tree.  
*Acer Pseudo-Platanus.*  
*Octandria Monogynia.*



## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

## FAREWELL TO MY ROBIN.

FAREWELL, my Robin—fare thee well ;  
 I've done thee wrong, I fear ;  
 Inviting thee, with tempting bait,  
 To seek thy breakfast here.

Sating thy simple appetite  
 With such unwonted feed ;  
 The sweeten'd cake, the moisten'd crumb,  
 Thou wert not used to need.

And now, to-morrow thou wilt come,  
 To seek the promis'd store ;  
 And day by day thou wilt return,  
 But find it never more.

And oh ! if ought of human dole,  
 Thy little bosom share ;  
 If ere the thoughts that mortals think,  
 Be known to rankle there :

If thou, too, hast a heart to love  
 What thou must see no more ;  
 A memory never to forget  
 The things that were before :

Or confidence, or hope, or doubt,  
 Be things that birds can know ;  
 Or flush of agoniz'd suspense,  
 Within that bosom glow :

How wilt thou sit through all the day  
 Upon thy lonely perch ;  
 Or loiter through the myrtle boughs,  
 In unavailing search.

Thine eye intent, thine ear upraised,  
 In silent, sad suspense ;  
 " A sound—Yes—No—It is not that  
 " Was used to issue thence.

" Colder and colder grows the day,  
 " And colder blows the wind ;  
 " The fleecy shower is in the cloud,  
 " The famine is behind.

" But where is she who used to come  
 " Ere summer flowers were gone,  
 " And welcome me, her Robin Red,  
 " On each bright Autumn morn.  
  
 " There were no clouds in heaven then,  
 " No famine on the way ;  
 " Then there was herbage in the field,  
 " And berries on the spray.  
  
 " Ah ! can it be, that she who loved  
 " When Summer suns were shining,  
 " Will leave me now that they are gone  
 " In cold and hunger pining ?  
  
 " To-morrow, yes, to-morrow—and  
 " I shall not wait in vain :  
 " 'Twill be a long, a bitter night—  
 " Then she will come again."

Ah ! Robin Red, she's gone away,  
 Where she cannot, cannot hear—  
 And she'll not come, though days and nights  
 Be longer, colder far.

Robin, she has forgotten thee—  
 And now the snows may come :  
 Thou hast no friend to cherish thee,  
 Or sorrow for thy doom.

Farewell to thee, my Robin Red—  
 If nature kind has been,  
 Exposing thee to ills without,  
 To teach thee none within ;

And ne'er has given thee a heart  
 To feel and suffer thus ;  
 She's been more pitiful to thee,  
 Than she has seem'd to us.

#### THE NEGRO MOTHER.

THE sable mother kissed her babe,  
 Upon the bare earth laid ;  
 And gazing on it when it cried,  
 She thus in sorrow said :—

"Baby, I have no lullaby  
To whisper thee to sleep :  
I may not bid thee hush, poor boy,  
For thou wert born to weep.

Thy mother wept at thought of thee  
Or ever thou wert here ;  
And O when first she looked on thee,  
How bitter came the tear.

When England's mothers hush their babes,  
There's music in the song ;  
They sing of things so fine, so fair,  
Of days so bright and long.

But I, poor baby, I have nought  
To sing about to thee,  
But stripes, and chains, unthankful toil,  
And hopeless slavery.

The fearful, frightful images,  
That fill thy mother's breast—  
Twere a strange lullaby, methinks,  
To put my babe to rest.

England's mothers sing to Heaven  
In voices swelled with joy  
For thousand blessings from the God  
Who made their sleeping boy.

But who made thee, poor baby, who ?  
If White man's God were he,  
He gave thee to the White man too—  
He made thee not for me.

Ah ! would that Black men had a God !  
Then would I sing o'er thee,  
Whene'er thou criest, a mother's song  
Of such fond melody—

In hymns so loud, so sad, I'd sing  
The sorrows of our state,  
That he would take my baby back,  
And save him from his fate."

## THE CHURCH FLOOR.

*From George Herbert's Poems, 1633.*

MARK you the floor? that square and speckled stone,  
Which looks so firm and strong,  
Is PATIENCE.

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one  
Is chequer'd all along,  
HUMILITY.

The gentle rising, which on either hand  
Leads to the choir above,  
Is CONFIDENCE.

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band  
Ties the whole frame, is LOVE  
And CHARITY.



Oh! here on earth while journeying,  
E'en o'er the dewy paths of youth,  
I feel the bitter pangs which spring  
To soil each draught of hope or truth;  
And when I give my soul release,  
And linger o'er a sweeter scene,  
Sit by a holier light of peace—  
Oh! purer than it e'er hath been—  
It soars, it trembles—and how blest  
The antepast of its long rest.  
But short this raptured vision, and  
Self, and pride, and lust; the band  
That ever torture and dismay,  
Hurry it to its kindred clay.  
Thus fluctuates this frail soul of mine;  
One moment seeks a flight divine;  
Then plunges to the depths of sin,  
Fettered and bound, till fresher light breaks in.  
So shoots upon her foam white wing,  
Along her arrowy, transient course,  
Then droops and dips when wearying,  
To give her fainting flight new force,  
*Yon restless sea bird*—on the wave,  
Her house, and home, she finds her grave,

And when on high she flings her form,  
There clusters still the gathering storm—  
Her's is the heart that flutters for repose,  
The sleepless eye that trembles for its close.

R. M.

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## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*The Geography of the Globe, &c.* By J. D. Butler.  
Harvey and Darton. 1826.

THE person who should discover a new method of teaching Geography, would do worthy service to the times, and win the thanks of all the teachers and all the learners in the kingdom, who have gone on learning and teaching, hitherto, without coming to the expected result of knowing. There are few of us who remember to have worn out the corners of half a dozen Goldsmiths and Guthries, but must remember also how few were the ideas, and how confused the knowledge that remained from this consumption of printed paper: and yet when it comes to our turn to teach geography to our children, we are forced to begin in the same way, because, to the best of our knowledge, there is no other way. Impressed with this need of improvement, our attention is always arrested by the annunciation of any new geographical publication, and we sent for Mr. Butler's as soon as we saw it advertised. We find, however, that it presents nothing new, and offers no improvement on the old system of teaching Geography. It leaves us to commit to memory a pell-mell of names and circumstances, that, learned through every year of our lives from seven to seventeen, as it most likely will be, will not leave on the mind any thing of a connected, map-like perception of the arrangement of places and their concomitants, on the surface of the globe. We do not mean to depreciate this book—as what it is, it is particularly well arranged, and will justly take precedence of those now in use of



the same kind. It is of the same kind, and as such only we can recommend it in preference to them.

Much time used to be spent in drawing maps, painting, and lettering them with great exactness. Some improvement could not fail to be derived from this, but it was a costly one in time: the maps were useless lumber when finished; and perhaps the knowledge acquired by the simple drawing, was not sufficient to repay the expenditure of time in colouring, shadowing, &c. beside that as these maps were merely copied, it was at the choice of the copyist whether she would think any thing about Geography while she did them, or make line for line where she saw it, as instinctively as she would copy patterns for muslin-work. On the whole, we are not sorry this tedious operation is out of fashion. Could the memory in any way be made to draw maps and mark places in them, we see how it might be very useful. The study of Geography on plain, unlettered maps, after the manner of Gaultier, we have found advantageous, and are inclined to think his Geography as yet the best for practical utility; though it is a cumbrous concern, with six useless pages to one useful one; and that one capable of improvement. Under all systems, the study of the globes should be made an indispensable part of education: we are much surprised that it is not so, and that so much absolute ignorance of their use, and the manner of using them, and the things to be learned by them, betrays itself in well-educated girls. We should place it among *the things of course*, as much as Grammar and Geography, instead of ranging it, as is usual, among the *things extraneous*.

*Osric, a Missionary Tale; with the Garden and other Poems.* By Charlotte Elizabeth. Second Edition. Nisbet, Berners-Street. 1826. Price 5s.

THESE Poems are the production, undoubtedly, of a pious and a feeling mind. Of *Osric*, we may safely say that it is free from all that mixture of romance and pas-

sion that makes the union of poetic fiction with religion generally objectionable for young minds. It is a pretty and a well told tale, and if the poetry is not of the highest class, there is nothing to object against it, except the bad taste of attempting to make Scripture phrases, and those not the most elegant, harmonize in verse. It would puzzle a better poet than Charlotte Elizabeth to make a good line with the phrase, "leaven the whole lump." And what is the motive for attempting it? We think the following stanzas the best specimen of the poetry.

THE WINTER ROSE.

HAIL and farewell, thou lovely guest,  
I may not woo thy stay,  
The hues that paint thy blushing vest  
Are fading fast away,  
Like the retiring tints that die  
At evening from the western sky,  
And melt in misty grey.

The morning sun thy beauties hailed  
Fresh from their mossy cell,  
At eve his beam, in sorrow veiled,  
Bade thee a sad farewell:  
To-morrow's ray shall gild the spot  
Where, loosened from their fairy knot,  
The withering petals fell.

Alas! on thy forsaken stem  
My heart shall long recline,  
And mourn the transitory gem,  
And make the story mine:  
So on my joyless wintry hour  
Hath oped some bright and fragrant flower,  
With tints as soft as thine.

Like thee the vision came and went,  
Like thee it bloomed and fell,  
In momentary pity sent,  
Of fairer climes to tell:  
So frail its form, so short its stay,  
That nought the lingering heart could say,  
But hail, and fare thee well.

*The Complete Governess; a course of Mental Instruction for Ladies.* By an experienced Teacher. Knight and Lacey, London. 1826. Price 10s. 6d.

THE Complete Governess, like most other complete governesses, contains a little of every thing and not much

of any thing. We do not mean to say this is the case with the Lady who writes it—on the contrary, we shall judge it to be the work of one who knows much of many things, and is capable of giving instruction well. When every branch of study is to be reduced to the compass of one volume, there can be little more of each than is contained in Pinnock's Catechisms. Not that the matter of this volume is to be likened to any catechisms, being, as far as it goes, neither childish nor superficial. But when we have the history of all the world; from the creation to the holy alliance, in about eighty pages, and other things in proportion, what can it be? Still what there is, is good. The class of persons to whom we think the work would be most useful, is to young governesses, who are setting off to teach every thing of which at present they understand nothing. We are quite of the author's opinion that nothing has undergone so little improvement of late, or needs it so much, as our common school-books.

*Bishop Hall, his Life and Times, &c.* By the Rev. John Jones. Seeley and Son, Fleet-street: 1826. Price 14s.

THESE memoirs are from among the exhaustless stores of biographic information, gathered from the days of Charles and the Commonwealth; about which it seems impossible to wear out our curiosity, every new work unfolding new matter of interest. Bishop Hall was among the most distinguished of the English Prelates for piety and learning, at that period of disgrace and suffering to the church. His moderate and peaceful disposition was indeed ill suited to the times; and like most temporizers, he seems to have been mistrusted of both parties. He frequently complains of being suspected of Puritanism; probably because his moral sense and religious principles could not abide the corruptions of the church. At the same time, in compliance with the wishes of Laud, he appears to have advanced farther in defence of the establishment, than his own opinions

would have led him. Very much the same thing appears in his controversial writings, at the time of the Synod of Dort—neither party liked his attempt to find a middle way: in times of warm contention, this compromising disposition seldom succeeds in pleasing either side. Bishop Hall's account of himself is most beautifully interesting; and the remainder of the volume we think very much so; containing more of the ecclesiastical history of the period, than other works we have seen of the kind—with a bias certainly to one side—but who writes of those days without a bias? The writings of bishop Hall, especially his meditations, have ever been the favourites of the pious and devout. His love of peace and simplicity in religion, are well characterised in his sermon to the Synod of Dort, in which

“He observed, among many excellent things, that there were two sorts of theology, scholastic and popular: the one respects the foundation, the other the form and ornaments of the building: the one relates to the things which ought to be known, the other to the things which may be known: the knowledge of the one makes a Christian; of the other a disputer. Or, the one makes a divine, the other polishes him. That if St. Paul should come into the world again, he would not understand the subtle disputes between the Jesuits and the Dominicans. That the Catechism of the Apostles consisted only of six articles; that of the modern theology was like the quantity of mathematicians, which is divisible *ad infinitum*.”

He concluded with an earnest exhortation to peace and unanimity among Christians:—“Study to be quiet,” said he, “we are brethren—let us be fellow-servants—what have we do with the infamous title of *remonstrants*, and *contra-remonstrants*, of Calvinists and *Arminians*. We are Christians—let us be like-minded.”

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## EXTRACTS.

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### FUNERAL OF INFANTS IN SPAIN.

THE moral accountableness of a human being, as I have observed before, does not, according to Catholic divines, begin till the seventh year; consequently such as die without attaining that age, are, by

the effects of their baptism, indubitably entitled to a place in heaven. The death of an infant is therefore a matter of rejoicing to all but those in whose bosoms nature speaks too loud to be controlled by argument. The friends who call upon the parents, contribute to aggravate their bitterness, by wishing them joy for having increased the number of angels. The usual address on these occasions is *Angelitos al Cielo!* Little Angels to Heaven—an unfeeling compliment, which never fails to draw a fresh gush of tears from the eyes of a mother. Every circumstance of the funeral is meant to force joy upon the mourners. The child, dressed in white garments, and crowned with a wreath of flowers, is followed by the officiating priest in silk robes of the same colour; and the clergymen who attend him to the house from whence the funeral proceeds to the church, sing in joyful strains the psalm *Laudate, pueri, Dominum*, while the bells are heard ringing a lively peal. The coffin, without a lid, exposes to the view the little corpse covered with flowers, as four well-dressed children bear it, amidst the lighted tapers of the clergy. No black dress, no signs of mourning whatever are seen even among the nearest relatives; the service at church bespeaks triumph, and the organ mixes its enlivening sounds with the hymns, which thank death for snatching a tender soul, when, through a slight and transient tribute of pain, it could obtain an exemption from the power of sorrow. Yet no funerals are graced with more tears; nor can dirges and penitential mournings produce even a shadow of the tender melancholy which seizes the mind at this view of the formal and affected joy with which a Catholic infant is laid in the grave.

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### MINERAL FOOD.

THE Ottomaques on the banks of the Meta and the Oroonoco, feed on a fat, unctuous earth, or a species of pipe clay, tinged with a little oxyde of iron. They collect this clay very carefully, distinguishing it by the taste: they knead it into balls of four or six inches in diameter, which they bake slightly before a slow fire. Whole stacks of such provisions are seen piled up in their huts. These clods are soaked in water when about to be used; and each individual eats about a pound of the material every day. The only addition which they occasionally make to this unnatural fare, consists in small fish, lizards, and fern roots. The quantity of clay which the Ottomaques consume, and the greediness with which they devour it, seem to prove that the organs of digestion have the power of extracting from it something convertible into animal substance.

HUMBOLDT.

THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

MAY, 1826.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 188.)*

GREECE.

SPARTA, FROM B.C. 472, TO B.C. 400.

THE much-famed Peloponnesian war was thus begun, about the year 472, but we are sparing of dates, because we find them at this time given so uncertainly. In the first year of this war, Archidamus led the Spartans almost to the walls of Athens, and laid waste their country, while they in return ravaged the coasts of Laconia with troops landed from their fleets. The second year Archidamus again entered Attica, but after forty days was compelled to return, by the appearance of Pericles and the Athenian army in the Peloponnesus. The third year the Spartans besieged Plataea, but without success. In the fourth, they again entered Attica and destroyed the harvest, by which the Athenians were greatly distressed; the Mytelenians also revolted from them, and Plataea yielded to the Spartans, and was razed to the ground. In this year also Archidamus died, after a long and honourable reign, with the character of being one of the best kings Sparta ever had. Of two sons that he left, Agis and Agesilaus, the elder succeeded him. B. C. 468.

Agis pursued the war in Attica, but while engaged

there, the enemy, with equal success, waged war in his territories or those of his allies; thus committing mutual and unavailing injury. Sparta sent her famous general Brasidas, to encounter the Athenian general and historian, Thucydides. On the whole, the fortune of Lacedæmon seemed to prevail; the favour of the surrounding states inclining also to their side. Brasidas fell in the midst of signal victory; his loss on the one hand and the defeat on the other, induced the rivals to a temporary truce. He is considered one of the bravest and least boastful of Spartan heroes. It is told of him, that looking one day among some dried figs, he caught a mouse, which immediately bit his fingers; whereupon he let it go, observing to his companions, that creatures which have but little strength can get rid of invaders, if they dare exert the little they have. We may observe the Greek historians are very fond of recording the words, as well as the deeds of their heroes: when fully to be depended upon, such records are highly interesting; and when we consider that these historians were the contemporaries, and often the companions of their heroes, there is no reason to doubt the truth of such anecdotes in general.

After ten years of war, a short peace was concluded: but however necessary to Athens and Sparta, peace did not suit their allies, whose only hope of keeping their independence between such neighbours, was by perpetually embroiling them with each other. Argos, a city lying north of Sparta, had now grown into a considerable republick, and began to raise a confederacy among the smaller states against Lacedæmon. The Athenians showed so much disposition to join them, it was evident the peace would not last long; and some affront offered the Lacedæmonians at the Olympic games, provoked still further animosities. These periodical festivities are of so great fame in Grecian story, we must not pass them without such explanation of them as we have to give.

The Olympiads, it appears, were not, as some imagine, celebrated every five years, nor, strictly speaking, every four years. They were held in the second month of every fifth year, that is, the second month after the completion of four full years: which makes the calculation of dates by Olympiads, the Greek mode of reckoning, not so immediately clear. They began on the eleventh day of the lunar month, and lasted till the fifteenth, when the moon was full. All the states of Greece were used to assemble there for running, wrestling, chariot-racing, and various other sports. Of their first institution the accounts are various. Strabo relates it, that an Ætolian colony, with some of Hercules' posterity, having subdued the Pisæan towns, among them Olympia, instituted these solemnities in honour of the gods. The care and management of the games belonged originally to the Pisæans, afterwards to the Eleans, by whom the Pisæans had been exterminated. The Eleans, in consequence, enjoyed for the most part a profound tranquillity, the Greeks, from religious respect to their charge of the games, never suffering the sound of war to be heard amongst them. During the celebrations, there was a universal truce, that all the inhabitants of Greece might be at liberty to attend. The security the Eleans enjoyed, made them addict themselves more to husbandry than any other people of this warlike race. They were under no restraint or apprehension in their fields, being considered as the servants of the Olympian Jupiter. At the first, there was one judge only; at the fifteenth Olympiad, they were increased to two; and eventually to fifteen. All persons who desired to contend in these games were obliged to appear ten months before at Elis, and reside there till the games were over, preparing themselves, after an established manner, for the exercises. At the assembly, the Hellanodicæ, that is, the Elean judges, sat naked, having the victorial crown before them; which, when the games were over, they presented to him to whom they judged it due. At these famed solemnities



kings and people delighted to assemble; and even the gods, we are informed, were busily engaged there. Long after the military glory of Greece had departed, the celebrating of her games remained—we still hear of them in the decline of the Roman Empire. By the Olympiads, as we have observed, the Greeks reckoned their years—that is, the time of which we are now writing was said to be the second year of the ninetyeth Olympiad.

In this year, the Lacedæmonians made a formidable attack upon the Argives. When the armies met, and should have engaged, Agis, the Spartan, and the Argive captains proposed a truce and returned. This was little satisfactory to either party. Agis was fined by his subjects, and would have had his house razed, had he not promised to redeem his honour by some great exploit in the next campaign. The Argives were equally displeased, and their commanders obliged to take to the sanctuary for protection. War was of course renewed, and Athens sent forces to aid the Argives, under command of Alcibiades. The two armies, the largest that the Greeks had ever raised against each other, and commanded by two of their most famous generals, Agis on the one side and Alcibiades on the other, met at Mantinea, a place between Argos and Sparta. The Argives being the more numerous, some one advised Agis not to fight; to which he answered, “If we would rule many, we must fight many.” The victory on the side of Sparta was complete, after an obstinate resistance, in which the Argives and their allies lost 1100 men, the Spartans about 300; the allies of Sparta did little and suffered little. The few that fell in these famous battles at first surprises us, till we remember that these mighty nations were single cities, and their mighty armies a few thousand soldiers. The battle of Mantinea left the affairs of all Greece in great confusion. B.C. 426.

In the year 420, Agis and Pausanias being kings of Sparta, the Peloponnesian war was renewed, and Sicily became for a time the seat of contention. We have

hitherto made no mention of this country: it was early peopled, most probably by colonies from Asia or from Greece, and was at this time a government of importance. Syracuse will hereafter claim a brief history of its own, and to that we defer the subject. Now and throughout, it was the seat of contention between its greater neighbours, one attacking and another defending it; rather, perhaps, to expend their mutual jealousies, than from regard to the interests of the kingdom itself. The Athenians were now the assailants of Syracuse, and the Lacedæmonians sent armies to its defence. It was at this period the famous Alcibiades, expelled from Athens, came to amuse himself in Sparta, to the increase of the subsisting animosity, and little to the benefit of either party; his profligacy corrupting the Spartans, at the same time that the advice he gave them against his country, put Athens greatly in their power. While success attended the Lacedæmonian arms under Gylippus in Sicily, Agis led his forces into Attica. And it was now that the great hero of Spartan story, Lysander, first appeared, in command of the maritime forces. His character was truly Spartan, as his education had been. He passed his early years under all the severe restrictions of Lycurgus' institutions, which rendered him bold, hardy, patient, and capable of every sort of endurance. He was naturally ambitious, of great and indefatigable talents, at the same time modest and pleasing in his deportment. But all that is essential to a virtuous character, every where but in Sparta, seems to have been wanting in him. To serve his own purposes, he was supple and complying, without sincerity. He showed little preference for his country or for Greece, and laboured but to increase his own power and authority. Falsehood and dishonesty, the predominants of his character, were his boast rather than his shame—it was his common saying, that "children are cheated with play-things, and men with oaths;" and therefore he kept his oath no longer

than it served his purpose. When Lysander came first into command, the Athenians had greatly the superiority by sea, but in a few years he reduced their power to nothing. Having gained the confidence of the Ephesians, and engaged them in the Spartan interest, or rather in his own, he taught them how conveniently their port was situated for trade, brought in his fleets there to refit, and made their interests subservient to his views. He next intrigued with the Persian court, in order to procure gold; which, despised as it was in his country, he knew to be essential to his success. Agis meantime was employed against Athens, and all with that city was adverse, till Alcibiades was restored, when for a time, fortune seemed again to incline to them. They lost, however, these advantages, as was much their custom, by caprice and injustice: on occasion of a slight defeat at sea, they dismissed Alcibiades from the command, and with him all the promise of success. In B.C. 406, Lysander sailed to the Hellespont, where, after receiving large supplies from Cyrus the Persian, he drew together his fleet; but finding the Athenians much superior in numbers, avoided an engagement; and skilfully escaping them, appeared on the coasts of Greece, and sailed over to Attica to shew to Agis, who was there with the land army, the noble fleet he had collected. Then having intelligence that the Athenian fleet approached, he sailed away to the Hellespont, whither they still pursued him, and he retired to the river Agos. Conon, with the grand fleet of Athens, for many days braved and insulted him there, in hope to provoke a battle, which Lysander bore with persevering patience; till on a sudden, when the Athenians had disembarked their forces, he attacked them unawares by land and sea. Conon saw that all was lost, and with eight galleys only and a small body of men, fled away to Cyprus; the rest fell into the hands of Lysander, thus at once terminating the maritime power of Athens and the Peloponnesian war.

The particulars of Athens' fall we shall reserve for the history of that people. When this victory had put every thing in Lysander's power, he acted rather as the universal monarch of Greece, than the general of Sparta. He visited the neighbouring cities, and changed their government at his pleasure, giving them Spartan magistrates. These men, elevated by force, ruled without regard to the welfare of the people, and by thus rendering the superiority of Lacedæmon hateful, of course prepared for it future enemies. The wealth Lysander had collected, he sent to Sparta with notice that he would appear before Athens with two hundred sail. In confidence of this promise, the two kings, with all their land forces, repaired thither to meet him, and Athens fell. The decree by which that so famous city was sentenced to destruction, is given thus—"Know, this is the decree of the Lacedæmonians. Pull ye down the Pyræum and the Long walls, quit all the towns you are now possessed of, and keep within your own territories. We grant you peace upon these conditions, provided you yield also to what further be thought reasonable, and receive again your exiles. As for the number of ships you may keep, observe hereafter the orders we shall give on that head." Lysander deprived them of all their ships but twelve, and having the fortifications delivered into his hands, entered Athens in triumph on the anniversary of the battle of Salamis, in which the Athenian navy once had saved the liberties of Greece. He caused the walls to be demolished to the sound of musick, which played also while the Athenian ships were burning; himself and his commanders having garlands on their heads. The government of Athens was then changed, the thirty tyrants restored, and a Lacedæmonian garrison left in possession of the citadel.

At Sparta, meantime, amid the rejoicing and the praises bestowed on Lysander, there were some, who, regarding her constitution rather than her glory, expressed their apprehensions, and strongly resisted the

admission of the treasures Lysander had remitted, as contrary to the law of Lycurgus, positively prohibiting the reception of money in Sparta. It was at last agreed that money might be received for the use of the state, but not for the possession of private individuals—a compromise that rendered the law of very little effect.

Lysander meantime was in the Hellespont, resuming his former practices, changing governments, subduing cities, largely rewarding his friends, and oppressing all whom he suspected to be his enemies. In Greece he had set up his own statue, and those of his favourite commanders, in brass; and dedicated two stars to Castor and Pollux, to keep up a belief he had propagated, that these stars were seen in the rigging of his ship in the late battle. In Asia his ambitious interference became so offensive, that secret emissaries were sent to Sparta to complain: and to the inexpressible surprise of Lysander, a messenger of state appeared suddenly before him, bearing the Scyntale, on which was written the sentence of his recall. The Scyntale, often spoken of in Spartan history, is thus described. When the magistrates gave their commission to any admiral or general, they took two round pieces of wood, both exactly equal in breadth and thickness; one they kept themselves, the other was delivered to their officer; so that when they had any thing of moment they would secretly convey to him, they cut a long narrow scroll of parchment, and rolling it about their own staff, one fold close upon another, they wrote their business on it: when they had written what they had to say, they took off the parchment and sent it to the general; he applied it to his own staff, which being just like that of the magistrates, the folds fell in with each other, exactly as they did at the writing; and the characters which, before it was wrapped up, were confusedly disjoined and altogether unintelligible, appeared then very plainly. It seems that beside this State Scyntale, private men made use of a similar contrivance

to prevent deceits in contracts, but these were exactly like our tallies.

At this time king Agis died, and the succession was disputed between Agesilaus, his brother, and Leoty-chides his son, supposed to be illegitimate. The influence of Lysander carried it in favour of Agesilaus, afterwards one of the most distinguished of Lacedæmonian princes. Agesilaus was a younger son: though the laws of Lycurgus did not require the heir apparent to the throne to partake the same rigid education, the younger children of the king were no less severely bred than the meanest citizen, which contributed to make Agesilaus what he was; ambitious and aspiring, yet amiable and beloved. He was brave, active, and of high spirit; gentle, yielding, and fond of his country to excess: to its interests he sacrificed not only his own peace and safety, but even his honour and his reputation. Whatever his country commanded he considered right; and obeyed, whether the action were to win him honour or disgrace. Instead of opposing the Ephori or the senate, who had not desired his succession, he treated them with the utmost civility, even with confidence and affection. Those who were of the opposite party at the time of his election, he was always studious to oblige; he preferred them whenever their merit claimed it, and relieved them when in misfortune: in short, he acted so prudently and kindly in every thing, that at last the Ephori, finding no bad qualities to complain of, took offence at his good ones, and fined him for monopolizing the affections of the people—a crime only in the constitution of Sparta.

## REFLECTIONS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept.—*

LUKE vii. 32.

THE irreligious never want a pretext for raillery and reproach against genuine piety. If it be seen in characters of sadness, with a grave and downcast look, deeply serious and intently earnest amid surrounding levity, then why so melancholy? Why not prove the value of his religion, by looking happy? Why not honour God by grateful, cheerful enjoyment of his gifts? If, on the contrary, piety be commixed with habitual gaiety of heart, and cheerful confidence amid the storms of life, then he is just as gay as other people—he enjoys the world as much as any body—he need not pretend to more seriousness than others. We hear these things perpetually repeated: both ways the assertion is truth, but the inference is false; for in either the Christian has reason on his side. He has a right to be sad when all beside are gay, and he has a right to be gay when all beside are sad. He cannot dance to the world's piping, nor weep to the world's mourning. He has causes for sorrow that they know nothing of; and never so much as when he looks on their insensible, unreflecting gaiety. Perhaps while they are piping to him, and he will not dance, his mind is painfully intent upon their fate, to perish eternally when the dance is done—perhaps the voice of mirth recalls to memory wasted years and a neglected God—perhaps in the very circumstances that have made others merry, he sees the colouring of the sin he dreads. If he would smile with him, he could not, for a weight is on his bosom their musick cannot heave from it. And if, when the voice of mourning is in the

streets, the Christian sheds no tear—if there is a composure and a cheerfulness in him amid surrounding difficulties—has he not reason too? His heart, accustomed to sit lightly on the world, is ready to forego or to enjoy it. If it be a time of losing, he has treasures elsewhere that the casualties of fortune cannot reach—if it be a time of gaining, he can take with double cheerfulness the proffered loan, unempoisoned with the dread of future reckonings. It may be that in the world's mourning, he sees nothing but the miscalculation of a morbid earthliness, taking good for evil and evil for good: or if it be indeed evil, he may see in it only the merciful interposition of heaven to avert a greater. The bosom of piety can weep for sorrow and can dance for joy—but not at folly's bidding.

*And seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not: for, behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord.*—JEREMIAH xlv. 5.

WHEN the prophet took this message from the Lord, Jerusalem was near to fall—the great things, the high things, wealth, power, and name, were about to change themselves into servitude and desolation. Of what value were they all at such a moment? What was the prince more than the peasant, but a victim ready for the greater fall. To one who had believed the approaching desolation, how pitiable, how almost ridiculous would have seemed at that moment the struggles for precedence and possession that were going on in Jerusalem. Yet wiser were they than we—for they did not know what was at hand, or believe the prophecy that was prophesied against them. We know the evils the Lord brings upon all flesh in the common course of Providence—the sudden and more especial evils that overwhelm a people, a family, an individual. We see perpetually how little at such times avail the great things for which we have bartered our peace, if not our conscience; nay, how much they tend to expose us to the storm, and sub-



ject our bosoms to the deeper misery. But we may as well take our chance in the game—here are great things and good things to be played for—we will at least try to exalt ourselves and our children in the world—if we do not succeed, we can lose nothing by the attempt. Ah! false and foolish! If it were a chance, which it is not, it is not worth the stake you lay upon the board. You may win it, and not have it—you may hold the prize between your fingers, with a sum marked on it of many figures, and find it no more valuable than the bankrupt's bond. And say you, you have lost nothing? You have lost every thing that was essentially and permanently your own. You have lost years of quiet, calm enjoyment of the small things you possessed. You have lost your bosom's peace and contentedness—for the time past in anxious solicitude, for the time to come in bitter disappointment. "I will bring evil on all flesh." The Lord must keep his word. Where his enemies are, there must he bring the battle—where sin is perpetrating, sin's consequence must come. O would his people not share in it, let them not be found in the midst, pursuing the great things of life with as much eagerness, struggling to be uppermost with as much passion, as if they did not know that Babylon must fall, as Jerusalem fell before her—that all must fall which is founded upon earth.

*As wild asses in the desert go they forth to their work.—JOB xxiv. 5.*

It may be good or it may be evil works—it is no matter—good cannot come of it, if, like the insensible and heedless brute, man, rational, responsible, immortal man, goes forth to his day's-work without reference of it to Him to whom he owes it all, and on whom it all depends. Every one, when he rises in the morning, has a day's-work before him—A day's-work, alas! not seldom, of mischievous trifling, or degrading idleness. Or it may be of toil—or it may be of tears—or it may be of

honest usefulness, or intellectual improvement. Young, old, idle, busy—each one rises up to his day's-work, and will do it before he lies down again, though it be no more than to eat, and drink, and play. Now whether it be good or evil, or neither, that we go about, it cannot prosper if it be begun independently of God. The untamed brute gets him at day-break from his lair, goes forth to the waste, takes what he can get, and lays him down again. And man for the most part does the same. Perhaps he says a prayer in the morning about something, he scarce knows what—it seldom concerns the day's-work. The first-waked thought of our bosoms is generally the business, pleasure, pain of the coming day; but the thought of God seldom intermixes with it. "What have I to do to-day?" is the almost universal reflection of the idle as well as the busy, in the first hour of wakefulness. How good would it be if a prayerful remembrance of the Deity came always associated with the thought, as a thing of course and inseparable. By habit we might teach it to do so. And what an effect it would have upon the day's-work. Guilt would not dare to lay its plans at all—and folly would be so shamed of her devices, she could not choose but to amend them. Earthly activity would receive such a check from reflectiveness, as like the additional ballast thrown into the vessel when the wind blows strong, would save it from many a shoal and many a wreck. Care would drink down a draught of such composing and heart-cheering influence, as would not lose its power through all the irksome day's-work. And then the work would succeed. Pleasure would not lie down again poisoned by its enjoyments—and earth would not ring, as it does now, with the clamours of disappointed efforts and abortive schemes, the remorseful sighs of perverted talent and misspent time.

*L'orgueil marche devant la ruine.*

DES qu'on s'enorgueillit de sa propre piété, on est déjà dangereusement tombé et en état de faire encore de plus lourdes chutes. L'Écriture ne promet de secours qu'aux âmes humiliées, abattues, qui renonçant à elles-mêmes, ont sans cesse leur recours à l'assistance de l'esprit de Dieu. Pour ceux qui peu à peu se flattent de se soutenir de leurs propres forces, ils ont tout à craindre. Que celui qui est debout prenne garde qu'il ne tombe. Si St. Pierre eût eu moins de presumption il eût plus aisément évité sa chute. Ne t'élève donc point par orgueil, mais crains ! Si les saints ont été vaincus par les tentations ; s'ils sont quelque-fois retombés dans de grandes craintes depuis leur conversion, qui ne doit trembler pour soi-même ? Les personnes les plus avancées dans la sanctification sont obligées d'avouer, qu'après avoir si souvent éprouvé leur foiblesse, elles ne sauroit se fier un moment à leur propre cœur. Quel sujet de confusion et d'humilité ! Chassons donc les moindres pensées d'une vaine confiance, comme nos plus dangereuses ennemis. Ce n'est qu'en nous défiant beaucoup de nous-mêmes, et en implorant avec ardeur et avec foi le secours de la grâce, que nous pouvons demeurer debout.

SUPERVILLE.

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LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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LECTURE THE TWENTY-SECOND.

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*Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.—MATT vii. 7, 8.*

NOTHING can explain the contrast between man as he is, in conduct, condition, character, and man, as in all common calculation and reasonable deduction he might be expected to be, under the circumstances in which the Gospel places him, except the simple truth that he does not believe the Gospel. On the one hand, a creature ruined, and in misery, and in danger, and in alarm—a criminal penned up in a close prison-house from which he cannot escape till he is dismissed to execution—a debtor immured and tasked to pay from day to day in toil and suffering the growing interest of his debt, while the undiminished capital remains to be exacted at the last—a rebel, outlawed and afraid to return, branded and ashamed to return, sick and unable to return, yet liable to punishment for every moment of his absence. On the other hand, unconditional pardon without a plea—an amicable adjustment of the debt without a payment—restoration to privilege and protection, the forfeiture reversed, the disgraceful stain wiped off, the disease in perpetuity recovered—and this all offered and to be had for the mere asking. And yet the culprit remains for execution, the debtor toils on in prison, and the outlaw pines in banishment. This is so impossible, so contrary to all reason, and to the very nature of things, it admits but of one possible explanation; either the thing is in itself not true, or it is unknown or disbelieved by those whom it concerns. If the former part of the position were true, it might be supposed not much proof of the latter would be waited for; the mere report would be enough; and not till many had applied in vain, had knocked and it had not been opened, had asked and had not received, had sought every where, and no where found what had been promised, would the anxious hope be yielded that at least it might be true. Some great, some over-ruling cause there therefore must be, why this so natural course of things does not take place, when the offer of salvation is made to ruined man by the Gospel of Christ. This explanation is only to be found in Scripture; and if there

be one proof more strong than every other, of the truth of Scripture, it is the prophetic annunciation, the exact description and full exposition of this anomaly, that so it would be, and so it is to be; with the source whence it springs, the aspect it would wear, and the final issue and event of it.

We compare man in his sublunary state to a criminal condemned, to an insolvent debtor, to a reckless prodigal, or a leprous invalid—but, alas! there is a point in which he bears no parallel with these. The chained and sentenced culprit clanks his chains and shudders, and listens with horror to the barring of the doors, and with intenser horror still awaits their last unbarring. The debtor consumes his days and nights in mournful calculation of his debt, with the images of bankruptcy and imprisonment before him—or if he will not count the reckoning that is against him, there is no oblivion of it in his cankered bosom. And strange and impossible it were indeed, that the outcast and suffering leper should forget his foulness. Man is like none of these. In some stages of his experience he may resemble each; but the mass of mankind in their unregenerate, unawakened state, are not like any thing to which they have been compared—no, not even to the dead body in its grave—dead and not knowing it, buried and not perceiving it. For the dead body lies still, and cold, and harmless—it does not need any thing—it is not in danger of any thing—it makes no mistakes to aggravate and perpetuate its condition. The condition of man has no parallel in its strangeness. He walks about his splendid sepulchre and treads the pavement of his beautiful prison-house, as if he were alive, and well, and free. He talks, and acts, and reasons as if he were—he takes for musick the clanking of his chain—for royal purple the grave-clothes that are about him—he demands payment of his creditor, and expects stars and ribbons from the king who has outlawed him. And it is in vain you intreat him with tears and promises to be advised of his condi-

tion. What nonsense! In vain the creditor sends in his demand, the king issues edicts against him, the keeper brings the sentence of death into his cell, the moth of sorrow frets out his garment, and the worm of age consumes his leprous frame. No—he is not, he will not be undeceived—still safe, still healthy, free, and needing nothing.

What wonder, then, that all as much in vain, unread, unvalued, and so little used, stands the beautiful promise of our text, unlimited in its extent, unconditional in its offers, and never yet falsified to any human being who believed it, and acted on the belief to try' if it were true. Nothing but the most obstinate disbelief, not so much of the promise, for that in a moment of real distress would be tried at a venture, but of our need of such things as are promised, can account for the actual condition of the greater part of the world; not asking, not seeking; not knocking, nay, nor so much as desiring to be made partakers in the purchase of the Redeemer's blood, and of course not admitted to a participation in it.

But what are the things thus bountifully, thus freely given for the asking? Nothing, it is true, is in these words specified, and yet it is impossible to mistake what it is. The words stand explained by the context. Things impossible to man in his unregenerate state, had been required by Jesus of his disciples. Doubtless the hearts of some among his hearers grew proud within them as he spake, and as they ever have done, and as still they most impiously do, charged their Lord with injustice and absurdity, in requiring what he knew to be impossible; and to creatures born in sin and conceived in iniquity, prescribing rules of perfect and unyielding holiness. And doubtless while the proud heart rose high in rebellion against his words, the spirit of the contrite sunk within him as he heard them, and in meek despondency would have said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Penetrated by omniscience, as they were engendered in the bosom of his audience during the progress of his

sermon, the fear of the humble and the revolt of the proud are answered at once, and answered for ever.

Much that is required of us of God is, be it admitted, contrary to our nature, though consonant entirely with our interest and our duty : and without admitting for a moment that our sinful nature excuses us in sin, being itself a punishment, and a consequence of first transgression, and now a deliberate preference and choice, still it must be confessed that such a nature is incapable of good, and consequently cannot be or do the thing required. Let a man but examine closely into his own heart, its propensities and powers, with all that is in action upon it perpetually from without, measuring it with the rigid letter of this discourse in particular, or the precepts of the Gospel in general, and the impossibility of earning to himself the character of Christ's disciple, as it is here described, will become sufficiently apparent. Man cannot unassisted do what he is bidden. Yet say not that God mocks his creatures, telling them in one sentence to do no evil, and in another assuring them that they can do no good—pronouncing him at one moment an unsightly thorn, and the next requiring it should bring forth grapes. Man in his nature is a worthless thorn, and as such might justly be sentenced to the burning, and be left so. But this is not the design or the intention of any portion of the Gospel—it is not this the condemnation of any of us who read it. If it were, the pains might have been spared—the preacher might have been silent—and the command and the requirement were indeed a mockery. But this, the result of our corrupted nature, is not the judgment by which any one who hears the Gospel will be finally condemned. The world sat in darkness indeed, and most justly might have been left there—for itself had extinguished the light ; it was darkness of its own choosing, and its own loving—how well loved, the rejected offers of the Gospel prove. But this is the condemnation—that when light came into that darkness, the darkness hated

it—men closed their eyes that they might not look at it—they did their best, every ungodly spirit to this moment does his best, to obscure and put it out. And Oh! if it were possible that at that last great day, when man shall stand in judgment, he might upon the plea of infirmity be acquitted upon every other count, how could he get over this one, this great, this comprehensive sentence—“Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.” And what? why every thing that you ought to have and have not—every thing that you ought to be and are not—every thing that you are commanded to do and cannot—power, principle, purity, perfection, beginning in time and completed in eternity—for as this sentence stands, it is impossible it should have any other meaning. Our Saviour began with the principles and blessings of religion; he next exhibited its fruits; and now he comes to the means by which it is to be attained: and doing so, puts to silence the proud who boast that they will not, and the humble who fear that they cannot comply with the previous terms of his discourse.

To the unawakened and the careless sinner, we know that the rich promise comes in vain. They will not ask what they do not desire, or go after what they do not care about, even though they were sure that they might have it. To them this sentence stands a useless item, till the time when it will be produced to their utter condemnation, and by recollection of its slighted offers, perfect the bitterness of eternal misery.

But to those who are persuaded that it is a duty and necessity to put away the saying and the doing of them of old time, the established practices and opinions of the world, and take up and abide by those of the Lord they follow; and at the same time feel how difficult, how contrary to nature, how impossible it is; this sentence comes rich in encouragement and big with blessing. It is ample, it is sufficient, it is sure. Why do we not believe it more and use it more? If half the



time we spend in forming resolutions of amendment were spent in prayer to be amended, we should make more progress in practice, and we should acquire more honesty in principle, for that is for the most part what is wanting. It is true that this text does not tell us by what means our sanctification is effected. Jesus had not then died, nor had he disclosed to his disciples the nature of the meritorious sacrifice he was about to make for sin, or the cleansing influence of his imparted Spirit. All this is explained to us elsewhere : but no where is the promise that so it shall be, more positively and comprehensively pledged than it is here.

It is so common, so fearfully, because carelessly common, to hear people sighing over their own evil nature, wishing they were more religious, and vaguely resolving that they will be, and that with much seeming honesty, that perceiving they do not in reality amend, we might be tempted to doubt whether God does not sometimes break this promise, and refuse the influence of his Spirit to those that ask it. But have they asked? Have not the impatience and irritation of a goaded conscience been in the stead of earnest supplication for relief? The self-upbraidings uttered before men, in the stead of lowly confession before God? Or if they have asked, how have they asked and what? For in this as in all other cases, we ask and have not, because we ask amiss. In the first place no deliverance from sin, from its bondage here or its punishment hereafter, has been promised to any body, but for the merits' sake and through the death of Jesus Christ. They, therefore, who bring their miseries to the throne of grace, without keeping their minds intently fixed on the cross of Christ, which alone entitles them to appear there at all, are likely to knock long, or ever the door of peace will open to them. It is fearful to observe how completely Christ is left out in what some people please to call their Christianity : and how assiduously some persons will go on wishing to be religious, trying to be

religious, without any reference to the Saviour, except as a matter of mere formality and careless credence. As well might the bitten Israelite, when commanded to look upon the serpent Moses raised, have turned his back to it and prayed to Heaven for a cure. His prayer might be honest, but it would not be heard. In the next place, there is such a thing as asking, seeking, and knocking, without desiring. The lips may utter and the feet may go after, while the heart stays at home, employed about other matters. When first awakened to a sense of their spiritual necessities, and in their consciences disquieted, people will seek relief, after their own manner, with great earnestness—they will enquire of every body, run every where, hear sermons, make many prayers, and read religious books with as much avidity as the suffering patient swallows down his medicines. But the heart is at home, meantime—essentially *at home*—in itself, with itself, about itself—engrossed, pre-occupied, enslaved to self. Something indeed they do desire; but not what they are asking. They desire to be ridden of the torments of a reproachful conscience and the terrors of eternal punishment—they desire to leave the husks of an unsatisfying world, and sit down at their Father's table to the fatted calf. But, Oh! do they desire with any thing like an honest feeling, to have every thing removed that stands between them and the consummation of their wishes—the right hand and the right eye? Do they honestly wish to forego every thing that opposes their salvation and conformity with the will of God, and turns the scale of preference towards the earth—the approbation of men, the indulgence of sense, the gratification of self? Is it holiness they want, or happiness without it? The one was never yet denied to those that sought it—the other is a demand too exorbitant for Omnipotence itself. God has it not to give.

Alas! when our Father in heaven offers us all things for one honest wish, he sets too high a price on it for

such poor purchasers—and never, never would the gate of heaven be opened to the knock of any inearthed spirit, did not himself make honest the falseness and insincerity of our desires. But this should not discourage us from earnest application. If we have come to believe in our own spiritual misery, it is something—if we have gone on to believe that He, and He only can relieve it, it is a step further—if we are not quite sure yet whether we wish to be relieved or not, let us lower our demand, and before we pray to be made holy, pray for a wish to be made holy. It is of God and not of ourselves, that we have come thus far: and if we be lying before the door of mercy, without the power of lifting up our hand to knock, He who has invited us thither, will surely not so leave us. This part of our subject we shall have occasion to pursue.

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#### THE LISTENER.—No. XXXV.

SINCE first I became a Listener till now, I have resisted all controversy. I had at first many disputatious correspondents. Some thought people never had said what I heard them say—some thought I did not walk in the garden so early as I said I did—others alleged that I called things by the wrong names—others again judged it unwise to tell a lady her ornaments were disarranged, lest it should draw the attention of others to the circumstance, not before observed. All very good objections—but if I had answered them, there would have come an answer to the answer—and then an answer to the answer's answer—and while we were settling these controverted points of doctrine, our readers, as is sometimes the case elsewhere, would have suspended all amendment of their practice till they could decide who was right in the controversy. In this peace-loving determination to

keep the field and give no battle, I have remained up to the present moment. It now comes to pass, that I have written, as my readers know, a paper in defence of a much injured and neglected person. Scarcely had it passed from my hands to the printers, when I received from an anonymous correspondent, a direct attack upon this object of my solicitude—containing too, her birth, parentage and education, together with her death and remains. What am I to do? Leave my Protégée to her fate, and my correspondent to her etymology, and take no more note of the matter? This might be the best way, and would certainly be the shortest—particularly as my fire is going out, and this paper would just do to light it up—and it is such an easy way of getting rid of contradiction, which no man loves, to say nothing of women. But then am I quite sure I am right? Is Good-humour a good thing or a bad thing? Is Good-temper the same thing, or a worse thing, or a better thing? Have I in my late description mistaken the one for the other? My readers shall for once be judges; and I beg them to be impartial, for there is much truth in my correspondent's words. I will insert the paper of E. M., and then explain myself with reference to it. But as I like persons with their accidents, better than accidents personified—*vulgariter*, a story better than an allegory—I shall beg to introduce too living beings, whom I have looked out among my acquaintance for the express purpose.

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#### ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD-TEMPER AND GOOD-HUMOUR.

I have often reflected with surprise on the misapplication of these terms, and the result of my cogitations has fallen into the shape of an allegory. Should it lead one reader to consider that it is not the mere excitement of gaiety or the effervescence of youthful spirits which forms that most valuable state of mind which may really

be termed Good-temper, I shall consider the time employed on the following pages well bestowed.

I dreamed I was in a foreign land, the air was soft, the trees wore the refreshing garment peculiar to the spring, the birds sang sweetly, and all was so fair and so beautiful, that like most of the offspring of Adam, I was quite wearied by the monotony of the scene, and after journeying in melancholy musing for some miles, I at length met a group of people surrounding two very lovely girls; the uncommon resemblance between them convinced me they must be sisters, and soon the multitude departed, leaving me in company with these attractive beings. One of the Nymphs, after observing me attentively, thus addressed me: "Stranger," said she, "you look unhappy and dejected, would you not prefer company to journeying thus alone; if you will allow me to accompany you, I promise you will no longer find the way tedious; my name is Good-humour, the offspring of Gaiety and Self-satisfaction." She was proceeding, when the other Nymph interrupted her, saying—"Trust not that smiling deceitful girl, but take me as a companion; my name is Good-temper, the offspring of Benevolence and Humility, who were nursed in the fostering bosom of Religion. Surely the daughter of such parents will be preferred to the child of Gaiety and Self-satisfaction; she is fed on the smiles of the world, and as soon as this uncertain supply fails, her place will be supplied by Disappointment and Vexation; but I cannot force my company on you, neither can I attend you unless accompanied by my parents and our ancient nurse? She was proceeding, when two gay looking girls called Vanity and Coquetry, who called themselves my friends, joined us, and to my infinite regret the nymph who was speaking departed, saying they were her bitterest enemies, and she could not remain in company with them: but Good-humour instantly shook hands with them, and without further deliberation we set forward on our journey. The path was for some time delightfully smooth; sunshine

and verdure surrounded us, and two lovely boys named Hope and Joy strewed flowers before us. I was, however, frequently alarmed to find that Good-humour threatened to leave me if the slightest accident occurred; and as I proceeded, my dislike to my fellow-travellers, Vanity and Coquetry, increased. Continually full of gaiety and mirth, it would be endless to relate the false steps they caused me to take, and they continually introduced acquaintance even worse than themselves, Folly and Deceit; and I need not add, Misery peeped in, clad in smiles, but wearing sorrow in her heart's core. As I advanced, the scene which at first appeared so pleasant, was totally changed, and instead of a smooth plain, the path was covered with nettles and brambles; and if we passed these without serious injury, still we saw nothing before us but a dark brown heath. Vanity and Coquetry were literally starved to death; and the two little cherubims, Hope and Joy, fled, and bore with them the beautiful landscape I had seen in the distance. Amid this gloom a flower sometimes appeared, but discontented and unhappy, I trampled on instead of cherishing it. Good-humour had by this time entirely vanished, and behold in her place Regret, and Disappointment, and Remorse, and now had the path been ever so inviting, with such companions it would be impossible to enjoy it. I was sinking into despair, when a better spirit whispered, you are not wedded to the companion you have chosen. Call loudly on the friends who can best assist you. I immediately uttered the following prayer. "Religion, nurse of Benevolence and Humility, and you children of Religion, assist me; bring hither your amiable offspring to drive away the foul fiends who torment me." Often did I utter this prayer; sincerity framed it, and it was answered. A form of resplendent brightness appeared, who cheered me by her smile, and when our intimacy increased, she drove away my tormentors and gave me as companions Sorrow and Repentance: their appearance alarmed me, and I feared I had only ex-

changed one evil for another, until told by Humility that I deserved still worse treatment for beginning my journey with companions so worthless, and Benevolence, by teaching me to clear the thorns from the path of my fellow travellers, thus made my own more smooth. Then did the amiable nymph Good-temper appear; I clasped her to my heart, and said—"Forgive, sweet maiden, my former neglect; but where is my friend, your sister Good-humour?" "You are wrong," said Good-temper, "in imagining she is my sister; did she not own herself the offspring of Gaiety and Self-satisfaction, the friend of gratified Vanity and Coquetry? She seldom remains after the first stage of the journey through life, and flies at the appearance of Sorrow and Vexation, while I, taught by Religion, expect them as the lot of mortality, and consider them as sent by a higher power, warning his children that this is not the garden of life, but that they are hastening to a certain, a purchased inheritance, where all will be fair, and beautiful, and happy. Will you now accept me as a companion?" I seized her hand, the scene changed, flowers again sprang up, and if less brilliant and captivating than the first, they were more durable. Instead of the rose, the fleeting emblem of love, the amaranth appeared, and a like change took place with all that before appeared so lovely. Hope no more ran dancing before, but, leaning on her anchor, she pointed to a prospect which although veiled appeared more enticing than any thing I had seen in the early part of my journey. A sober, steady maiden, called Contentment, with her hand-maid Cheerfulness, took away the rough stones which might have impeded my progress; and thus was I happily pursuing my journey, when I awoke, pleased with my dream, and hoping that my waking moments might be benefited by it. E. M.

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I am acquainted, very intimately acquainted with two ladies; they are cousins. My correspondent, if she

happened to see them in her sleep, would call them Good-humour and Good-temper. As I never dream, I shall call them Susan and Amelia. They were so much alike, that careless people made the same mistake as my friend in her vision, and thought them sisters. As a physiognomist, proud of my discrimination, I must maintain that they were not alike, and need not to have been mistaken. They were brought up together, and with the same prospects in life. Now it might have happened that Good-temper, that is, Amelia, had been also good-humoured—and that Good-humour, that is, Susan, had been good-tempered—and there would have been an end of my story. But the case is otherwise. Susan was not good-tempered, and Amelia was not good-humoured, as I am prepared to prove.

When I first knew them, they were in the nursery. I often questioned the nurse respecting their dispositions; to which her answer was, "Why, Ma'am, my mistress thinks, and to be sure she must know best, that Miss Amelia has the best heart at the bottom—but we all like Miss Susan best. She is very naughty, to be sure, now and then—but is not so tiresome as Miss Amelia." My own observation sufficiently illustrated her meaning. So long as things went on in their usual way Susan was the most pleasant child in the world. If Amelia ran to the rocking-horse before her when she was going to ride, which she always did if she perceived the intention, she began rocking her with all her might, laughing as if that had been her first design. When something was to be divided, though her nurse owned the eldest should have the first choice, Susan would cry, "Never mind, Amelia shall have which she likes—and the air of delight with which she took what was left, proved that she really did not mind. Like most good-humoured people, her compliance was pretty largely drawn upon. It was, Susan do this, and, Susan go there—let your cousin have that, and, help your cousin to do this. But all was good to Susan: she frisked about like



a butterfly, that, driven from one flower, settles upon another, and loses nothing of its gaiety. All strangers liked her; for she answered cheerfully to every question put to her, smiled at every thing that was said to please her; when noticed, was playful and communicative; when left alone, amused herself and troubled nobody.

But in vain to poor Amelia things went in the usual way—the right way for her they could not go. *When* in a good-humour, she was a most generous child, and would do any thing to oblige another—but this did not happen once a week. “I dont like this, I dont like that—I wish you would do this, I wish you would not do that”—changing the choice more rapidly than it was possible to comply with it; and when it was complied with, not a bit the better pleased—this was the musick through all the days beside. It is proverbially said of a person we need not name, that he is in a good-humour when he is pleased: but this was not the case with Amelia—she was often pleased—delighted in her little heart at having carried her point. But she took care nobody should see it, and sat pouting on, as if she had still been under contradiction. With strangers she was extremely disagreeable: if jested with, sulked and turned away—seldom answered a question, but made a point of asking them when she saw it was inconvenient to attend to her. The child, I thought, was detestable, and certainly never happy.

But there came a day—I mention one, but there were many such—when outrageous noises drew me to the nursery. Susan had, in mischievous playfulness, thrown a favourite picture of Amelia’s into the fire. Amelia, with her usual whine, but not meaning really to hurt her cousin—she never had been known to hurt a worm—had pushed her over a stool, and caused her a severe fall. I found Susan in an outrageous passion, screaming and stamping; while Amelia, overwhelmed with grief for what she had done, was using every possible means to comfort and appease her. Though not in

fact the aggressor, since she had no more intention of injuring her cousin, than her cousin of vexing her, she had forgotten all wrong—was begging her pardon a thousand and a thousand times, offering her dolls, books, every thing she possessed to make it up, and never even told me the provocation she had received—every thought of herself was lost in the idea that her cousin was hurt. Susan was in fact not hurt, but she chose to scream on, and she refused all compromise and compensation. No power of persuasion or command could force her to kiss her cousin, then or throughout the day; though poor Amelia did nothing but court and solicit her to peace. When I alluded to the picture, which I knew she felt the loss of, she answered sweetly, “If I had burned Susan’s picture, she would have laughed; and I ought to have laughed, for she only did it in fun, and not to have pushed her down.” Susan recovered her careless good-humour to every body else, but would not kiss or play with her cousin—and two days afterwards, seeing her in the right position for her purpose, pushed her down over the same stool.

When I knew these girls again, they were just growing into women, and beginning to take their places in society. How they had been educated, or what means had been tried to correct their faults, I know not; but they were not corrected. The first time I met them was at a party, given by a lady something their inferior, and courting their acquaintance. As it often happens in such cases, this party was not quite so agreeable as it had been meant to be. Some whose coming had been vaunted about, had not thought proper to appear—those who had come, were, some way or other, not themselves, alias, *out of humour*—and as party-giving ladies well know, all things at such times go perversely. Musick was tried; and my young friends, I perceived, were looked to as leading performers. The piano proved to be out of tune. Amelia arose from it in the middle of a duet, jingled the false note to make the calamity more

evident, and bring to its height the mortification and confusion of the lady, said it was impossible to play on such a thing, and sullenly resumed her seat at a distance. Susan played on with hearty good-humour—made an amusement of the occasional discord—and if there came less musick, there came more mirth, than if the string had not broken. As notes of excuse kept arriving instead of company, Amelia grew more and more humour-some. She would do nothing she was asked—would know nothing about any thing that was spoken of—yawned on purpose, and then apologised for being so rude—complained of the air of small rooms, and the stupidity of large parties—in short, took every means to expose the awkwardness and increase the embarrassment of the family. Susan was never happier in her life—saw nothing amiss, except to make it a source of amusement—set every body at ease by being so, and made every body happy by appearing so, and exerting her powers in proportion to the want of them in others, entertained the whole party. Let not my correspondent say she was coquetting, or showing off. She was amongst her inferiors, whom she had not the smallest desire to attract—but she was in a good humour, and wished to make every one else so: there was no affectation in it; for if not pleased with the party, she was pleased with the intention to please her. I saw them afterwards in a different class of company. Amelia, who now could not condescend to please because *nobody* was there, was then dogged because she herself was *nobody*. She could neither laugh at a good story, nor give credit to a true one, nor show interest in the most interesting exhibitions of talent, wisdom, or virtue—the large room was as much too cold, as the small one had been too warm: but as nobody here cared whether Amelia was pleased or not, she had all the fruits of her ill-humour to her own share. Susan was just as happy as before, though acting a different part—she listened with as much zest as she before had talked, entered into every thing with evident delight,

and evinced just as much willingness to receive pleasure, as she had before done to afford it.

It may be thought Amelia's conduct arose from pride. I had proof of the contrary. With them at home a few days after, a dispute arose. The lady of the first party had asked them to introduce her to the lady of the second party; partly to gratify her vanity, partly to serve her in some essential interests. Amelia wished to consent—why not serve another when they could? Susan was positive not; she was ashamed to acknowledge the acquaintance. Amelia thought that a selfish reason for refusing those who had been kind to them; particularly when they would be served as well as gratified. Susan did not wish to serve them. Why should she put herself out of the way to serve people she did not care for? Indeed she did not like them—they behaved very ill about an affair last year, and she was glad of an opportunity of showing them she resented it. Amelia could not bear to give them the pain of a refusal—she would go to Lady B. herself, and tell her the wishes of the D.'s, and what very good sort of people they were. Susan protested she should not, or she would tell fifty things about them to Lady B., and thereupon put herself into a most formidable passion, made up of reproaches to her cousin, and vengeance on the D.'s for their presumption.

At home, the same game went on perpetually. Amelia was the very torment of the house, by her perpetual peevishness. There was not one of her acquaintance liked her; for if she did like them, she would not show it. Yet if one, any one, was in want of any thing, in distress about any thing, nothing to Amelia was too much trouble or too much sacrifice. Though she would not put down her book to amuse her best friend when present, she never was heard to utter a harsh word against her bitterest enemy when absent. Susan, on the contrary, was the very charm, and spirit, and comfort of the family. Whatever was wrong, her good-humour

put it right. Every body else might be attended to first, Susan was never impatient. Praise her, she would kiss you with delight—reprove her, she would not recriminate a word—the whims and fancies of those about her were only opportunities for showing her conciliating and self-forgetting disposition : she seemed to perceive them, but to accommodate to them as much as possible surrounding circumstances. But Susan was resentful when wronged, and implacable when offended, and selfish when any material interest was in question.

I saw these girls become wives and mothers—living in domestick prosperity under the influence of religious principle, and eventually falling into sudden adversity. Susan now knew that she was resentful, implacable, and self-interested ; and she knew that these passions were deeply sinful. She knew that the favour her good-humour won her from the world, was a poor equivalent for the approbation of Him, who, in secret, beheld the obliquity of her character. Bitter indeed was her secret anguish, when she felt these tempers rising in her bosom. Ceaseless were the prayers that went up to heaven for power to subdue them ; and not less severe the struggles outwardly to restrain them. When they broke forth into action, she made, as soon as she recovered herself, every possible reparation. Meantime her house was the happiest of houses ; religion seemed to be the parent of the loveliness it but assumed, and nowhere was it so beloved and so admired. Servants served willingly a mistress who was sure to be pleased with their services, and patient of their faults. The husband adored a woman who, come home in what humour he would, was always in a humour to accomodate herself to his. The children—there is nothing on earth so catching as good-humour—every body in the house was happy : and though now and then mama did still go into a passion, and exhibit violent symptoms of a proud self-will, husband and children were content to wait recovery, as the privileged possessor of cloudless skies abides the summer storms—

sure to be followed by months of unbroken sunshine. And when the time of adversity arrived, while the evil spirit sunk before the humbling stroke, the gay good-humour shone with treble lustre. With the same cheerfulness with which she once commanded a retinue of servants, she now did their work. If the husband missed the luxuries of his table, he never missed the smile with which he was welcomed to it. If want and disease preyed upon her frame, no one heard of it—Mama had time for every thing, strength for every thing, spirits for every thing. The vulgarity and narrow-mindedness of those among whom she was now cast, never seemed to annoy Susan, or disgust her, and therefore her superiority never gave offence to them; though it secretly governed and guided them to good. Contrite and ashamed of her faults, Susan claimed no merit for her good-humour—nor indeed was it any, for it was the gift of nature—but it was beautiful, it repaired every thing to her family, it was adored by all, and the name of God had honour by her means.

Amelia had a kind husband and good children, but they could not please her—she had servants, but they would not stay with her—abundance, but she would not enjoy it—religion, but she made it unamiable. Her husband had bad health—she nursed him with devoted and anxious fondness when he was ill, and teased him ill again with petty annoyances, as soon as he began to recover. If she was indisposed, nobody else might enjoy their health. The children could not get through their lessons, because Mama was out of humour—the servants neglected their work because mistress was cross—the friends would not accept the husband's invitations for fear madam should be in an ill humour. The poor were loaded with her bounties, and worn out of their lives with her ill-humoured interference. Providence, I hope, had thanks in secret for her abundant blessings; but there was only fretting and grumbling before men. Amelia was religious—she would

have sacrificed her dearest interest for religion: I believe she would have gone to the stake for it. - But it never came to Amelia's mind that trifling ill-humours were sins. She knew she loved her fellow-creatures, and spent her life in serving them; she loved her God, and would forego any desire rather than break his laws deliberately; and she laboured incessantly to instruct and influence others to his service. Whether that she found no direct law against ill-humour; or whether that by long-indulged habit she had become insensible to her own fretfulness, I know not—but I have small reason to think she prayed earnestly against it, since I never saw the effect of prayer in adequate improvement. And when poverty came, trebly embittered was the draught she mixed of it, by her querulous and fretful humour. Her husband, feeling himself the cause, though blameless, of her troubles, was wounded and heart-rent with every fresh betrayal of her selfish sensibility. Her children, the objects of her peevish anxieties and fretful cares, were discouraged by finding themselves a source of uneasiness instead of comfort. Those among whom she was cast, falsely attributed to pride and contempt her unconciliating manners. As ungraciously as she once conferred favours she now received them, and was thought ungrateful, as she before was thought unfeeling—though in fact she was neither. Amelia talked of the comforts of religion, expressed herself acquiescent in the will of heaven, which I really believe she felt—but no one believed her, for the tone of whining discontent with which she spoke, and the impatience of every little contradiction or in-commodity that intervened while she was speaking. Why does not religion make her happy?—Why does not religion make her amiable? was the question asked of those who knew not. Those who knew, were aware that religion, beautiful ever in itself, was disguised by the peevishness of long-indulged, and now, perhaps, unvanquishable ill-humour. Humanity cannot say, that Amelia ever injured intentionally any human being—

piety cannot say Amelia disgraced her profession of it, by any act of deliberate selfishness, injustice, or inhumanity. Yet few persons, in the sum total, ever gave more pain, or spoiled more enjoyment than poor Amelia.

My tale is told. If it be thought Good-temper is the better character, I have no objection: one fault is not the less a fault for the discovery of a worse. My object was to illustrate the difference, not to palliate either.

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## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

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### CONVERSATION XI.

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Transition and Secondary Rocks—Basins—Overlying Rocks—Organic Remains.

MAT.—Now, I believe, we are to enter upon the Transition Class. Shall we find more confusion and difficulty here than in the former part of our study?

MRS. L.—I am not aware that you will. Few things are really difficult to industry and attention—though when careless ignorance casts a first look on any branch of study newly presented to it, confusion and difficulty are all it sees. In the commencement of our conversations I mentioned, and would now repeat, the uncertainty of all division of classes. Though I purposed to adopt the three divisions of Primary, Transition, and Secondary, I am aware of having already broken the line of separation between them; nor could I avoid doing so, while quoting from authors who use different terms, without creating more confusion than I should clear, by explanations and distinctions.

ANNE.—I have been sensible that you have sometimes called a substance Transition and sometimes Secondary; but as you told us at first that some authors cut up the middle division, and put half of it in the Primary and half in the Secondary, and so have no Transition, I could



easily understand the change of words. It is better we should keep out of our minds the notion of distinct division, than have perpetually before us a determined line of separation.

MRS. L.—I think it is better. Divisions in every study are adapted to clear and disentangle, as it were, our ideas of the whole; and they are almost indispensable where the subject is wide. But, notwithstanding this, where no real boundary exists, the determined idea of one perpetually present to the mind, very greatly puzzles and misleads us. In the Geological divisions we have made, however indeterminate the line that separates them, the differences between the Primary and Secondary Classes are well marked and decided. We will keep the term Transition for the intermediate substances, which is what it expresses—a gradual and not always perceptible transition from the certainly Secondary class. They have also been distinguished by the terms Stratified and Unstratified Rocks, which terms you understand, I expect.

MAT.—Yes—the Unstratified are those in solid shapeless masses—the Stratified those that split themselves into parallel beds.

MRS. L.—The Transition, Secondary, and Stratified Rocks, are distinguished by several well-marked characters from the Primary and Unstratified. One general and leading circumstance may be observed with regard to them, which is, that they never attain the great elevation of the Primary bodies; this has been referred to the comparative readiness with which they yield to the assaults of the weather, and other causes of decomposition and disintegration.

MAT.—That is certainly a probable cause, for being in fact the uppermost, we should expect them to be the higher rocks. But to what height do they attain; or are they never in fact high enough to be called mountains?

MRS. L.—“The highest known mountains in the world

# GEOLOGY.

PLATE X

*Fig. 1.*



*Fig. 2.*

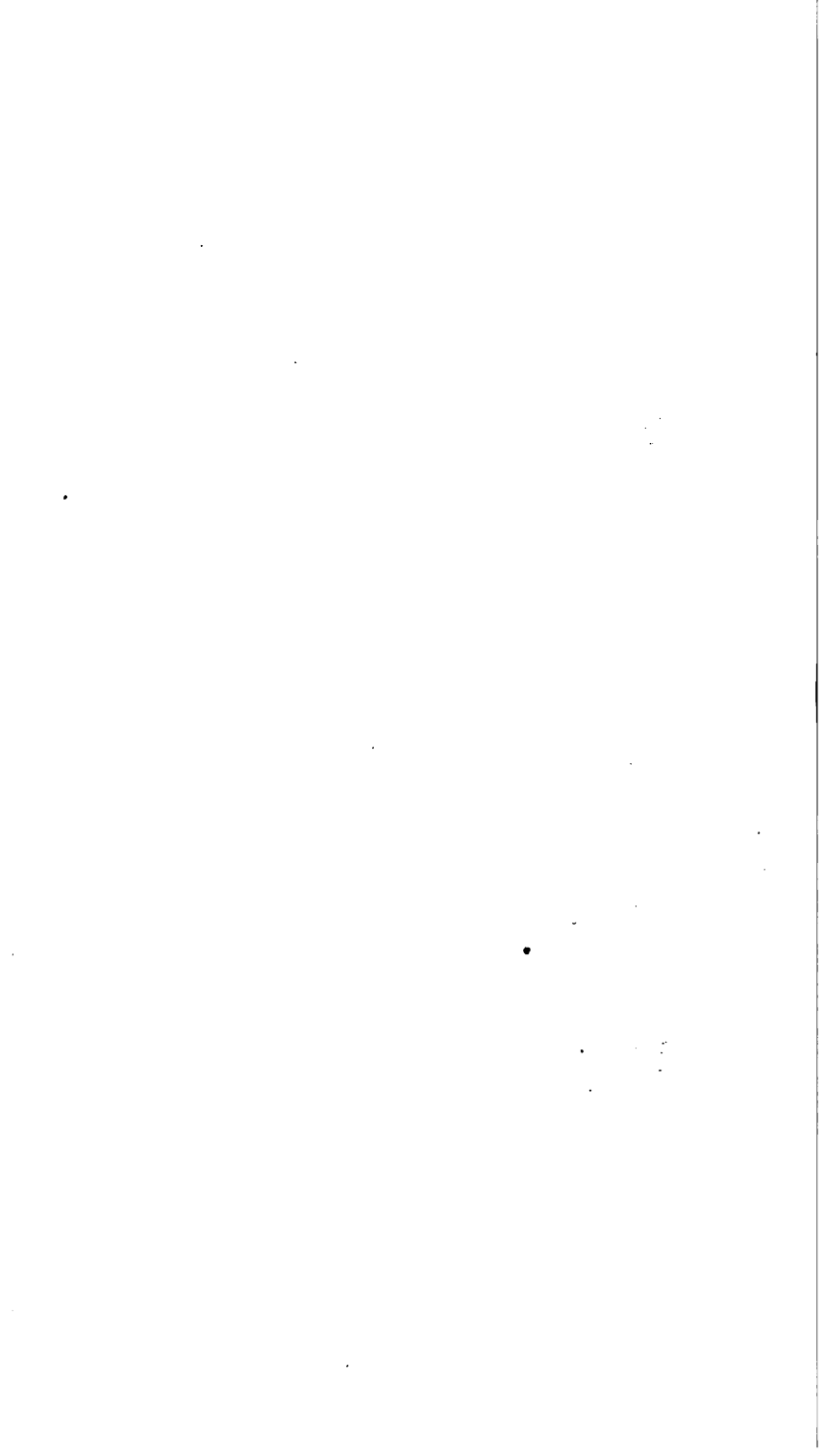


*Fig. 3.*



*Pub<sup>d</sup> by Baker & Fleisher 18, Finsbury Place.*

*W. H. Ham sculp.*



are those of Thibet, constituting the Himalayan chain. Of this chain, the highest peak, covered with eternal snow, is called Dwawalagiri or White Mountain; it is the Mont Blanc of the Indian Alps, and rises to the astonishing altitude of 26,462 feet above the level of the plains of Goraklipur; or upon the lowest computation, 26,862 feet above the level of the ocean. This is about 600 feet higher than Chimborazo, 11,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, and 22,000 feet higher than the most elevated peak in the British dominions, which, indeed, makes Ben Nevis seem very insignificant, though its summit is close upon the verge of perpetual snow in this climate. There can be no doubt that the lofty peaks of the Thibet chain are Granite, though we learn that the hills which border them are Secondary, and contain remains of spiral shells, in which the untutored mind of the Hindoo discerns traces of Vishnu, his deity. The elevation of Secondary Rocks will in great measure depend upon that of the primary materials beneath them. Thus in the Andes they attain 12,000 feet; in the Alps 7,000; and in this country not more than 3,500."

ANNE.—And are these Rocks as much inferior in quantity as in height to the Primitive?

MRS. L.—We cannot speak much of quantity, if you remember that we never reached the base of the Primitive to discover where they ended. "But that the Secondary Rocks are much more limited than the Primary, in their extent as well as in their depth, is so obvious as scarcely to need a remark. Were they not indeed often deficient, the Primary would not be visible on the surface. While, in fact, the Primary Rocks constitute, as far as we can discern, the mass of the earth, the Secondary are distributed in a very partial and unequal manner. The Primary Rocks may also be considered universal, since they are found with similar characters over the whole globe; and if access could be obtained to them, they would doubtless also be found to recur in a continued and similar general succession every where. But

the Secondary Strata can only be considered as universal in a more limited sense, or inasmuch as similar rocks occur, as far as their leading distinctions or species are concerned, in every part of the world. In other respects they are partial, since they are not continuous. There is also reason to suspect that they are partial in a still stronger sense of the term; as the peculiar varieties which occur in one country, or over a certain extent of the surface, appear to have no existence in other remote places." "The deficiencies of the Secondary Strata may arise from two causes. They may have been destroyed during the lapse of time, in consequence of the ordinary effects of wear, or of other causes respecting which we can only conjecture. There is also reason to suppose that they have been originally but partial deposits; limited to certain districts on the surface, probably of a concave form, and technically termed Basins. This latter opinion is supported, partly by the peculiar manner in which the different members of a series come successively in contact with the Primary Strata, the highest Stratum covering the widest space, and partly by the different order of succession of the members in different places, and by the peculiar limited characters of the several deposits.

ANNE.—I have not a very clear idea of what you mean by a Basin, or of this peculiar deposition of the Strata.

MRS. L.—You will understand it by the figure. Where the Primary and the Secondary Strata are found in contact, the latter do not always follow in parallel order to the former, but rather meet them at some angle. *Fig. 1. Plate X.* In a Basin of this description, as I observed to you above, the highest Stratum occupies the widest space. In *Fig. 2*, you have the Secondary Strata again forming an angle with the Primary; but in thus meeting, the surfaces of the Secondary are found lying on the edges of the Primary. To this position, the terms Unconformable and Overlying have been applied; and as

they are words of frequent occurrence, you will endeavour to remember their import. Where this occurs, it makes the Classes very distinct; but it is by no means general: the Secondary often follow the Primary in Parallel, or Conformable order, as you have seen the latter follow each other. Sometimes the depositions in the Basin are in the manner described in *Fig. 3*. Thus the coal used for economical purposes is found in beds, occupying the sides and bottoms of what are termed Basins, in which all the Strata *crop out*, that is, successively appear at the surface within the edge, and successively dip towards the centre.

MAT.—Are all the Transition or Secondary Strata supposed to be of equal antiquity?

MRS. L.—On the contrary, there are sufficient proofs that they are not so. And if these beds were deposited by water, as is now universally believed, the bed that is lowest must, of course, be the most ancient.

ANNE.—This appears from their lying so flat and regular.

MRS. L.—If they did always so, there would be less difficulty on the subject; but that is not the case. They are often abrupt, broken, and almost perpendicular, a position in which it seems impossible that water should deposit them. And therefore, though it is not disputed, as in the case of Granite, whether they were deposited from water or fire, there is equal disagreement among Geologists as to how they came into their present position. In the Neptunian system it is supposed that the position of the Strata has depended upon the ground they have been deposited upon, and that they have partly crystallised and partly subsided upon the inclined, or nearly vertical sides of primary rocks, or that the falling in of caverns has occasioned their present irregularities.

MAT.—Does this appear the most probable case? For since we cannot come at certainties, I like to know the proportion of probabilities.

MRS. L.—It certainly does not. On the contrary,

convulsions, perpetually recurring convulsions are apparent throughout the whole frame of nature. The lowest of this series, and that which is with most propriety called Transition Rock, is clearly composed of the ruins and dislocated portions of the Primary. It is little more than a consolidated mass of gravel and stones, the wreck of those beneath it. It is evident, therefore, that they must have been there first in a hard and solid form—they must have been subject to some external violence—probably the action of agitated waters, which tore away these masses, and rounded them by attrition; for they would not, you know, have been round when broken off, as they are now found to be; and all this must have been done before the bed in which these fragments are found, became a hard and solid rock, as it is now. And while the substance of these Strata seems to prove the occurrence of one great convulsion, their position seems equally to prove a second. For loose, rolling gravel, as this must have been when deposited by the water, could not have sustained itself on a vertical or deeply inclined bed. When we find these Strata, as we often do, in a nearly perpendicular position, we are forced to suppose another great convulsion threw them up, after they became solid.

ANNE.—Our probabilities here seem to be almost certainties.

MRS. L.—I think they do. It is most likely, as other Geologists have suggested, "that the materials of the Transition Rocks, immediately lying on the Primitive, are derived from the destruction of a former order of things; that they have been delivered into the ocean by the rivers, that they have covered the bottom of the sea, and have been hardened, elevated, and reversed by the eruption of Granitic and other substances belonging to that class from the bowels of the earth."

MAT.—That is very curious. Might not this have happened at the flood?

MRS. L.—We might be inclined to think so, were there

not things to follow that can scarcely have taken place since the flood; and some reason also to suppose, that when the first beds were deposited, the earth was not inhabited. Since you are so much disposed to guessing, I would rather conjecture it might have happened when, the waters being over all the earth, the Creator commanded them to retreat, and let the dry land appear—and then, you know, the earth was not inhabited. But do not mistake my vague guessing for a Geological certainty.

ANNE.—Certainly this ball of earth is not at all what I fancied it. I get quite impatient to know the rest.

MRS. L.—You have more discoveries to make, I apprehend. The next peculiarity of the Secondary Rocks is their containing remains of what once had life—proving of course that these beds were formed after the creation of vegetable and animal substances, which could not else be found buried there. But the most remarkable circumstance is their regular and invariable succession. All sorts of animals are not found together, as they would be in case of a sudden destruction now—but the same class of animals always in the same Stratum—in the Sand-stone one class, the Lime-stone another, and always the same: so that a Rock is known by the fossils it contains very generally.

MAT.—That is extraordinary.

MRS. L.—And it is still more remarkable, that there is regularity in the succession, rising according to the scale of organized beings. In the Primary I have told you there are no remains. “In the lowest and most ancient Transition or Secondary, there are the remains chiefly of vegetables—bitumenized wood, and a few shells and zoophytes, the lowest class of animals. Upon these, beds occur which contain remains of shells, corals, and fish, all of marine origin; and often of a kind no where now to be found alive. Approaching the newer rocks, relicts of quadrupeds, now no longer known, are observed; and following the deposition of Strata, we ultimately arrive at specimens of lizards, crocodiles, ele-



phants, deer, and some other animals; and we occasionally discover districts containing land and sea-shells in alternating layers. It is impossible not to understand from this, that whole races of animals have been swept from the earth's surface; that not only species, but whole genera have become extinct; that fresh water and dry land, inhabited by living things, existed before the formation of many of our Secondary Strata; that oviparous quadrupeds began to exist along with fish, nearly at the commencement of the secondary formations; that mammiferous sea-animals are of more ancient formation than land animals; that a few of these now known, existed towards the termination of secondary formations; but that by far the greater number are of later date, and probably contemporary with the present order of the earth's surface; for their bones are only discovered in very recent depositions, and are in a state of inferior preservation to those of more ancient date; and lastly, it is to be observed, that no fossil human remains have yet been found."

MAT.—I am getting almost incredulous. Can you show me these things?

MRS. L.—Easily. But we have exceeded our time; and I can only now add for the sake of connexion, that the remaining peculiarity of Secondary Rocks is that they are the chief repositories of mineral and metallic substances; and by their decomposition and decay, furnish materials for the soil in which the vegetable has its habitation, and consequently on which the existence of animals ultimately depends.

## SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

### CONVERSATION IX.

CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS INSECTS.

#### *Their Noises.*

ANNA.—What reason is there, papa, to suppose, that insects communicate ideas to each other by touching antennæ?

PAPA.—There are very solid reasons for supposing it, my dear. Notice of danger in an ant-hill, or of the loss of the queen in a bee-hive, has been observed to be spread among the inhabitants by means of it. Each, as he received the information, communicating it to his neighbour by crossing antennæ with him, until the whole swarm was in a state of agitation and alarm.

ANNA.—Pretty, interesting little creatures! who would like to disturb and frighten them? But have they no other means of conversing? for they make a great noise sometimes: I am sure the bees in the hive are in a constant buzz.

PAPA.—There is no doubt that many insects, and bees among the number, communicate ideas by sound; but the buzz you refer to is not for that purpose; it is produced by the vibration of the wings of those stationed at the entrance of the hive to ventilate it; for insects, as well as other animals, exhaust the vital properties of the air by respiration, and consequently require it to be renewed; a number of bees are therefore always engaged in performing this necessary operation, by flapping their wings.

HENRY.—I believe insects have no voice.

PAPA.—And yet many of them are among the noisiest of living creatures. They do not, it is true,

utter any sounds from the mouth as we do; but they contrive, some by means of drums or elastic implements with which they are furnished, others with their wings, others with their jaws, and others even by striking their heads violently against hard substances, to make a great stir in the world. There are, however, some quiet ones, that pass their lives in silence. I believe none of the *Trichoptera* and *Neuroptera* orders produce any sound: and the greater part of the numerous tribes of *Lepidopterous* insects are perfectly silent.

HENRY.—The cicada, grasshopper, and cricket tribes, appear to be the noisiest insects.

PAPA.—Yes: some of the cicadæ are so loud as to be heard at the distance of a mile, and the singing of one of them in a room will, it is said, silence a whole company.

ANNA.—I thought the cicada and grasshopper were the same: are they not?

PAPA.—No; they belong to different orders: they have, however, been confounded with each other. The cicadæ are, I believe, chiefly inhabitants of warm climates; they were great favourites with the Athenians, who were accustomed to fasten golden images of them in their hair. One species of them, the *Tettix*, were often kept in cages for the sake of their music; and were celebrated for their harmonious notes by several of the Grecian bards.

HENRY.—Was not a cicada sitting upon a harp, an usual emblem of the science of music among the Greeks?

PAPA.—Yes: and the sound of this insect and of the harp, were called by the same name. To excel this little animal in song, appears to have been the highest commendation of a vocal performer. All the cicadæ, however, are not equally harmonious. Virgil accuses those of Italy of bursting the very shrubs with their noise. Their instrument for producing sound, is a species of drum of very complicated structure.

HENRY.—And so is that of the grasshopper; is it not?

PAPA.—It is. The drum of the grasshopper is more simple than that of the cicada; it is placed on each side of the first segment of the abdomen, and is acted upon by the friction of the thighs and *elytra*. I have understood that people of fashion in Spain keep these animals, called there *grillo*, as the Athenians kept the cicada, in cages for the sake of their song.

HENRY.—I believe the males alone are musical, both in the grasshopper and cicada tribes.

PAPA.—With few exceptions, that is the case: and the object of their shrill chirpings seems to be to give notice to their female companions of their presence. The saucy Xenarchus you know, says,

“Happy the cicada’s lives,

“Since they all have voiceless wives.”

The cricket tribe is another very noisy race; whose song, like that of the grasshoppers and cicadae, has met with admirers: the learned Scaliger, Goldsmith tells us, was particularly delighted with their chirping; and used to keep several of them in a box in a warm situation, for his amusement: and in Africa, we are informed, they have been sold at a high price, under the idea that their note has a soothing influence, which will produce sleep.

HENRY.—I do not think they would have that effect on me; for no sound is more interrupting and unpleasant than their unceasing din.

PAPA.—And when we add to their noise, the ravages they sometimes make, they must be considered, with all their mirth, very undesirable inmates. Whatever is moist, even stockings or linen hung to dry, is to them a *bonne bouche*; indeed they will devour almost any thing that comes in their way.

HENRY.—What causes their chirping, father?

PAPA.—It is caused, I believe, by the friction of the

bases of their elytra, or wing-cases, against each other. They elevate the elytra so as to form an acute angle with the body, and then rub them against each other with a horizontal and very brisk motion. The field cricket chirps still more loudly than the house cricket.

ANNA.—How may we distinguish between the notes of the cricket and the grasshopper, papa?

PAPA.—The song of the grasshopper, my dear, is a short chirp, regularly interrupted; that of the cricket is long and continued. You may frequently hear them both in the fields in summer, where their cheerful notes lend additional charms to the glowing beauties of a summer's evening.

HENRY.—Bees, and flies, and others of that kind, appear to produce sound only when on the wing.

PAPA.—That is the case with a great proportion both of the *hymenopterous* and *dipterous* orders: "the indefatigable hive-bee, as she flies from flower to flower, amuses the observer with her hum; which, though monotonous, pleases by exciting the idea of happy industry, that wiles the toils of labour with a song. When she alights upon a flower, and is engaged in collecting its sweets, her hum ceases; but it is resumed again the moment she leaves it. The wasp and hornet also are strenuous hummers; and when they enter our apartments, their hum often brings terror with it; but the most sonorous flyers among the *hymenoptera*, are the larger humble bees, whose booming may be heard from a considerable distance, gradually increasing as the animal approaches you; and when, in its wheeling flight, it rudely passes close to your ear, it almost stuns you by its sharp, shrill, and deafening sound."

ANNA.—Why is it called *humble* bee, papa? I think it would be much more properly called humming bee.

PAPA.—I think with you, Anna. Its name is most likely derived from the German *hummel* or *hummel biene*, and was probably given it from its sound.

HENRY.—The *dipterous* insects, such as flies and gnats, seem to have the noisiest wings.

PAPA.—I believe they have. The majority of them are insects of humming flight; and their hum is frequently a sound full of alarm to those that hear it. The trumpet of the musquito in some countries is more dreaded than the roaring of the lion; and it is difficult for our Anna here to sit complacent, when a gnat is buzzing about her.

ANNA.—Why, no, papa, to be sure; who likes to be stung?

PAPA.—Very true, Anna; no one would willingly submit to it.

HENRY.—I am sorry, Anna, to say, that it is the ladies only among this race that take the liberty of biting you.

PAPA.—The musquito, which is merely a large variety of the common gnat, is a dreadful pest in all hot climates; and even in many countries near the pole, during their short summer.

HENRY.—Their buzzing, I have understood, is so loud that it disturbs the rest of persons in the night almost as much as their bite would do.

ANNA.—Is their buzzing produced simply by their wings?

PAPA.—Yes; “in almost every instance the sole instruments that cause the noise of flying insects, are their wings, or some part near to them; which, by their friction against the trunk, occasion a vibration,—as the fingers upon the strings of a guitar—yielding a sound more or less acute in proportion to the rapidity of their flight; and ordinarily, except perhaps in the case of the gnat, these sounds seem perfectly independent of the will of the animal.”

HENRY.—I have observed that gnats are not always alike noisy.

PAPA.—No. I believe early in the spring, before their thirst for blood seizes them, they seldom emit any

sound; but the hotter the weather, the more rapid is their flight, and consequently the more noisy they are.

HENRY.—The insects which produce sound by the action of their jaws do it when feeding, I suppose.

PAPA.—Yes. “The action of the jaws of a large number of Cockchafers, produces a noise resembling the sawing of timber; that of the locusts has been compared to the crackling of a flame driven by the wind. Indeed the collision, at the same instant, of myriads of millions of their powerful jaws, must be attended by a considerable sound. A little wood-louse too, which on that account has been confounded with the death-watch, is said when so engaged to emit a ticking noise, and the giant cock-roach, which abounds in old timber houses in the warmer parts of the world, makes a sound when the family are asleep like a pretty sharp rapping with the knuckles, three or four sometimes appearing to answer each other. On this account in the West Indies it is called the *Drummer*; and they sometimes beat such a reveille, that only good sleepers can rest for them. As the animals of this genus generally come forth in the night for the purpose of feeding, this noise is also probably connected with that subject.”

ANNA.—What is the death-watch, papa? I have often heard of it as an insect producing terror to superstitious people.

PAPA.—I believe, my dear, it is nothing more than a little beetle, belonging to the timber-boring genus *Anobium*. Its sound, which is foolishly supposed to predict the death of some one of the family in the house in which it is heard, is thus produced: “raising itself upon its hind legs, with its body somewhat inclined, it beats its head with great force and agility upon the plane of position; and its strokes are so powerful as to make a considerable impression if they fall upon any substance softer than wood. The general number of distinct strokes, in succession, is from seven to nine or eleven: they follow each other quickly, and are repeated at un-

certain intervals. In old houses, where these insects abound, they may be heard in warm weather during the whole day. The noise exactly resembles that produced by tapping moderately with the nail upon the table; and when familiarized, the insect will answer very readily the tap of the nail."

ANNA.—What does it make the noise for?

PAPA.—It is merely a call to its acquaintance; and if no answer be returned in one place, it repeats it in another.

HENRY.—I dare say many of the wonderful tales, which amuse and terrify the ignorant, of hobgoblins, and ghosts, and haunted houses, originated in the sounds produced by little insects of this sort.

PAPA.—I have no doubt of it; and this may serve to shew the importance of an acquaintance with natural history as a corrective to superstitious fears.

There are other noises made by insects on which we cannot now enlarge; for they, as well as the superior animals, are influenced by fear, anger, sorrow, joy, and love; and are often capable of making their passions known by appropriate sounds. I will only mention one more, the squeaking of the *Sphinx Atropos*, or death's-head hawk-moth, which is one of the few *lepidopterous* insects capable of producing noise. This insect which, like the death-watch, excites great trepidation and alarm among the ignorant vulgar, when it walks, and more particularly when it is confined, sends forth a strong and sharp cry resembling that of a mouse, but more plaintive and melancholy. Naturalists are not agreed as to its manner of producing this sound; but the opinion of Reaumur, who thought that it came from the mouth, and that it was produced by the friction of the palpi against the tongue, seems most probably true: for he found that when, by means of a pin, he unfolded the spiral tongue, the cry ceased; but as soon as it was rolled up again between the palpi, it was renewed.

HENRY.—Do you know, Anna, what renders this



little animal such an object of terror? Its plaintive cry is one thing; but another, which points it out as the sure harbinger of pestilence and death, is a mark—like a *death's-head*—upon its back!

Z. Z.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. XI.

#### THE ALDER—*BETULA ALNUS*.

THIS tree is classed by Linnæus with Birch, in *Monœcia Tetrandria*, the male and female flowers being separate on the same plant. Withering places it in *Tetrandria Digynia*, four stamens and two pistils. The leaf is in shape not unlike the Hazel, but easily distinguished from it, being smooth and glazed. The flower is green, the seed a sort of small cone.

“The Alder is generally planted for coppice wood, to be cut down every ninth or tenth year for poles. The tree will grow to the height of about thirty-five or forty feet, and its timber is very valuable for works intended to lie constantly under water, where it will harden and last for ages. In Flanders and in Holland it is raised in abundance for the purpose of making piles for the support of buildings erected in moist and boggy places.”—HUNTER.

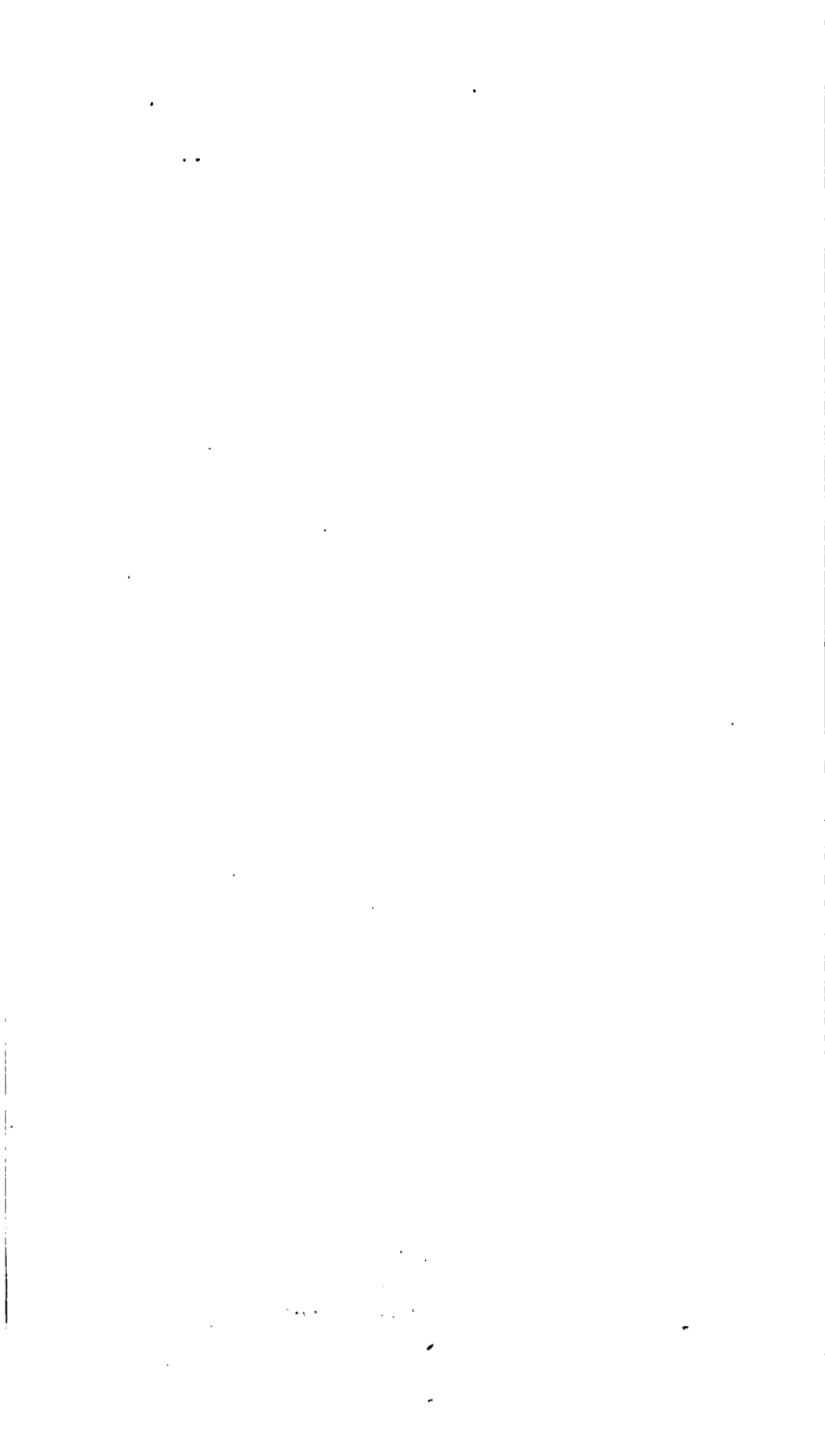
“*Alnus*, the Alder, is of all others the most faithful lover of watery and boggy places, and those most despised weeping parts, or water-galls of forests; *crassis paludibus Alni*; for in better and drier ground they attract the moisture from it and injure it. There is a black sort more affected to woods and drier grounds, and bears a black berry, not so frequently found. The shadow of this tree does feast and nourish the very grass which grows under it; and being set and well plashed, is an excellent defence to the banks of rivers; so as I wonder it is not more practised about the Thames to fortify and prevent the mouldering of the walls from the violent weather they are exposed to.”—EVELYN.

“The Alder will not live in a chalky soil. Grass grows well beneath its shade. The wood is soft and brittle. Women’s shoe-heels, ploughmen’s clogs, cogs for mill-wheels, and many turners’ articles are made of it. The bark yields a red colour—with the addition of copperas, a black. It is also used to dye brown, particularly thread, and for colours to be saddened with copperas. It is principally used by fishermen to stain their nets. In the High



**Alder.**

*Betula Alnus,*  
*Tetrandria Digynia,*



lands of Scotland the boughs, cut in the summer, spread over the fields, and left during the winter to rot, are found to answer as manure. The catkins dye green. If planted in a low meadow, the ground surrounding it will become boggy; whereas, if Ash be planted, the roots of which penetrate a great way, and run near the surface, the ground will become firm and dry. In Japan the cones are used to dye black, and sold ready dried."—WITHERING.

"Of old they made boats of the greater part of this tree, and excepting Noah's Ark, the first vessels we read of were made of this material.

When hollow Alders first the waters tried.—GEORGE I.

And down the rapid Po light Alders glide.—GEORGE II.

"And as then, so now, are over-grown Alders frequently sought after for such buildings as lie continually under water, where it will harden like a very stone; whereas, being kept in an unconstant temper, it rots immediately, because its natural humidity is of a near affinity with its adventitious, as Scaliger assigns the cause. Vitruvius tells us, that the morasses about Ravenna in Italy were piled with this timber to superstruct upon, and highly commends it. I find also they used it under that famous bridge at Venice, the Rialto, which passes over the Grand Canal, bearing a vast weight. Joan. Banhinus. pretends, that in tract of time it turns to stone; which perhaps it may seem to be, as well as other aquatics, where it meets with some lapidescent quality in the earth and water.—EVELYN.

"The poles of Alder are as useful as those of Willow; but the coals far exceed them, especially for gunpowder. The wood is likewise useful for piles, pumps, hop-poles, water-pipes, troughs, sluices, &c. The bark is precious for dyers, and some tanners and leather-dressers use it, and with it and the fruit, instead of galls, they make ink. The fresh leaves alone applied to the naked sole of the foot, infinitely refresh the surbated traveller. The bark macerated in water, with a little rust of iron, makes a black dye, which may also be used for ink. As to other uses, the swelling bunches which are now and then found in the old trees, afford the inlayer pieces curiously chambleted and very hard.—EVELYN.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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On the wild heath of nature cast,  
 I wandered far and wandered long;  
 And found but vanity at last  
 In nature's paths, for all were wrong.

## POETICAL RECREATIONS.

I knew not then the living way  
Which leads to true and lasting bliss;  
Knew not 'twas folly led astray,  
To seek it in a world like this.

How often had I sprung to greet  
The meteors dancing here and there;  
How often ran with eager feet  
To follow what appeared so fair.

The eye of God beheld his child—  
That eye of love which cannot sleep,  
Looked on the wanderer and smiled  
Nor ceased to watch, nor failed to keep—

At length he sent a gracious word,  
Which bid the weary heart rejoice;  
That blessed sound the wanderer heard,  
And said, "It is my Father's voice."

I turned to see from whence it came,  
When, lo! a wond'rous cross appeared,  
Whereon in sorrow, sin, and shame,  
Hung He who had my spirit cheered.

Jehovah's radiant glory shone  
Around that patient sufferer's head;  
Brightly it beamed and beamed alone  
For all the meteor fires had fled.

I heard it said, my sins had nailed  
The victim to th' accursed tree:  
I heard his merits had prevailed  
To open heaven wide to me.

Then tears that give the heart relief  
Began alternately to roll,  
I wept—my soul was pierced with grief;  
I wept—for joy possessed my soul.

I looked again—exalted high,  
Was he who on the cross had hung:  
I saw his throne of majesty,  
I heard his praise by angels sung.

And now my happiness I found,  
 And, folded to my Father's breast,  
 I live to point to all around  
 The wanderer's everlasting rest.

IOTA.

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THE MISSIONARY'S PRAYER.

SPIRIT of celestial grace,  
 Shine on this benighted soul—  
 Bend the proud and stubborn spirit,  
 Bend it to thy soft controul.

We with faint and faltering accents  
 Have essayed to tell the tale—  
 But, without thy gracious blessing,  
 Nothing can our words prevail.

'Tis the tale so big with mercy,  
 Angels stoop'd from heaven to hear—  
 But man insensible receives it  
 On a closed and careless ear.

Holy Spirit, aid our efforts,  
 Wake him from the sleep of sin :  
 Cold ourselves, we cannot warm him—  
 Light thy gentle fires within.

Softly breathing on his bosom  
 Wake his soul and bid him live :  
 It is ours to ask the blessing—  
 It is only thine to give.

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SWEETEST IN DEATH.

THERE was a pale, a gentle flower—  
 No sun-beam ere had kiss'd before  
 A thing so sweet, so fair—  
 It grew untill'd, it grew alone,  
 Nor ever by its side was one  
 That seem'd to be its peer.

It was not where the dew-drops lay,  
It was not where the sun-beams play,  
    Blossom'd that lovely thing—  
'Twas where the winter wind was cold,  
And summer heats their thunders roll'd,  
    And clouds hung menacing.

It was upon the dreary space  
Of an unshelter'd wilderness,  
    That grew that gentle flower—  
It bore the briar, it bore the thorn—  
But never, never had it borne  
    A single flower before.

And there it grew, and there it grew,  
Whether the winds of winter blew,  
    Or summer thunders roll'd—  
Shining in peerless beauty there,  
The only good, the only fair,  
    And lovely to behold.

But 'twas not till a foe more rude  
And pitiless than storm or flood,  
    Came of that desert forth,  
And, loathing of its beauty, press'd  
A villain foot upon its breast,  
    And crush'd it to the earth—

It was not until cast away,  
And bruise'd and broken, fall'n it lay  
    With stem and branches riven—  
That, sweetest in the deepest grief,  
The perfume of its wounded leaf  
    Exhal'd itself to Heaven.

Was such the fate, and such the charm,  
Of Aaron's Rose, or Gilead's Balm?  
    Or tell it we of One,  
Fair where was nothing fair beside,  
But never, never till he died,  
    In all his sweetness known?

WRITTEN, AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF  
MISS JANE TAYLOR.

I *FEEL* thy pensive mood is stealing,  
O'er my bosom's inward feeling,  
Gifted Spirit—now on high!  
Yet, why heaves the oppressive sigh,  
And this the only theme; that thou wert born to die.

To die—ah! no, thy sainted spirit  
Only now doth life inherit,  
All the bliss of Heaven is thine,  
All the mourner's task is mine,  
And o'er thine hallowed urn I now the cypress twine.

Long had thy pen my heart instructed,  
Straight to its inmost thoughts conducted,  
Ere that I met thee,—just to see,—  
And, oh! the sight was ecstasy—  
All gentle virtues meet, and sweetly blend in thee.

Such dwell not long embodied hither;  
I watch'd them upward soaring thither,  
Silent, I look'd with boding fear,  
Lest that the hour was drawing near,  
When I for thee should shed this tributary tear.

Oh! could thy virtues' loveliest vest—  
Deign on my bosom's form to rest—  
Enwrapp'd with such attire,  
I would not ask thy lyre—  
Fitter by far for thee—strung with ethereal wire.

Now, clothed with spotless purity,  
Allied to heavenly majesty,  
Thy harp, attuned before,  
Its sweetest lays shall pour  
Before thy Saviour's throne, with angels evermore.

UPSILSON.



## REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*Izram, a Mexican Tale, and other Poems.* By Charlotte Elizabeth, author of *Osric*, &c. J. Nisbet. 1826. Price 6s.

WE have great pleasure in announcing to our young friends another work by the sweet christian poet who calls herself Charlotte Elizabeth. It is so seldom any poetic fiction appears which they will at once like to read and be the better for reading, we cannot but hope the pious author will give them many such opportunities of relaxation from severer studies. We cannot say we like the story of this poem better than *Osric*, because there was something in the simplicity and pathos of that which particularly pleased us: but we like the poetry better. The account *Izram* gives of himself is very beautiful. Were it not too long for our space, we should like to insert the whole passage. We find it difficult to extract from the long poem a short specimen that will do justice to the whole, and therefore prefer giving one of the smaller pieces that make up the volume; one of several that are equally good. The principal part of the volume is the *Mexican Tale*—descriptive of scenes and circumstances with which we are so little familiar, they may, perhaps, not at first seem natural. But we suppose, from the continued choice of the same subjects, that the author has been herself familiar with them, and paints the things she remembers: in such a case the novelty gives to the description but the greater interest.

### THE MARINER'S MIDNIGHT HYMN.

O THOU, who didst prepare  
The ocean's caverned cell,  
And led the gathering water there  
To meet and dwell;  
Tossed in our reeling bark,  
On this tumultuous sea,

Thy wond'rous ways, O Lord, we mark,  
And sing to thee.

How terrible art thou  
In all thy wonders shewn;  
Though veiled is that eternal brow,  
Thy steps unknown:  
Invisible to sight,  
But, oh, to faith how near!  
Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night  
Thou beamest here.

Borne on the darkening wave,  
In measured sweep we go,  
Nor dread th' unfathomable grave  
That yawns below;  
For He is nigh, who trod  
Amid that foaming spray,  
Whose billows owned th' incarnate God,  
And died away.

Let slumber's balmy seal  
Imprint our tranquil eyes,  
Though deep beneath the waters steal,  
And swelling rise:  
Though swells the confluent tide,  
And beetles far above—  
We know in whom our souls confide,  
With fearless love.

Snatch'd from a darker deep,  
And waves of wilder foam,  
Thou, Lord, those trusting souls wilt keep,  
And waft them home—  
Home, where no tempests sound,  
No angry waters roar,  
Nor troublous billows heave around  
The peaceful shore.

*A Companion for Pilgrims, &c. &c.* London. Nisbet,  
1825. Price 2s.

THIS little book is, as it professes to be, a selection of Hymns, not we believe originals, of Texts, and short Meditations upon them, one for each week in the year. If there is nothing in it particularly to admire, there is nothing to object to. We think it may be a very ac-

ceptable present to the pious poor. We do not mean to the poor exclusively, but we believe it is to them, that this sort of brief periodical reading is most acceptable.

*The Christian Hearer.* By the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. Seeley and Son, London. 1826. Price 5s.

FOR the truth and piety of this work, the name of the Author is a better pledge than any opinion we can give. That the preaching of the Gospel is an important mission received in direct command from Heaven, is, we suppose, a truth uncontested by any who accept the written word of God: and if there be a command to preach to all, there must be a reciprocal duty, implied, though not expressed, for all to listen. We are aware there is at this time, a great propensity to *sermon-going*; we imagine there is in human nature itself, a disposition to prefer it to other more important exercises of devotion. To be convinced that it is preferred, we need but to cast our eye over an ordinary congregation, brought together to hear a popular preacher. During the prayers, mark the listless lounge, the vacant, if not wandering eye—the half-impatient, half-enduring expression, with which the congregation seem to be waiting for what they came for. When all are seated for the sermon, mark again the attitude of mute and deep attention—the eye intently fixed—the emotions of pain or pleasure, approbation or offence, that wait upon the preacher's words. It is impossible to doubt that the greater part of the congregation, perhaps of most congregations, come to church to hear and not to worship. Should this be so? But never let us depreciate or neglect the preached Gospel. The bosom of piety knows what needful warning, what holy encouragement, what sweet consolation it is used to gather from the lips of these messengers of Heaven: so much, that rather than forego it, every temporal advantage of situation will be often sacrificed; and justly—while the blessing of Heaven so peculiarly attending it to the conversion of

the careless, passes heavy condemnation on all who willingly neglect it.

There is still, to the young Christian especially, a warning needed, not to mistake the love of hearing sermons for a love of religion, nor the habit of hearing them for a proof of devotion. There is something in the excitation of a sermon that our human nature loves—it draws tears that are not of sorrow, and excites terrors that are not of conviction—the spirit goes away fervid, but not broken; gratified, but not amended. Send us to our closets, to commune with God for the same length of time upon the same subject, and the task perhaps would be disgusting and wearisome to us. Yet we must—we hope we are not wrong—we must put meditation and prayer *before* hearing, in the scale of religious exercises, as to duty and as to utility. We speak only against an inordinate preference of this duty, privilege, pleasure—call it either, for it is all—and mean but to intimate that the tendency among us now is rather to overvalue than to neglect it. It is on these points, the manner of hearing sermons to advantage, and the many possibilities of hearing without advantage, that we think the above work so particularly good, containing beside many pious and useful observations on other matters.

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### EXTRACTS.

THERE is a pleasing Christmas custom in Germany. The children make little presents to their parents and to each other, and the parents to their children. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket money to buy these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret; and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them—getting up in the morning before day-light, &c. Then, on the evening before Christmas day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not enter; a great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fixed in the bough, but not so as to

burn it till they are nearly consumed, and coloured paper hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder one by one from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. All their little treasures on which so much pleasurable labour has been expended, are reciprocally given, and the fond parental approval bestowed on patient industry and self-denial, causes their beaming looks, their sparkling eyes—parents and children are mutually happy—it is a joyful scene. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, make a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the *very little* ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and *snap*—all are delighted. On the next day (*Christmas day*) in the great parlour, the parents lay out on the table the presents for their children. A scene of more sober joy succeeds; as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy, and that most faulty in their conduct. N.

#### ANTIPATHY OF PLANTS.

THE ancients were firmly persuaded that there was a sympathy in plants, as well as in animals. "The Vine," says one of their authors, "by a secret antypathy in nature, especially avoids the cabbage, if it has room to decline from it; but in case it cannot shift away, it dies for very grief." Pliny says, "Coleworts (Cabbages) and the Vine have so mortal a hatred to each other, that if a Vine stand near a Colewort, it will be sensibly perceived that the Vine shrinks away from it; and yet the Colewort, which causes the Vine thus to retire and die, if it chance to grow near Origan, Marjoram, or Cyclamen, will soon wither and die in its turn." The cause is evident—for where two plants are neighboured that require the same juices to support them, the weaker must give way to the one that has the greater power to suck up the nutritious moisture.

#### PAUL'S CROSS.

ST. PAUL'S Cross was a pulpit of wood, covered with lead in the form of a cross, and mounted on several flights of stone steps, and placed about the middle of St. Paul's church-yard, in which more learned men appeared, and out of which more sound and good divinity had been delivered, than perhaps any one pulpit since the first preaching of the Gospel could ever glory in.—*Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy.*

THE  
**ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.**

JUNE, 1826.

**A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.**

*(Continued from page 249.)*

**GREECE.**

**SPARTA, FROM B.C. 400, TO B.C. 330.**

**AT** the time that Agesilaus came to the throne, the Spartans were involved in quarrel with the Persians, who, during the Peloponnesian war, had been so much their friends, and assisted them with money for payment of their forces. In the rebellion of Cyrus against his elder brother Artaxerxes, the Lacedæmonians had taken part in the unsuccessful enterprises of the former, leaving of course in the latter a resentful enemy; and it was then that the Ten Thousand, the remnant of the army sent to the assistance of Cyrus, made their memorable retreat under Xenophon, through the enemy's country. This hostility towards Persia proved eventually the destruction of Lacedæmonian sovereignty in Greece; as the Asiatic princes found the best means of lowering the pride of Sparta, was by reviving the power of the rival they had assisted her to destroy. Assistance was accordingly offered to Athens—the free Greek cities in Asia, of which Sparta was the protector, were attacked, and fleets sent out, to the great alarm of the Greek cities on the coasts. In this emergency, Agesilaus was declared

general of Greece; and accompanied by Lysander and a considerable army, sailed for Asia. The restless and ambitious spirit of Lysander, and the consequent jealousies of Agesilaus, much impeded their progress; till Lysander, in disguise, returned to Greece, resolving there to avenge himself of the king, and if possible to revolutionize the government—that he, the most distinguished man of Sparta, might no longer be excluded from the government by the laws of hereditary succession. As none of his schemes were executed, or even discovered till after his death, it is not necessary to repeat them.

Agesilaus, meantime, was pursuing successfully the Asiatic war. The Persians had recourse to money, the only arms with which they were successful against Europe, and large sums were offered to Agesilaus for a peace. Finding that general was not to be bribed, emissaries were sent over to Greece, by means of the same weapons to excite such tumults and dissensions as should compel the Spartan army to return. In this they succeeded to their utmost wishes. Warfare was provoked between Sparta and Thebes, a city of Boeotia, and now one of the leading states of Greece. Lysander, happy to be again employed, though advanced in years, led the Spartan forces to the invasion of Boeotia, expecting to be followed by another army under Pausanias, the second king. Impatient of the slowness of his colleague, he sent letters to Pausanias, informing him when he expected to arrive at a city called Haliartus, and conjuring him to meet him there. These letters were intercepted by the enemy; the defence of the city was committed to their Athenian allies, and the Thebans marched forth to meet the enemy. Lysander appeared before Haliartus in the night; when the day dawned and no news arrived of Pausanias, he resolved to attempt a surprise: as he drew near the walls and perceived it all quiet, his hopes rose high, when suddenly the gates were thrown open, and the troops from within issued forth and attacked them

with so much fury, that Lysander was immediately killed, and before his soldiers could recover the shock, the Thebans attacked in the rear, and totally dispersed them, with the loss of a thousand men. Pausanias, when news of the disaster reached him, hastened to the spot; and finding himself too weak for contention, recovered by treaty the dead body of his general, and consented to retire from Boeotia; but his having done so was so offensive to the Spartans, that he was obliged to relinquish his royalty to escape a trial, and retire to private life. The facility with which a prince who was considered to have betrayed his trust was dethroned in Sparta, is one of the remarkable peculiarities of their history. An ill-fought battle, a disgraceful treaty, or the suspicion of intriguing with an enemy, subjecting the king to be brought to trial, we find them perpetually yielding up their royalty rather than risk the sentence of the law, and their legitimate successors quietly assuming their places. We have already spoken of the character of Lysander. His memory was greatly revered in Sparta for the services he had rendered his country. The love of glory in him was accompanied by a Spartan contempt of wealth; and though he had much opportunity of enriching himself, he died in extreme poverty. It is told that after his death some Spartans of rank, who were contracted to his daughters, refused to marry them because they had no money; for which the Ephori fined them heavily, alleging that it was disgraceful to prefer the daughters of a rich family to those of a virtuous one. If this was the case, the laws of Lycurgus must have undergone some change before this time—as by them it was enacted that no woman should have any portion, in order to prevent such preference of wealth.

Agessilaus, meantime, having subjected great part of the coast, determined to march into the interior of Persia, and to avenge the wrongs that Greece had sometime suffered from Asia. When on the point of carrying the



project into execution, he received a Scyntale, commanding him to return to the defence of his country. Agesilaus, whose schemes of glory were always subservient to his country's will, immediately relinquished his conquests and returned to Greece. Agesipolis, the son of Pausanias, being a minor, the office of general and protector was given to his uncle Aristodemus, who had already an army in the field. Agesilaus, though himself entirely disapproving of the war, obeyed the command of the Ephori, and led another into Bœotia. On the day that he reached it, the sun was eclipsed, and he received news of the defeat of his brother in law, Pisander, commanding the Spartan fleet. Afraid lest this news should discourage his troops in the approaching conflict, he gave out, that a courier had brought him news of a great victory gained by Pisander, on account of which he sacrificed to the gods, and sent portions of the sacrifice to his friends, wearing a garland on his head, with the usual testimonies of joy, admitting that Pisander had fallen in the battle. After a victory obtained at Chæronea, Corinth became the seat of war, a small state lying between the contending parties. Successful upon the whole, Agesilaus returned to Sparta; but the reviving power of Athens induced him again to turn his attention to the sovereigns of Asia, to propitiate them on the side of Sparta. In all these domestic wars, the troops of Athens, disabled as they had been for further contest on their own account, had appeared in the ranks of Sparta's enemies; while their fleet was again becoming formidable under the command of Conon. A treaty, not altogether consistent with Spartan ideas of honour, was made with Persia; but Spartan principles had begun, ere this, to cede to convenience and necessity, and we find them gradually adapting themselves to the habits and conduct of other nations, thus preparing a termination of that greatness and glory they owed entirely to their extraordinary institutions, and the consequent character of their citizens. The states of Greece were in part inclined,

and the rest compelled to acquiesce in the proposed pacification, termed the peace of Antalcides, because that was the name of the emissary of Sparta at the Persian court, by whom it was effected. By this peace the sovereignty of Greece was secured to Lacedæmon, but not without much impeachment of her honour; and the Asiatic Greeks were abandoned to Persia.

Sparta used her supremacy as ill as she had acquired it; and began immediately to oppress and destroy the small states and cities that had no power of resistance, as well those who in war time had been her friends, as those who had sided with her enemies. The peace was but an opportunity for petty and unequal contest. The Mantineans, Phliasians, and Olynthians, with many other cities and states of a few miles extent, successively suffered from this injurious warfare, conducted, it appears, rather by Agesipolis than Agesilaus, till the death of that prince gave the succession to his brother Cleombrotus. By the peace of Antalcides, Sparta had engaged to leave all the other cities free; but this cruelty and oppression put all again in confusion. The greater cities, Thebes and Athens, became soon involved in the commotion, and Persia in vain interposed to maintain the peace.

The growing consequence of Thebes was equally offensive to Athens and to Lacedæmon, under whose banners it had been accustomed alternately to follow, as an ally too weak for independence. But Thebes had now found a hero of her own, of distinguished name in Grecian story, and appeared as their rival in glory. Cleombrotus, with an army of 12,000 men, attempted to enter Boeotia; but Epaminondas, the Theban hero, seized the passes, and forced him to pass round by Phocis. After some negotiations and a broken truce, they found Epaminondas at Leuctra prepared to receive them. Though inferior to the enemy he was resolved to fight; and that he might have none with him who were not resolved to conquer, he made proclamation that all might

depart who chose it; of which the Thespians and many others availed themselves to leave him. He then prepared himself for battle, placing all his chosen troops on one side, and those he could not depend upon on the other. The former he commanded themselves; and to the latter gave directions that when they found the enemy's charge too heavy for resistance, they should retire slowly, so as to expose to them a sloping front. Cleombrotus and his Spartans advanced with great vigour to the charge; but as they pressed upon the wing that slowly drew back, Epaminondas charged them in flank and front. Cleombrotus fell, and the battle was decided, by the entire defeat of the Spartans, with the loss of 4000 men, while of the Thebans 300 only fell. The honour of the battle of Leuctra is given entirely to the skill and courage of the Theban general, on which indeed the fate of these battles generally depended: Sparta lost by it the sovereignty of Greece, which, through great and glorious struggles, coupled with much injustice and oppression, she had maintained for nearly five hundred years. B.C. 371.

When the Ephori received in Sparta the news of this defeat, they were superintending the Gynic solemnities, and though all the consequences of the loss were sufficiently apparent, they would not interrupt or adjourn the festival, sending advice of the battle only to those whose relatives had fallen. The next morning, the parents, and children, and nearest relatives of those who were killed, assembled in the publick places, shook hands and congratulated each other and themselves on the courage of their children: while the families of those who had escaped, concealed themselves for shame; or if obliged to go abroad, appeared in tattered clothes, their arms folded, and their eyes fixed upon the ground. For centuries, the Spartan arms had never known defeat, and great of course was the grief and consternation that ensued. By the existent laws, such citizens as fled from the battle were degraded from all honours, and obliged

to appear in garments patched with various colours, to have the half only of their faces shaven, and to submit to be beaten by any one who met them, without resistance. To execute now this law, would have involved in disgrace the whole remaining force of Sparta. In this emergency, the king Agesilaus was proclaimed sole legislator, with power to alter or suspend the laws at his pleasure. The aged king came forth with great gravity from the temple into the place of publick assembly, and at once to meet the present difficulty and save the institutions of Lycurgus, pronounced, "Let the laws sleep for this day, but to-morrow let them resume their full power." And though now old and lame, he led forth an army to repair, as well as he could, the mischief that had befallen.

Opportunity was immediately taken by the injured states to rebuild their cities and restore their laws; and it was not long before Epaminondas appeared on the territories of Lacedæmon, where no hostile foot had ever before ventured to approach; and was seen even before Sparta itself, that till this time had never heard the sound of war. In a condition so new, Agesilaus took the command, disposed the citizens with so much skill, and so bravely opposed the enemy wherever they attempted to enter, that Epaminondas was compelled to retire, wasting only the country as he went. One other honour, however, the Theban won upon the declining glory of Sparta, before he left their territories—that of rebuilding the city of Messene, and recalling the ancient inhabitants from the place in which they had taken refuge, when, three hundred years before, the Spartans had destroyed it, and restoring them to the possessions of their fathers.

We find the Spartans after the battle of Leuctra, the star of their glory rapidly declining before the increasing glory of the Theban Epaminondas. In their distress, they had recourse to their rival for assistance, and whether from generosity or from fear of the growing

consequence of Thebes, Athens sent immediate succours, under command of Iphicrates. The Lacedæmonians, alarmed for the very existence of their state, made every exertion for restoring their affairs. They solicited their allies in Greece, freed as many of their Helotes as were disposed to bear arms, and sought the assistance of Dionysius the Sicilian king, who ordered two thousand Gauls and Spaniards to prepare themselves for passing into Greece. This is the first time we have had occasion to mention these nations—an extension of the limits of history to the western extremity of Europe. As we have remarked throughout, the first appearance of every new and more remote people on the field of history, is always by their interference with the old established kingdoms, whose story we are proceeding with. So now, before Spain and Gaul have a history of their own, we hear of them as soldiers, hired by the king of Sicily, in aid of his allies of Greece. We are told afterwards that they did great service there, and at the end of the campaign, were sent home bountifully rewarded.

After five years of indecisive warfare, the king of Persia again mediated a peace in Greece. It was one of short duration. Epaminondas soon found excuse to renew the attack upon Peloponnesus, but not with his former success; owing chiefly to the vigorous defence of the Athenians, who came to defend their former enemies. Epaminondas, unwilling to return with lessened reputation, determined at every risk to give battle to the enemy; and so well ordered the attack, that the Thebans would have gained an easy victory, had he not imprudently exposed his person to the assaults of the enemy. These knew well that the power of Thebes had commenced, and would probably terminate, with the valour of their hero. Every one aimed at him in particular, and he was covered with darts, many of which he drew out of his body and shot back again to those that sent them. At last, a Spartan struck him in the breast

with a javelin, with so much force, that it broke and left the iron in his breast: he fell, and a new and violent contest arose round his body: the Thebans gained possession of it, but with the loss of their best officers. Peace was now again concluded.

Agesilaus, the veteran king of Sparta, at upwards of eighty years of age, was still, it seems, so much in love with war, that as soon as the peace was concluded in Greece, he accepted the invitation of Tachos, king of Egypt, to command the Greek mercenaries in his service. It is told that, "as soon as he arrived in Egypt, all the great officers of the kingdom came to pay their compliments to him at his landing: his great reputation had raised the expectation of the whole country, who flocked to see him: but when they found, instead of the great prince they looked for, a little old man of contemptible presence, without all ceremony lying on the grass, his hair uncombed, and his clothes thread-bare, they fell into laughter and scorn of him, crying out, that the old proverb was made good, *the mountain had brought forth a mouse*. They were much scandalized at his insensibility and rudeness, as they thought it, who, when the presents usually offered to strangers of distinction were made him, of all manner of provisions, took only the meal, the calves, and the geese, but rejected the sweet-meats, the confections and perfumes; and when they urged him to the acceptance of them, he said they might carry them to his slaves, the Helotes. It is said he was taken with nothing he saw in Egypt so much as with the Papyrus, so proper for garlands by reason of the smoothness and pleasantness of its rind; and when he left Egypt, he desired the king to let him carry some of it home with him. Agesilaus, for some time, did good service to the king Tachos, but afterwards for some reason that does not appear, changed sides and fought with his competitor against him. Having received from the latter a large sum in reward for his service, he embarked for Peloponnesus, and died on the passage, in the 84th year of his

age. During a reign of 41 years, he had acquired a distinguished name for virtue, courage, and patriotism. B.C. 362.

Archidamus succeeded his father, a prince already distinguished in a battle honourably won in the late wars, called by the name of the *tearless battle*, because no Spartan fell in it. We cannot but be struck with the great change that was taking place in the character and conditions of the Spartans. In the late reign, when we see their king fighting for hire in a foreign army—and now again, when we are told of Archidamus, that he lived abroad because he did not like the customs of his country, affecting to live freely and without restraint, and not conceiving that it affected a man's honesty in what way he ate or drank. Gladly on this account he took command of some forces sent by Sparta to aid the Tarentines in Italy, where he was slain, after reigning fifteen years. It is told, that hearing of the pride and elation of the king of Macedon by reason of victories he had gained, Archidamus sent him this message—"Sir, if you will be pleased to measure your shadow, you will not find it a whit longer than it was before."

Macedon was at this time rising over the declining fortunes of the early Greek states, under the government of Philip—we notice it now but as it becomes connected with Lacedæmon.

Agis succeeded to his father. It is told of him that when young he was sent ambassador to the court of Macedon. Philip seeing him alone, when other cities sent many deputies, said with contempt, "But one from Sparta?" "Why, sir," answered Agis, "I was sent but to one." This king was the constant and determined enemy of Macedon, and roused the careless states of Greece to make some resistance to the dangerous progress of Alexander. In a decisive battle fought by Antipater, the Spartans and their confederates were completely vanquished, and Agis fell. Covered with wounds, his soldiers were bearing him from the field of

battle, till seeing them on the point of being surrounded, he commanded them to set him down, and preserve themselves for their country. Alone, with a sword in his hand, he fought upon his knees, killing several of the enemy; till he was shot through with a dart and died. His reign was but of nine years. B.C. 330.

Agis was succeeded by his son, Eudamidas, a prince of noted wisdom and gentleness, who, during his supremacy, with some difficulty maintained peace in Lacedæmon, now eager to engage against the growing power of Macedon. Nothing is recorded of him but some few wise sayings. The second king of Sparta, during these several reigns, was Cleominas, a prince of little name.

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#### REFLECTIONS

#### ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*That we should be saved from our enemies.*—LUKE i. 71.

THEY who expected the fulfilment of the promise made to Abraham, did not understand the fulfilment when it came. We who expect the benefits promised in the Gospel, do not understand them when proposed to our acceptance. And the reason is the same with both. They expected to be saved from their enemies, and so do we—but we do not know, as they did not know, who those enemies are. Judah thought her enemies were the heathen lords, whose trumpets were for ever at her gates—the Assyrian who had rased her walls, or the Roman who exacted tribute of her sons. She did not know that her worse enemies were the idolatry that had averted from her the countenance of Abraham's God, and the iniquity that was about to send her children into banishment; and leave her land a desert: so when the promised deliverer came, she received him not, nor understood his errand. We do not know that our worst enemy is ourselves. We take for an enemy whatever



opposes self—the adversity that checks the current of our earthliness—the punishment that waits upon our sins—the death that is coming, and the judgment that will follow it. From these we would be saved. But we do not know that a greater enemy than these, is the very self that they oppose—the self-love, the self-will, the self-indulgence, the self-esteem, of which they are at once the offspring and the dread. When the Gospel comes to deliver us from these, the strange mistake appears. It is the well-beloved and cherished of our bosoms we are to part from—the unknown and unsuspected enemies of our present and eternal welfare. While religion tells of redemption from the consequences of sin, sorrow, death, and misery eternal, we list the promise gladly, and look anxiously for its fulfilment. But when it would deliver us from our greater foe, the sin itself, the indulgence of it, the love of it—O then it is not the deliverance we wanted—we do not know these to be our enemies.

*I have forsaken my house, I have left mine heritage.—*

JER. xii. 7.

IT is feared, and by some, perhaps, with honest concern for the interests of morality, that men will grow careless under the influence of entire reliance on redeeming mercy—safe in the love and favour of God, as they believe, they will be less mindful of the sin of which they fear not an eternal punishment. This cannot be, because the very grace that conveys an assurance of pardon, conveys a preference of right to wrong, and the freed spirit will pursue what it prefers. But there is yet another security against this apprehended consequence. The same faith that believes a part of the word of God, must believe the whole; and in all the pages of that book whence we derive our confidence, there is nothing written so tremendously plain, as the vengeance of God upon the sins of his own people, as a nation—of his beloved, as individuals. If there be indeed any that are careless

of their conduct in reliance on redeeming grace, O let them well consider these words, "I have forsaken mine house, I have left mine inheritance." His own house, his family in a world of strangers—how well, how long, how tenderly beloved, let their whole story tell—let the words of this chapter tell, than which human language can supply nothing so fond, so tender. "My heritage," "my portion," as if it were all he had. "The dearly beloved of my soul"—as if his bosom's affections were concentrated on this single object. "I have forsaken"—"I have left"—"I have hated it." Dwell but a moment on this heart-moving picture. Words that we might add to it could but lessen the effect. And will any reading this, venture to provoke a Being who so deals with what he loves? Think we ourselves more beloved than this?—More chosen, more precious, more secure than these? Not only cannot words, it is impossible for imagination itself to go beyond; and yet these—No, it is impossible. He who believes any thing in the Bible, must believe it all: believing this, it is impossible for any one to sin, in confidence that he is accepted and beloved of God. God ends, indeed, with saying he will return and have compassion; but who will dare the intermediate sentence, and make themselves partaker of Israel's rejection.

*And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.*—I. KINGS xvii. 16.

THE widow of Zarephath knew the Prophet was of God: she received the demand as if it came from God. What did it mean? She could not tell, nor did it signify. She knew that God was just and good, and that was all there needed. If he meant to feed her, well—if he meant to starve her, well. What else but well, from a God of goodness, to one who would obey him. She did not enquire; her part was to obey—she did not hesitate; for she knew whom she obeyed. How do our faltering spirits stand reprov'd before this beautiful

example of unquestioning obedience, so prompt, so simple. We say we must be prudent, we must calculate consequences, we must weigh the expediency of things—we have no promise of the interference of Heaven to save us, in the ordinary course of human affairs, from the consequences that ordinarily follow on certain actions, certain modes of conduct—whatever our principles may be, we must act in our earthly affairs like other men. If we have no command to the contrary, we must. Had the widow unbidden sacrificed the meal, she had likely starved. But if we have a command—if the word of God, or the known will of God, bids us to a thing, or bids us to avoid it, most certainly we are not to wait for human calculation. Had the widow done so, she and her only child had eaten their last cake and died; for certainly it was not, on human calculation, necessary or wise to comply with the prophet's demand. Miracles have ceased—we have no promise of them now—things take their course, and we must act accordingly. The interposition of God in the affairs of his people has not ceased—we have an unlimited promise that they who will do his will, shall want no manner of thing that is good—the course things take now, is the course they always did take, certain good resulting from obedience; and if we would act accordingly, we should do no other than the widow of Zarephath did—obey, without waiting to calculate the consequences. She had no better security than we have—the known character of the God she served, his promise and his command.

*Ce n'est pas moi, mais la grâce de Dieu qui est en moi.*

QUOIQUE nous fassions de bon et de vertueux, il faut que nous disions comme St. Paul, Ce n'est pas moi, c'est la grâce de Dieu qui est en moi. Arrière de nous les discours et les sentimens, qui veulent partager la gloire de notre salut entre les forces de l'homme et la grâce de Dieu. Ce fût la fausse mère, qui voulut couper

l'enfant en deux : la vraie mère la demanda tout entier. Aussi la nature, qui est une fausse mère, fait tout ce qu'elle peut, pour s'attribuer au moins une partie du nouvel homme, de ce bienheureux enfant, que la régénération forme dans les fidèles ; mais la grâce le veut avoir sans division et sans partage ; et le grand, le celeste Salomon, juge en sa faveur. Il declare qu'il n'y a qu'elle qui ait droit de réclamer cet enfant spirituel, parce que c'est elle, qui lui donne la naissance, et qui l'engendre entièrement au dedans de nous.

Du Bosc.

LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE TWENTY-THIRD.

*Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them that ask him.—MAT. vii. 9—11.*

WE have said that were man really persuaded of his condition and his need, he would carry his petitions to the throne of mercy, on the mere report, the barest possibility of there being there an answer and a remedy provided. And that so he will, that so he does in all cases of real conviction, we have very little doubt. The prayer of conviction takes often, though not always, precedence of the prayer of faith ; and feeling himself wretched, and feeling himself helpless, man will sometimes raise a cry to Heaven for mercy, before he has any solid persuasion that he shall receive it, or knows any sufficient reason why he should. But this is not the prayer that God would have ; although he answers it

full often, by imparting the grace that enables us to offer him a better. Neither is it the prayer that becomes the disciples of Christ. Once taught to call God our Father, and thinking of him as such, a doubting and mistrustful prayer becomes almost a sin—a sin against his faithfulness and love, and our own gratitude. Were God a stranger, that we did not know him, a mutable being, that he might change his mind, or a limited sovereign, that he should want the means, some uncertainty might reasonably attend our asking. And had no communication taken place between him and us, though we should still do well to try, we might feel much doubt as to the success of our petitions. We should then be in the condition of the imprisoned debtor, recollecting some rich relative who might liberate him, but with whom, having for a long time had no communication, having never sought him, or known him, or received offers and promises of service from him, he has no great reason to believe his application will be successful. If the extremity of necessity urges him to try a petition, he will do it doubtfully and with little confidence. But this is not the condition of any man who has the Gospel of mercy in his hand. He may not, alas! have sought, or known the Being who now alone can serve him, stranger to his character, stranger to his presence. But still he has his promises, he has his offers—and therefore if he doubts of being heard, it is because he does not believe they are God's promises, or does not believe that God will keep them. Far less is such the condition of the disciple of Christ, experienced already in his Father's love, accustomed to his mercies; and beside that from his character he knows God cannot lie, from personal experience of his truth he knows also that he does not lie.

From such, under such circumstance, it is most just that God should not content himself with the hazarded cries of a mistrustful spirit, asking as it were at a venture—the *pis aller* of a bosom in despair, that not knowing what else to do, will utter to Heaven an almost

hopeless invocation. Such cries he hears, indeed, from those who as yet are strangers, and answers them by making himself known to the estranged prodigal as a Father to whom he may with confidence return. From those who are not strangers, from the adopted children of his family, he expects far other prayers; and after reiterating the promise, in terms as plain and positive as they can be spoken, that whoever asks shall receive, and whoever seeks shall find, he goes on in the words of our text to argue with his disciples upon the reasonableness of the confidence he requires of them, and the rational grounds they have, over and above the immutability of his word, to be persuaded that their prayers will not be rejected. He appeals to humanity itself, to witness to the folly and perverseness of their mistrust; and by the small rest of goodness in the corrupted creature, with the conduct that results from it, shows them what is to be expected from him who is perfect goodness.

“If ye being evil.” Corrupted as man is, there is yet a residue of kindness and truth in his bosom, as it regards his fellow-men; quite sufficient to bespeak our confidence in his promises and our reliance on his love: under favourable circumstances, we act upon this perpetually, and without the least misgiving. The hungry children, waiting for such provision as the father makes, feel no apprehension lest he should provide something that they cannot eat. When they come together to receive their portion, they do not hesitate before they take it, lest it should be some poisonous or unwholesome food. Nay, even with a stranger, we feel no such base suspicions. With all the ill we know of each other, and all the wrong we suffer at each other’s hands, we take with confidence the stranger’s bread, and divide with confidence the stranger’s fish; unless we have some positive and sufficient reason to mistrust him. And the reason of this must be, because upon experience we have learned that man, being evil as he is, knows yet how to give good gifts to those that ask him; more especially

if they be his children, and he their loving father. How much more—alas! no—nor half so much of confidence has God at the hands of his ungrateful children, all goodness as they know he is, all love as they have experienced him to be—not even so much confidence as they show in the often deceitful, often false, and treacherous beings of earth.

This is a greater and a stranger sin than it at first sight may appear. Our faithless spirits take refuge under a thousand subterfuges to excuse their mistrust. How do I know that God regards me at all, so as to listen to the terms of my petition? Because you have had proof of it, more certain than ever child has had of the attention of a father upon earth. If he had not regarded you in corruption, he had left you to perish there, and not paid a price so enormous for your redemption. If he had not regarded you when you despised that redemption, he had not by his Spirit made you acquainted with your corruption and with the atonement made for it. You do know, therefore, as certainly as our nature is capable of knowing any thing, that God regards you: far more certainly than the child that in hunger cries for bread, knows that his father will listen and regard his words. The earthly father's attention may be engaged, pre-occupied—though the cries of a hungry child will scarcely fail to awaken and recall it. God's attention cannot be pre-occupied, and needs not to be awakened.

But if he listens, how can I be sure that he will not refuse me what I ask; and after due regard, determine against my prayer? It is to be understood always that the things you ask are good things. If the child asked a serpent of his parent, certainly the parent would refuse it, and give him some wholesome viands in its stead. There may, in some cases, be a difference of opinion between you and God, as to what are *good things*, and so you may be refused. But that cannot be in reference to our text; because it is clearly spiritual gifts that are here spoken of—grace and

power to be and to do what God, in the preceding verses, has required—assimilation to the mind of God—such change of principle as becomes his children, and such change of character as becomes the new-born principle. There are parts of Scripture in which earthly good things are confidently promised—but we do not perceive any allusion to them here. The preacher, both before and after these words, is speaking of spiritual things. About these things there cannot be a difference of opinion between you and your heavenly Father. Once indeed there was a difference—for these, the good, the best things he had to give, were not good in your esteem: you did not wish for them or like them. If you have discovered your mistake, and changed your mind, and now are come to ask these things as good, there is no possibility that your Father should be of another mind. Good, indeed, in his sight, are the conversion and sanctification of his children.

Not less certain, therefore, than that God will regard your prayer, is it that he will grant it. In confirmation of his pledged word, which ought to be of itself enough, he appeals to the very nature of things. “What man is there” of you would do otherwise? We, even we in our worst estate, are not insensible to the gratification affection feels in blessing the objects of its love. It is not an effort, a sacrifice, a concession, to grant to our children what is good for them; that we wait to be entreated by them at all, is but that we either do not perceive their wishes, or that we desire to exercise their patience, and hear the expression of their filial confidence. To deny, to withhold, would be an act of self-denial, more painful to the parent, for the most part, than to the child. The disposition of our heavenly Father towards his people, is not an exact parallel to this—in material circumstances it is different—but the difference is all on the side of the greater certainty. The good things we go to him to ask, are duties enjoined us by himself, in the asking, in the receiving, in the possess-



ing. They are the endowments he insists on our possessing—they are the garments in which he requires us to dress—the food on which he desires us to live, the very riches and inheritance it is the whole object of his adoption to invest us with. To refuse our petition would be to defeat his purposes—to yield us the gifts we seek of him, is to fulfil them. How is it possible that we should be refused?

But are we not refused? Day follows day, and year goes after year, and the agitated spirit finds no rest. Conscience is awakened from her bold indifference, sin has put off its fair disguises, earth has lost its stupifying powers, and eternity has come before us, an object of anxious, deep solicitude. We have prayed, we have resolved, we have endeavoured, but we are not amended. Our hearts are still hardened, earthly, selfish. The *say* of the world has still more influence over us, than the “I say” of him whom it opposes. We are still severe in our judgments, ostentatious, if not false in our religious duties, more anxious to be approved of man in publick than of God in secret, still keeping the commandments in the letter and neglecting the spirit—still busy to purify the vision of a brother’s eye, while careless or unconscious of the beam that clouds our own. Are we not refused?

No—be assured, if the prayer of faith has been honestly offered, it has not been rejected: and though our hearts may justly sink and be ashamed for the small advancement we have made, it does not become us to be discouraged, or to doubt the faithfulness of our Father’s promise. He waits, perhaps, till we are low enough in our own esteem, before he raises us to a better eminence. He means to teach us the full extent of nature’s corruption, by the difficulty of subduing it, that so we may better estimate the value of his redemption. He is trying the reality of our faith in his promises, by delaying a short moment to fulfil them. What, in such a case, would it be wise to do? Assuredly, as the child

would do, pressed with hunger, whose entreaties for food the parent should not seem to hear. Not suspect his father of indifference to his hunger or delight to see him suffer—he knows him too well, loves him too much for such a thought. Not cease the cry, and turn away to go without the bread—he is too hungry, too faint, too much in need for that. And so, if we are in earnest, are we. But cry the louder—ask the oftener—draw nearer and nearer—go wherever he is likely to be found—follow his voice if we but catch the faintest sound of it—do in his presence whatever is most likely to win his approbation—consider by what possible means we may have incurred his immediate displeasure—and above all things, examine our hearts most closely, to see if it be not our prayers themselves that are the cause of the delay—if they are not heartless prayers, dishonest prayers, mistrustful prayers, impatient prayers—“Ye ask and have not, because ye ask amiss.”

The greatest saint on earth has no other security, no other hope, that will not at some time fail him, but this most precious promise. For the more he is a saint, the more does he feel sin, and the more does he hate it, and the more basely does he think of himself because of it. As the dawn of truth advances to more perfect day, he sees by it more distinctly the depth of the chasm on whose awful brink he stands; and as deeper and deeper it seems to grow in the increasing light, he starts and shudders but the more, to think how near he is to it—tries but more anxiously the firmness of the ground on which he stands. Where in the darkness he walked so careless and so confident, because he saw no danger, now in the broad day-light he is ready to lie down in despair, because he sees so much. And in despair he would lie down, the more surely for his more perfect knowledge, did he not, with that knowledge find a growing certainty that God will keep his promise, administer to his children all they need, and secure to them, in the issue, all the good they ask him for. And that simple

reliance on the truth of God which the saint in his utmost advancement cannot do without, is a sufficient encouragement to the penitent, even in the first steps of his heavenward course—because, if it is true at last, it is true at first. If God can fail to give what he has promised, the oldest saint may perish—if he cannot, the youngest suppliant is secure. Knock then; and if ye be not answered the first time, knock again—and again the third time and the fourth, till life, and peace, and holiness be administered from within. Whether it be your irreligious nature generally, or some sin in particular that oppresses you, do not go away, and content yourself to keep it—you would not so if you were hungry, for then you would perish: and so you will now, if relief be not administered: but knock the louder, ask the oftener, seek the more earnestly, and be assured you cannot be ultimately disappointed.

And then let no one say, as they do say, that they cannot help their sins—that it is impossible to act upon the precepts and principles of our Saviour's beautiful discourse—that a God of mercy cannot require things impossible: and so live on contentedly in their former habits, admitted to be wrong ones, even by themselves. What would have been the fate of the palsied cripple, if when bidden to rise up and walk, he had said he could not, and refused to try? Even such will be the deserving and such the destiny, of those who, bidden to ask mercy, grace and peace—mercy to pardon, grace to regenerate, and peace the fruit of holiness—neglect to seek and perish for the want of them. Surely the fault will be their own; and their incapacity, instead of an excuse, be to their condemnation.

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### THE LISTENER.—No. XXXVI.

I HAD been listening for some time without learning any thing it might be useful to relate—I began to doubt

whether in this great city there is not too much noise for my profession. In the silence of solitude I had heard the voice of truth—in the lowly hovel I had gathered the voice of piety. Is nothing to be heard in London, crowded, active, bustling London? Where every thing is said, done, felt, thought, it seems impossible that nothing is to be heard. Except that it may be difficult to hear it. The musick of the battle field drowns the sighs the silent chamber would reveal. The busy playing of the waters conceals the rocks their stillness would betray. One advantage, at least, I determined to make of this busy season—for I remembered how many an hour I had known my young friends in the country lounge away in weariness, for want, as they told me, of something to do, particularly if it happened to rain. Could I not see who was well employed in London, and send them the welcome news? I visited with this view many of my young friends in London, and found them all desperately, desperately busy. This was a real gratification to me, when to it I can add, that I found not one who was not well employed. There was great variety in their occupations, it is true—it came into my mind to wonder that a book had not ere this been written on the various kinds of bustles, with all their properties, useful, deleterious, medicinal, &c. There would be the fashionable bustle, the literary bustle, the religious bustle—they would not be all classed together—for while the one was ranked with the baleful Atropus, whose secret venom pervades the plant throughout, the other might be classed with the fragrant Hawthorn, whose spines, while they demand some caution in the handling, are but an increase of beauty to the plant.

Among the many occupations of my young acquaintance, some were in the last year of education—a sort of London finishing. There was the Italian master, the German master, the drawing master, the singing master, the position master; treading each so quickly on the

other's heels, that, as every girl knows who has felt it her duty to make the most of such brief and expensive advantages, there was not between reacting the last lesson and preparing for the next, a moment's respite, from six o'clock in the morning till ten at night. Some whose apprenticeship to learning had expired, I found commencing business on their own account. To read as many books as possible—to talk about them as much as possible—to attend as many lectures as possible—to see as many pictures, hear as much musick, write as many extracts, and fill as many albums as possible, was to these the not less arduous, though voluntary service.

I have said no one was ill employed—must I recall my words, to speak of those to whom in this first year of their appearance, the late mornings scarce sufficed to hurry from the dress-maker's to the jeweller's, and the jeweller's to the laceman's; and the evenings scarce sufficed to dress them for the night? Or shall we leave it to be supposed I visited none such? I think if there is a creature more lovely, more interesting, more engaging than every other, it is a young Englishwoman of a certain rank, at the moment of her entrance into life. What shall we say of the hurry of dissipation, that makes of her that heartless, useless, vapid, *flêtrie* thing, a woman of fashion? Apart from all these, I found some to be equally busy with what may be considered the rational enjoyment of society, united with domestick duties in which they had newly begun to take a part, and many economical devices to preserve caste, keep up an appearance, and maintain the customary style of living.

But let not country girls believe that London girls are all employed about themselves. There are those who may be called charitably busy. These productive labourers made so many pincushions, card-racks, muffetees, and match-holders, that to an inexperienced eye, it might seem the produce of a day would exceed the consumption of a twelvemonth—but it does not prove so—and

though I have heard it objected that these things are useless, it scarcely can be proved that the labour is wasted, while poverty and destitution enjoy the accumulated capital.

Again, some of the young ladies I found entering on a sort of occupations peculiar to the times—to do good, or to receive good was their object—these perhaps, might be more particularly termed religiously busy. And while I have distinguished these various occupations, as characterizing different classes, I do not know that any one implied a neglect of the others, as far as differing circumstances made them differently necessary. I was reflecting on the probable result of this activity of employment, that seemed to characterize a London season, when, bearing a London post-mark, and seemingly written there, I received the following paper. What then! In all this bustle, somebody has time to think—to enter into their hearts, and examine hour by hour what passes there—weigh their motives, scrutinize their feelings, trace out the wary deceptions of self-love, and render an account of each day's bosom secrets. I was delighted to find it so. Let us read.

*To the Editor of the Assistant of Education.*

MADAM,

As I have lately been listening in a region not so much frequented as many other parts of our hemisphere, I have taken the liberty of forwarding to you a few extracts of a seven days' journal, if such would be interesting to your readers: having no doubt but that you will cordially unite with me in recommending even the youngest of your friends to set out speedily on a similar tour, though not to follow my example, in publishing to the world what they hear.

I must seek refuge for this folly in signing myself,

Madam,

Yours, &c.,

ARCANUM.

## EXTRACTS

*From the Records of a seven days' Journal, while listening to the world within.*

**SUNDAY.**—Admonition in the morning about early rising, to allow more time for private devotions. Replied to, with a promise of amendment. Suggested whether the duties of the toilette had not better be hurried over a little, rather than the *thoughts* remain unadjusted, before public worship. Replied to with a promise of future consideration.

Resolutions formed at church, from excitement. Expire in the aisle, and buried in the church-yard. Prevents the trouble of conveying them home, or of hearing the bewailings of their kindred virtues.

Reproof about drowsiness, earlier than is usual on a week-day evening, and a comparison of energies employed in the pleasures and service of the world, and the pleasures and service of religion.

**MONDAY.**—Reinvigorated for accustomed pursuits by the temporary suspension of the Sabbath—busy with plans—motives investigated for benevolent proposals—some approved, some condemned, the majority questionable—so resolve to consider more attentively the twenty-sixth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew. In the evening, some uneasiness from being expected to join in commendations *justly* bestowed on a lady who had offered some personal slight.

**TUESDAY.**—Introduce new discipline for the better regulation of the microcosm. Strictly prohibit excess of sorrow, which enervates the powers and unfits for activity. The loss of nothing to be much bewailed in life, which would otherwise be left behind at death. Hear of secret revoltings against this statute. A test of obedience occurs, in painful bereavement. An insurrection, and the insurgents quelled by unworthy motives.

**WEDNESDAY.**—Plaintiveness mistaken for quies-

cence, till closely examined. Talk about the unsatisfactory delights of earth; detect inward whisperings at the same moment of ardent attachment. An idol dethroned some time since, set up again with altered vestments—a magnanimous resolve for its entire destruction, associated with mental reservation.

**THURSDAY.**—Receive flattering compliments—know them to be unmerited, yet smile with complacency—think of it afterwards with utter detestation. Ponder over the disadvantages of residence, till quite dissatisfied, and think it would be better to be any where else. Read Biography of very eminent characters of the last century, who are now but little thought about—feel mortified at the certainty of being entirely forgotten in a far less period. Close the day in a steep valley, but find the mental atmosphere somewhat healthful.

**FRIDAY.**—Awoke with strong sentiments in favour of truth—determine to bring every thing to this standard, ere invested with importance—bring out the balances—place in first—

*Posthumous Fame.*—Fill the scale full—heap it up high—still goes up—so determine to care nothing for it.

*Unmerited Applause.*—Will not so much as lay in the balance, till the self-abasement which followed, was tied all around it; so have no desire for the commodity with such an envelope.

*Locality.*—Here and there, found to be of equal weight in the balances.

*Expectancy of future earthly bliss.*—This will only make weight with the past. So set about demolishing castles—pulling down fancy pictures—leaving off wrought veils, and breaking magnifying glasses, till quite wearied, and glad that the shadows of the evening invited to repose.

**SATURDAY.**—Soon after breakfast receive advice to substitute the approbation of Heaven for posthumous fame—an approving conscience, for flattering compliments—contentment with residence, for desire of change



—and present comforts, for future expectancies. Ask the opinion of the council chamber, and submit it to their votes. *Judgment* is well pleased and gives his without hesitating. *Affections* are divided—some vote for, and some against the change. *Imagination*, quite out of humour till after a private conference with judgment, then consents to be neutral for awhile. *Will*, to whom it fell to give the casting vote, decided in favour—but ere the day was out, was detected in abetting the recusant affections in concealing some of the old relics, and in screening the imagination, who had secretly determined to secure at least one pair of magnifying glasses.

ARCANUM.

To the youngest and to the eldest of my readers, whether in the hubbub of a London season, or in the loneliness of the sea-shore, whether fashionably, learnedly, or religiously in a bustle, I do most earnestly recommend the example of my correspondent. If any one has read the Extracts of this Journal, without recognizing the description of something they are familiar with, it proves that they, at least, have never travelled that road. Is it an unfrequented one? I have sometimes feared so. I have long meditated a word on the subject, in some form or other, to my young friends; and now thank my correspondent much for thus providing me with an occasion. The dangers of a wrong road are easily enough detected; but when the path is right—when the end is good, and the means are good, and as far as can be seen, the motive good, who talks or dreams of danger? Yet there is danger, imminent and fatal, to all who float upon the current of external things, without habitual intercourse and most familiar intimacy with themselves. What have I done to-day? He was recorded a wise man of old, who daily asked himself that question. But he was not wise enough, if that was all. What have I thought, what have I felt to-day? I have been too busy to think at all; and though I have felt a

great deal, I have not had time to reflect upon my feelings. Then be assured, whether you have been waiting upon your own pleasure, or serving your fellow-creatures, or worshipping God, you have done too much, and must diminish your doings ere you will do any thing aright. If the above picture be a just one, and it is a just one, of the human heart, it is not to be trusted with the unbalanced reckoning of a single day. •

I would recommend this truth to the especial acceptance of those who are just beginning the day's work of existence. A thousand ways will be presented to them of rational, useful, pious occupation. A thousand invitations will be pressed upon them, to undertake this thing, and to assist in that thing. With ardent spirits and a willing mind, they will engage in every thing. To an extent, every added occupation will be gain; exercise will enlarge the powers, selfish indolence will give place to generous activity, and all the mischiefs of a mind disoccupied will be escaped. But without some caution they will pass this point—they will get into a bustle—they will run hither and thither in perpetual doing, till not an hour, nay, nor one fitting moment be remaining, to rest, as it were, upon their oars—to observe what way they have made, to look where the compass points, to fathom the waters they are in. Rocks, quick-sands—sins unsuspected, passions uncorrected, motives unhallowed, and principles unsound, will be the consequence of this self-ignorance; and while the streams seem to flow so brilliant and so pure, the source will be secretly empoisoned and corrupted.

A stated time—I say a stated time, because, though I think habitual and unceasing self-examination, the examination of every feeling as it arises, of every word as it is spoken, and of every action as it is performed, would be more efficient, I know that young minds are not easily disciplined to this—and if a stated time be not set apart for self-examination, self will, for the most part, go unexamined. How long a time, is a needless

question—Till you have swept and garnished every corner of the house, and left no foulness in it undetected. On the day that we cannot find time enough for this, whatever our occupations have been, they have been one too many; and however good they have been, we have done something more than we should have done. The close of every day naturally suggests itself as a proper season for the purpose. The day's events are then fresh upon the memory; the impressions of the last flow of feeling have not been effaced by succeeding tides; and self-justification, that subtle and ingenious thing, has not had time to weave its maze of lies.

The first, best thing is never to forget ourselves in the hurry of occupation—the next best thing is to call back the recollection as frequently and certainly as possible. The likeness of ourselves, as God beholds us, as the recording angel writes of us in heaven, is traced within us, and faithfully there only. But we prefer to look at ourselves any where else—to behold ourselves in any other mirror—in our external character or the opinions of those around us. If the day has been well-spent, if we have been commended of those we love, if we have been assiduous in the pursuit of knowledge, successful in the pursuit of piety, active in the pursuit of benevolence, self-gratulation lulls the mind to slumber, and we write good upon that day. Meantime, perhaps, it has been the birth-time of some new corruption, the era of victory to some secret sin, the date of deep offence to the purity of that Eternal Eye, before which we each day stand—not as we are in our conduct, words, and appearances external—but as we are in our motives, feelings, wishes—those only things for which we have no time to spare.

But while I thus seriously recommend the setting of the house in order, I would strongly advocate the keeping of it in order. I do not particularly admire those managers, who let every thing go to wrongs on Friday, because it can be put to rights on Saturday. A

mind that acts without reflection, and has recourse to after examination of itself, may repent its ill-doings, but it cannot undo them?

I remember calling, some time ago, on a lady in the middle rank of life, who is usually very glad to see me; but on that day she was evidently very sorry to see me: the first salutation as I entered, was an order to the servant by no means to admit any body. It happened to be a busy day. The cause of the bustle was no affair of mine—the effects were sufficiently apparent. The crumbs of yesterday's dinner were still upon the carpet—the breakfast-kettle was still hissing on the fire: the clocks had stood still for want of winding—the fires had gone out for want of stirring: children were lurking about with their frocks untied—servants came to the door with paper in their hair and soap-suds on their hands: nothing that was called for could be found, because every thing was out of its place: nothing that was wanted could be used, because it had not been cleaned since it was used before. I hope those of my readers who have never seen the house of a matron on a busy day, will not be offended at the comparison—but it appears to me that this must be the very semblance of a mind disordered and disarranged by too much bustle.

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## LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

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### LETTER THE THIRTEENTH.

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So, my dear M., you think you have detected me, if not in giving contradictory counsel, at least in leading you to issues directly opposite. Having first persuaded you to enter society with kindly feelings towards the

individuals that compose it, with a universal prejudice, if I may so speak, in favour of your fellow-creatures, you think I contradict myself, when I afterwards recommend the study of human nature in all its varieties, with a view of enabling you to penetrate and appreciate the differences of character you will find there. That veil, "*couleur de rose*," through which I would have you look upon the scene, seems to you quite at variance with the microcosm that would betray the lights and shadows so distinctly. My dear M., if I thought a knowledge of human nature calculated to make you love it less, I would have bidden you to study it never; for I am convinced, that all the knowledge in the universe, gained at the expense of one kindly affection, were a bad purchase. If better is a dinner of herbs and love therewith, than a stalled ox where there is strife, not less certainly better, is affectionate ignorance and benevolent simplicity, than the most extended reach of knowledge without them. But, alas! the dinner of herbs may be without the love—and I am persuaded the hard, severe, ungentle critick of others' conduct and others' character, will be found among those who know least of the human heart, and of the springs of human action. Yes, I am persuaded the more you know of human nature intrinsically, the more tender, forbearing, liberal, and affectionate you will become to all around you. This assertion startles you, because you are not used to hear it. You are used to hear that a knowledge of the world destroys every tender emotion of the bosom, turns the heart to stony coldness, and changes the confidence of youth into suspicion and disgust. There is a knowledge of the world that does so; but it is of a world that has no existence but in the false vision of the beholder—a world of time and sense, of things visible and external, apart from the deep, eternal, spiritual realities that lie beneath them—a world of business, and pleasure, and mere temporal interest, apart from what has been before, or is to be hereafter, or is now hidden beneath the surface. Those

who get their experience in such a world, tell you the more they see of mankind the more they are disgusted—they have learned to mistrust, suspect, if they say not to hate every body, at least to conclude that no one is worth their love. As a Christian, you can study mankind in no such world as this, because you can find none such to study in. Man to you, is man a fallen, degraded, suffering, dying creature, passing through time to reach eternity; and you are to yourself a partaker in his nature and his fate. In this position, if you look closely into the bosoms of your fellow-creatures, it will not be to detect unsuspected evil, to baulk too sanguine hopes—it will not be as you examine a piece of muslin that ought to be perfect, to detect and upbraid the vender, if you find a stain. You have too just a sample of the tissue in your own heart, to find man in his nature worse than you expected. And with respect to the distinctions of character, comparative character, you will find so much in the bent of the mind to account for the discrepancies of the conduct—so many things that in the exterior offend you, will be found to proceed from better motives than appeared, to be counterbalanced by good, or at the worst, to be extenuated by constitutional peculiarities or mental weaknesses, that you will cease to judge of them so harshly. Or you will see the wrong so deeply expiated, so bitterly requited, perhaps, so tearfully repented, that pity, affectionate pity, will take place of your disgust. In every case, when you have traced the errors of conduct to their source, and found from what passion, or what delusion, or what mistaken judgment they proceed, you will go back into your own heart, and find the parent of the same offspring there, though circumstance may not have called them into being, or has given them in existence something of a different form. And by this habit of looking below the surface, you will learn, more especially, that differences are not necessarily defects. Things that may have jarred upon your tone of mind, will prove in themselves no discord. You will not trample on

the tulip because it is not a rose, nor refuse to take the rose to your bosom, because in your carelessness you struck first upon its thorns. God, when he loves his creatures upon earth, knows the worst of them, and yet he loves them. Who shall presume to say their knowledge of mankind has taught them to love them less? We are used, when we see a child shrinking with fear or aversion from any animal, to make him approach it; examine it, perceive how curiously it is made; how useful is what seems at first deformity; how beautiful in its minuteness what seemed as a whole disgusting; how skillfully the hand of nature adapts each separate organ to its purpose. So deal with your own mind, dear M. Bring it to near examination of the human character; not that it may grow severe, critical, and censorious, but that it may be enlarged to more universal kindliness. Observe the curious intricacies and secret workings of human feeling; the purposes of heaven effected by their means, the wisdom and the pity with which God works with them, and bears with them, and brings good out of their ill, and beauty out of their ugliness: and keeping ever in mind that this nature is your own, I have no fear that it will lessen the benevolence of your disposition, or chill the affections of your bosom. On the contrary, I believe it will go far to cure that narrow, illiberal, ungenerous judgment women are so apt to exercise on each other; and send you into society disposed to find good in all; and so prepared to find ill in all, that the appearance of it will not surprise you into severe and unkindly feelings.

## CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

### CONVERSATION XII.

Fossils—Peat—Jet—Coal—Animal Remains.

**MATILDA.**—I have been impatiently expecting the subject of Fossils to take its turn in our conversations. Now I think the time must be come: for I am persuaded we shall not be able to go much further without some acquaintance with these extraordinary productions.

**MRS. L.**—I have no objection to devote this conversation to the subject exclusively, though it will intermix itself with most of our future conversations. That you will feel particularly interested in it, I cannot doubt; it will take us a little out of the usual course of Geological treatises, in which it is generally taken for granted that the reader is previously informed; but I consider it quite consistent with our plan thus to turn aside; and indeed, altogether indispensable to you, for the future understanding of the subject.

**ANNE.**—I should like first to be told what a Fossil is. I thought I knew: but the other day, when I remarked to a lady that she had some beautiful Fossils, she answered that they were Minerals, not Fossils.

**MRS. L.**—In the actual meaning of the word, you were right—for Fossil is a term that implies any thing dug out of the ground. But scientifically, it is confined to those substances, that, having once had life, are now found buried beneath the surface of the earth.

**ANNE.**—Would not Petrifications then be a better word?

**MRS. L.**—This would be still more incorrect, because it implies a substance turned to stone, which in most cases Fossils are not. Many retain their original substance, while others have entirely decayed and been replaced by stone: in neither of which cases can they be



said to have been turned into stone. There are Fossils, in which the particles of earth have so combined themselves with the original substance, as, without destroying it, to make it stone: to these the term Petrifications very properly applies.

MAT.—Can you show us the different kinds of Fossils?

MRS. L.—Here is a small shell, which has been so well preserved, perhaps for centuries, beneath the earth, that you would scarcely know it from a shell gathered up but yesterday. *Fig. 1.* is a specimen of the Ammonite Fossils, not to be found in a recent state. Here is a specimen (*Fig. 2.*) that will show you several kinds at once. Observe that while a part of the shell (*a*) remains but little changed from what it originally was, the Iron Stone (*b*) has filled it, and formed itself, as in a mould, to the shape of the shell; and were the shell gone, it would retain its form and seem to be the shell itself transformed to stone. At (*c*) in the same figure, we have another kind of Fossil—the shell is gone, and the impression of it only remains on the stone. *Fig. 3.* is a piece of Fossil Wood: that it is wood your eye will instantly pronounce; but scratch it, weigh it, or crumble it in pieces, and you will find it so impregnated with earth, as to bear far more the character of stone than that of a vegetable substance.

MAT.—I perceive the difference perfectly. This last is the only petrification. But now I am curious to know how this happens. These substances above the earth would decay altogether. Why do they not so here?

MRS. L.—You know that to decompose an animal or vegetable substance, so as to separate entirely its constituent parts, which is what we call decay, two things are necessary—air and moisture. Exposed to these, organized substances deprived of life are decomposed, the particles are separated and dispersed in new forms, and the substance disappears. Deprived of either of these, the process is different, and the results very various.

# GEOLOGY.

PLATE II

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



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J. Higham sculp.



To speak first of vegetables. When perfectly dry, hay as a vegetable substance, however much exposed to a dry air, will not further decay, though it has changed its form materially since it was living Grass. When moisture on the contrary is admitted to the same substance without air, as is the case under ground, a very different result ensues. In the formation of Peat, the vegetable matter loses entirely its original form, assumes a dark colour, and a strong bituminous odour. In places favourable to the accumulation of water and of the peculiar plants of which it is composed, immense quantities of it are formed. In these Peat-bogs, trunks of trees are often found imbedded, partaking of the substance of the surrounding mass, mineralized in different degrees, according as they lie buried deeper, or have remained there longer. This is called Bituminous Wood. In the same situation is formed a different substance, called Moss Fir. It looks like decayed wood; but all its fibres and interstices are filled with resin. It is so highly inflammable, as to be used by the poor for torches as well as fuel. Another kind of bituminized wood is the Bovey Coal. In near approach to this is the beautiful substance we call Jet.

MAT.—Do you mean that Jet, used for ornamental purposes, is fossilized Wood?

MRS. L.—Undoubtedly. You must know it too well to need a description. But do you know this substance?

MAT.—It is very like Jet, but I believe it is Coal.

MRS. L.—It is Cannel Coal, a substance differing from Jet, perhaps, only in containing a greater portion of earthy matter.

ANNE.—Is all Coal, then, a vegetable substance?

MRS. L.—I feel no doubt that it is; though some have maintained otherwise. It seems to differ from the above only in containing Spar and Pyrites, which give it a different fracture, smaller grained and uneven. But we will leave the further mention of Coal, till it occurs in its place among the Secondary Strata. On

the surface of these Fossils is marked a beautiful variety of figures that cannot well be described, supposed to be the impressions of the bark &c. of trees, most likely antediluvian. Among the numerous fossil remains of plants, very few are found which agree in their specific characters with any known species, and many differ so much from all the plants we know, it is difficult to determine even the Genus in which botanists would place them. You may observe these vegetable remains under very beautiful forms in Chalcedonies, Agates, and other transparent stones.—*Fig. 4.* There are many other kinds of Fossilized wood, impregnated with various minerals, which I shall not now designate. They are not difficult to recognize, and you will see them in every collection, having all the form and appearance of wood, but glittering and heavy with Silix, or other earthy matter.

ANNE.—I should ask how so large a quantity of Coal can have been formed of vegetable matter beneath the earth, but that you may wish to defer it till we come again to that substance.

Mrs. L.—I think it will be better. Of animal Fossils there is a long and regular series, from the Zoophytes, animal substances so like in form to vegetables, that they were long mistaken for them, such as Sponge, to the enormous Crocodile and half-rational Elephant. The mineralized remains of these animals have been found in almost every part of the globe that has been explored: not rare and scattered here and there, but in immense quantities. For miles in extent, whole strata are composed of them—in many instances our streets are paved with the remains of what once had life, dug from the deep beds in which they perished, and have lain for ages buried. You have but to look down to perceive, what you have, I dare say, little suspected, that the stones you tread are nothing but an aggregate of shells, or other minute animal substances, of forms as distinct and perceptible as if they still had

life. The wonders of the Fossil world are inexhaustible. I cannot enter now into the particulars of each separate species. They will be presented to you as they occur in the Strata to which they belong. But more extraordinary than either the number or the antiquity of these remains, is the circumstance that the greater part of them do not resemble any animals known to exist upon the earth.

ANNE.—And I think you said there is a degree of regularity and order in the distribution of these remains,

MRS. L.—A writer has observed, that if we cast a rapid view over the phenomena of this distribution, the subject must appear to present some of the most singular problems which can engage the attention of the enquirer into nature. First we have a foundation of Primitive rocks destitute of these remains. In the next succeeding series, that of the Transition, corals &c. different from those now known, appear at first sparingly. The Fossil remains of the carboniferous limestone are nearly the same as those of the Transition rocks, but more abundant. The coal beds which repose on this limestone, abound only in vegetable remains, ferns, flags, reeds of unknown species, and large trunks of succulent plants, unknown to the present globe. Upon the coal, are beds that contain marine remains. Then a long space intervenes, destitute almost, if not quite, of organic remains, preparing, as it were, the way for a new order of things. This order commences with corals, enchrinites, &c.—fishes and marine quadrupeds, widely different from those of the Transition rocks, before mentioned. Hitherto the remains are always petrified, i. e., impregnated with the mineral substances in which they are imbedded; but lastly, in the Strata above the chalk, we find shells merely preserved, and in such a state, that when the clay or sand in which they lie is washed off, they might appear to be recent, had they not lost their colour and become brittle. Here we find beds of marine shells alternating, occur-

ring by turns, with those that are peculiar to fresh water; so that they seem to have been deposited by alternate inundations of fresh and salt water. In the highest of the regular strata, we at length find an identity with the shells at present existing on the same coast. And lastly, over all these Strata indiscriminately, there is a covering of gravel, containing the remains of numerous land quadrupeds, many of them of unknown genera or species, such as the mastodon and the mammoth, or fossil species of elephant, the bear, the rhinoceros, and the elk, unlike the living species; mingled with others that are strangers to the climates in which the remains are found, such as Hyænas, &c., yet associated with many that at present occupy the same countries.

MAT.—These are, indeed, most wonderful discoveries. As I hear of them, I feel more surprised at my former ignorance, than at the newly-gained information. I feel almost ashamed to have walked over the ground so long, without asking, or even thinking what it might possibly conceal.

ANNE.—The idea which the whole conveys of the creation, is so different from my previous notions of it, I scarcely know how at once to comprehend it. I thought the world was as God at the beginning made it, in the same form, and peopled with the same beings he then placed on it; and I thought we knew all the changes it had undergone since that first creation. But there seems to have been more and longer operations than can have been performed in the short period of man's existence upon the earth.

MRS. L.—It does appear so. Still I am satisfied you will on reflection find nothing in it that disagrees with the Mosaic account of the creation. For I must again remind you, that the Bible history of the creation relates only to *our* creation—the beginning of that state of the earth, of which man was the subject, and in which he was to act his part. It is not said in Scrip-

ture that the globe did not exist before. God, knowing his own purposes, might have been preparing it for ages before he began the six days' work, in which, of a mass unformed and void, he made this beautiful creation. Some commentators on Scripture, I mean some divines, for I am not aware that any Geologist has suggested this, have thought that the days of the creation were, like the prophetic days, very long periods of time. It signifies nothing to religion, or to the truth of Scripture, whether this was so or not; and I do not know why any one, from pious feelings, should take offence at the suggestion. Still it is a mere conjecture; and I should not have mentioned it to you, but that these are things you must hear of in conversation, and therefore had better know the value of: and also because I would show you, there are more ways than one, by which what we see and know, and therefore cannot deny, in the formation and present appearances of the earth, may be reconciled with the words of divine revelation; and that the study of God's works is not, as you told me you had heard, calculated to shake our belief of his words.

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## SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

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### CONVERSATION X.

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CLASS ARTICULATA—SUB-CLASS INSECTS.

#### *Their Habitations.*

ANNA.—You told me, papa, I recollect, that, in introducing me to an acquaintance with insects, you should introduce me to the first geometicians, the first architects, the first miners, the first weavers, the first paper-makers, and the first employers of diving-bells and air-pumps.—



PAPA.—And you wish me to make good my assertion, I suppose. Well, if you will follow me to their various habitations, I think I can easily fulfil it. We will first pay a visit to the hive bees, which form their cells on the most exact geometrical principles. If the problem had been proposed to the most profound geometer, how, at the smallest expense of space and material, to form cells of the greatest possible strength and capacity, he could not have devised a better plan than that they have adopted. They do not make them cylindrical; for that shape would have left numberless superfluous vacuities—nor square or triangular; for then a greater quantity of wax would have been required—but hexagonal; by which form, as well as by other peculiarities in their structure, the advantages of which, as you are no geometrician, I fear you would not comprehend, the cells of the bees are rendered convenient to themselves at the least possible expense both of material and of room; and, at the same time, are made much stronger than they could have been by any other arrangement.

MAMA.—The interior of a bee-hive is one of the most astonishing things in nature. It is, in truth, a city in miniature, divided into streets which contain habitations for the citizens, store-houses for corn, and palaces for the sovereign.

ANNA.—I should very much like to be well acquainted with the history of bees, for I think it must be extremely interesting.

PAPA.—Indeed it is: but before I digress on that subject, I must fulfil the task you have assigned me. I have said enough to prove their geometrical skill; and every thing else you wish to know, you may gather for yourself from Huber's amusing account of them.

ANNA.—I suppose, papa, you call the bees architects too, as well as geometricians.

PAPA.—Yes: the bee tribes generally are remarkable for their architectural skill. The different species of wild bees especially, form very curious habitations.

Some may be termed *carpenters*; particularly the *apis violacea*, found in the south of Europe, which bores herself a dwelling, twelve or fifteen inches long, in a piece of wood, and divides it into ten or twelve apartments, with a mortar formed of a glutinous substance, mixed with the sawdust. Another, the *apis muraria*, which deserves to be called the *mason bee*, forms herself a castle of sand agglutinated together, which, when finished, is a solid mass of stone, so hard as not easily to be penetrated by a pen-knife: and a third tribe, the hangers of tapestry or upholsterers, excavate holes in the earth, and line them with an elegant coating of flowers or of leaves. The poppy bee, especially, lines hers with the scarlet petals of the wild poppy; and the interesting leaf-cutter bees, fill theirs with several thimble-shaped cells, composed of portions of leaves so curiously convoluted, that, if we did not know who guides even the insect to discretion, we should never credit their being the work of such artificers.

MAMA.—The ant tribes, as well as the bees, are, I believe, remarkable for the skill they display in the structure of their habitations.

PAPA.—All the insects of the *hymenopterous* order are skilful architects; but ants certainly surpass the rest in the magnitude of their edifices. I believe those of the large red ants, common in woods, are the most stupendous to be met with in this country. These nests, which are sometimes nearly as big as small hay cocks, are externally a rude mass, formed of pieces of straw, fragments of wood, leaves, in short of any portable material within the ants' reach; but internally they present a very different appearance, and are composed of numerous apartments of different sizes, communicating with each other by means of galleries, and arranged in separate stories; some very deep in the earth, others a considerable height above it; the former for the reception of the young in cold weather and at night, the latter adapted to their use in the day time. These nests,

however, are mere mole hills, compared with the erections of other insects, apparently of the same species, in warmer climates. Stedman tells us, that in Surinam, he once passed ant-hills six feet high, and at least one hundred feet in circumference; the internal architecture of which was, without doubt, magnificent in proportion. But even these are trifling, in comparison with the immense structures of some of the *termites* or white ants. I have read a very interesting account of a species common in Guinea and other parts of the coast of Africa, which form nests entirely of clay generally twelve feet high and broad in proportion; so that a cluster of them, when placed together, may be taken for an African village, and are, in fact, often larger than the huts which the natives inhabit. These nests, or houses, as they might more properly be styled, are divided into various apartments for the habitations of the king and queen, and for nurseries and magazines; and contain domes, colonnades, nay even stair cases or bridges, strengthened by arches of immense size which are not excavated, but projected with all the skill of an engineer. These astonishing architects moreover form innumerable subterranean roads or tunnels, some twelve or thirteen inches in diameter, leading from the metropolis into the adjoining country to the distance of several hundred feet; before which, comparing the different sizes of the workmen, the boasted Roman aqueducts dwindle into insignificance.

ANNA.—These insects must be very large to be able to perform such gigantic labours.

PAPA.—No; they are scarcely the fourth of an inch in length. But you must remember that ants are celebrated, even by an inspired writer, for diligence. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," says Solomon, "consider her ways, and be wise."

MAMA.—They must be remarkable for their perseverance too: nothing but the most persevering diligence could accomplish such astonishing works.

PAPA.—They are, and this part of the ants' character once led to very important results, which affected a large portion of the globe. It is said that it was the sight of the unremitting endeavours and final success of an ant, which after sixty-nine fruitless attempts to carry a grain of corn to the top of a wall, in the seventieth succeeded, that encouraged the famous Timour, at a moment when he lay sheltering from his enemies, and in an apparently hopeless condition, to persevere in spite of all his difficulties: he remembered the lesson, and became one of the most extensive and famous conquerors.

MAMA.—That is an anecdote worth knowing: who would have thought that a little ant was the prompter to the daring exploits of Timour!

PAPA.—It conveys to all a lesson which it is desirable to remember: and I would advise these young people to think of Timour's ant whenever they feel inclined to yield to discouragements and to relax their exertions.

ANNA.—Well, papa; you have fully made good your promise respecting geometricians and architects;—

PAPA.—And miners too, I think. When I spoke of the first miners; however, I had numerous insects that burrow in the ground in view; particularly the mole-cricket, which will sometimes undermine whole gardens; and in wet and swampy places will excavate for itself very curious habitations.

ANNA.—I think I can point out the first weaver myself, papa:—no one who has seen the thick Caterpillar's webs on the hedges, or who has watched the process of the silkworm and clothes' moth, and many other insects which envelop themselves in Cocoons, can be at a loss to discover who they are: but I am very curious to know who were the first manufacturers of that useful article, paper.

PAPA.—Another insect of the *Hymenopterous* order, and one that is no favourite of yours, Anna—the wasp.

ANNE.—The wasp! papa?

PAPA.—Yes. I have a wasp's nest here which I will

shew you. You see externally it is surrounded by a thick coating of numerous layers of grayish paper: internally it contains from twelve to fifteen circular combs of different sizes, which are each composed of a numerous assemblage of hexagonal cells, formed of the same paper-like substance. These cells are not like those of bees, partly intended for store houses; but serve merely as the habitations of their young.

HENRY.—The wasps are miners too, are they not, father?

PAPA.—Yes; many of them place their nests a considerable way, often a foot and a half, under ground. Some species of them, however, construct their dwellings in open daylight, affixing them to the branches of shrubs and trees.

HENRY.—Ah! I remember seeing one which had been found hanging to some projection in the roof of an old out-house. It was not much larger than an egg, but more globular.

ANNA.—But, papa, how do they manufacture the paper, of which these nests are formed?

PAPA.—They make it, my dear, of a material which you will perhaps think little adapted to the purpose, namely, the fibres of wood. By means of their jaws, they detach these from window-frames, posts, or any other sound timber; and when they have amassed a heap of the filaments, they moisten the whole with a few drops of a viscid glue from their mouth, and kneading it with their jaws into a sort of paste, or *papier mâché*, fly off with it to their nest. This ductile mass they attach to that part of the building upon which they are at work, walking backwards and spreading it into laminæ as thin as a sheet of writing paper, by means of their jaws, tongues, and legs.

HENRY.—I believe the nests of the hornet, in their general construction, resemble those of the common wasp.

PAPA.—The paper of which they are composed is of a much rougher texture.

MAMA.—There are many curious vespiaries in our own country; but none are so singular and elegant as that of the *polistes nidulans*, or paper wasp of Cayenne. It is constructed of a beautifully polished white paste-board, so solid as to be impenetrable by the weather. This elegant nest is in shape somewhat like a bell, often a foot and a half long; and is fixed, by its upper end, to the branch of a tree, from which it is securely suspended. Its interior is fitted up with numerous combs, for the reception and convenience of its inhabitants.

ANNA.—How very beautiful it must look among the green leaves!

PAPA.—You are satisfied as it respects the paper-makers, I hope.

ANNA.—O yes, papa; I had no idea of any thing so interesting.

PAPA.—Well then; now for the first employers of diving bells and air pumps. For the former I must, I believe, have recourse to the spiders, which are not, in Cuvier's classification, reckoned among insects. The aquatic spider, an inhabitant of the water, constructs for herself an apartment as wonderful as the grottos of the mermaids and sea-nymphs of fable. She first spins loose threads, which may be called the frame work of her chamber, attached, in various directions, to the leaves of aquatic plants; and over them she spreads a transparent varnish, resembling liquid glass, which is so elastic as to be capable of great expansion and contraction; and if a hole be made in it will immediately close again. She then spreads a pellicle of the same material over her abdomen, ascends to the surface of the water, and fills this pellicle with a bubble of air; which, descending again, she introduces beneath the roof prepared for its reception. She repeats this operation ten or twelve times, until she has transported a sufficient quantity of air to expand her diving bell to the intended extent, and when

she has done that, she dwells under it, in a commodious and dry retreat, in the very midst of the water.

ANNA.—I suppose you referred to the feet of flies when you spoke of air pumps.

PAPA.—No; I had an insect in view, the caterpillar of a little moth, which knows how to imitate this machine, and can produce a vacuum, when necessary for its purposes, without any piston besides its own body. And now, Anna, I hope I have fulfilled my task to your satisfaction.

ANNA.—O, quite, papa; and I am very much obliged to you.

PAPA.—You will agree with me, I think, that the habitations of insects evince far greater sagacity than those of most other animals. If I had time I could amuse you much longer with accounts of them. I must, however, just advert to the numerous galls, which are formed by the insertion of the eggs of the different species of *Cynips* or gall-flies on the leaves, stalks, roots, and even buds of plants, and which become the habitations of their larvæ. They assume the most whimsical forms, and produce various excrescences, which puzzled some of the old botanists not a little. Among these excrescences is the rose of the *rose-willow*, which Gerard describes as “not only making a gallant shew, but also yeelding a most cooling aire in the heat of summer, being set up in houses for the decking of the same.” This willow is nothing more than one of the common kind, whose twigs, in consequence of the deposition of the egg of a *Cynip* in their summits, shoot out there into numerous leaves, not unlike the flower of a rose. And from the same cause the twigs of the common wild rose often throw out a beautiful tuft of numerous reddish, moss-like fibres, wholly dissimilar from the leaves of the plant. Among the habitations of insects too I ought not to forget the little circular holes frequently to be seen in old furniture, which are excavated by the larvæ of a species of the *Anobia* or timber-boring beetles, nor the white







Wild Cherry Tree.

*Prunus Cerasus.*

*Icosandra Monogynia.*

zig-zag lines often observable on the leaves of the dandelion, bramble, and numerous other plants; which are caused by the *parenchyma*, or pulpy substance of the leaf, having been eaten away by the little caterpillar which inhabits them. But for information on all these, and numerous other particulars well worth your knowing, you must read and inquire for yourself. Z. Z.

## DESCRIPTION OF BRITISH TREES.

### No. XII.

Wild Cherry—*Prunus Cerasus*.

THE Cherry is generally considered as among the British Trees, being very frequently found in the wild state. It is probable, however, that it was not a native of England originally; but has become indigenous by the stones being scattered abroad from the Cherries of the garden. It is botanically a *Prunus*, Plum, of the Class *Icosandria Monogynia*, and of the same Genus as the Plums, Sloes, &c.

"It loves a sandy soil and an elevated situation. The gum that exudes from this tree is equal to Gum Arabic. Haselquoit relates that one hundred men, during a siege, were kept alive for more than two months, without any other sustenance than a little of this gum taken into the mouth sometimes, and suffered gradually to dissolve. The common people eat the fruit either fresh or dried; and it is frequently infused in brandy for the sake of its flavour. The wood is hard and tough. It is used by the turner, and is formed into chairs, and stained to imitate mahogany. This tree is the original stock from which many of the cultivated kinds are derived."—LINN.

This tree is very proper to plant in parks, because it grows to a large size, and makes a very beautiful appearance. In the Spring, when in full flower, it is highly ornamental. It thrives in poor land much better than most other sorts. The French often plant it for avenues to their houses. They also cultivate it in their woods for hoops, for which purpose they esteem it much. In Scotland, this tree is called the *Geen Tree*."—HUNTER.

"I rank this amongst the forest berry-bearing trees, frequent in the hedges and growing wild in Herefordshire and many places; for I speak not here of our orchard Cherries, said to have been brought into Kent out of Flanders, by Henry VIII. They will thrive in

stately trees, beautified with blossoms of surprising whiteness, greatly relieving the sedulous bee, and attracting birds."—EVELYN.

Of the beauty of our garden Cherry Trees, and the variety and excellence of their fruits, we need not to be informed. The Cherry is said to have been first brought into Italy from the East.

"On celebre à Hambourg, à des certaines époques, une fête appelée *la fête des cerises*; pendant cette solennité, on promène des troupes d'enfans dans les rues, et chaque enfant tient un rameau vert et des cerises. Voici l'origine de cette fête. En 1432, les Hussites menacèrent la ville de Hambourg d'une destruction prochaine. Un bourgeois, nommé Wolf, proposa d'envoyer en députation suppliante aux ennemis, tous les enfans de sept à quatorze ans, enveloppés dans les draps mortuaires. Procope Nasus, chef des Hussites, fut touché de ce spectacle; il accueillit ces jeunes suppliants, les régala avec cerises et d'autres fruits, et leur promit d'épargner la ville, ce qu'il fit en effet. Les enfans revinrent couronnés de feuillages, tenant des cerises et en criant victoire. La fête fut instituée en souvenir de cet événement."—GENLIS.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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### THE SABBATH'S RETURN.

HAIL to thee, Day of Pleasure, Day of Love!  
 Brightly descending from above,  
 With so much of Heaven itself upon thy wing,  
 As is in the bright glistening  
 Of the first morning dew-drops of the beam  
 That shines upon it with so rich a stream,  
 It seems itself a gem—and would be one,  
 If not so quickly gone.

O how I love thee! Every other day—  
 Like the worn pack-horse, weary as he lay  
 Beneath his burthen, waked at dawn  
 To make his journey on—  
 The bosom, ne'er ungirdled of its care,  
 The pulse of yesternight still throbbing there,  
 Wakes to its eager doings—toiling still  
 Or come there good or ill.

On every other day there seems to be  
A doubtful haziness about the ray  
That meets my opening eyelids—a doubt,  
So I might choose, if I would wake or not—  
It seems to need an effort, to go forth  
And do the hindish day's-work of the earth,  
For some small profit of enjoyment made,  
And likely never paid.

O how I love thee! So unlike thy rays  
To the precursors of all other days,  
They give no sound to battle or to toil.  
Drowsy forgetfulness loit'ring awhile  
Upon the wak'ning senses, ere I know  
Why thou art welcome, I can feel thee so.  
A holy stillness waits on thy returnings,  
Unlike all other mornings.

What is there for to-day! Nothing to day,  
Except to go our willing, happy way  
In search of Him we love; and calmly sit  
In lowly adoration at his feet—  
To gather deeper knowledge of his ways,  
Or list his promises, or sing his praise—  
To doff the bosom's working-dress of care,  
And clothe its poverty in Sunday gear,  
More fitting for his presence—still not fit,  
But as He dresses it.

Ye happy, happy moments! Will they say,  
Ye're not of His appointing? Not a day  
That He has hallowed for himself and claimed,  
And as it were redeemed  
From the long servitude of time, to be  
From sin's hard penance free?  
A part reclaimed of what was once his own,  
His undivided own?

O cease to say so! Why forbid the breast  
Its some few moments of recover'd rest?  
It must be of His doing—a design  
So kind, so tender, proves itself divine.  
He who in his anger bade us toil  
To win subsistence from the sin-cursed soil—  
First emblem of his mercy's rich behest,  
Alone can bid us rest.

## THE BEACON LIGHT.

SHE went that day  
 A weary way,  
 Her white sails flapping o'er her :  
 She was alone—  
 They all were gone—  
 They had reach'd their home before her.

The zephyrs play'd  
 About her head—  
 They were too light to move her :  
 The glassy tide  
 Slept at her side,  
 As she heav'd so heavily over.

'Twas nought to her  
 That sun so fair  
 That was shining gaily round her—  
 In all his light,  
 She saw no sight,  
 But the cold, cold waves that bound her.

Afar, afar !  
 Is there nothing there ?  
 Has that streak no speck behind it ?  
 She look'd again—  
 In vain, in vain—  
 She could not, could not find it.

The darkness came—  
 There was a gleam  
 Like a spark from the avil-driven—  
 'Twas there her home—  
 Welcome ! Welcome !  
 'Twas the beacon light of her haven.

Hours of woe !  
 So sad, so slow,  
 By the shades of sorrow clouded !  
 Can ye show me where  
 There shines afar  
 What days too bright have shrouded ?

That holy flame  
 Which burns so dim.

While the light of earth is on it—  
And sends no ray  
To mark the way  
Till pleasure has foregone it.

Oh! let the sun  
Of earth go down—  
There's nought of all it shines for,  
To me so bright  
As the beacon light,  
Of the home my bosom pines for.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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1. *Maternal Solitude.* Price 5s.—*Practical Hints to Young Females.* Price 5s.—*Reciprocal Duties of Parents and Children.* Price 5s.—*Family Mansion.* Price 5s. 6d.—*Retrospection.* Price 6s.—*Present of a Mistress to a young Servant.* Price 3s. 6d.—*Itinerary of a Traveller in the Wilderness.* Price 5s. 6d.—*Correspondence between a Mother and Daughter at School.* Price 5s. By Mrs. Taylor.
2. *Advice to the Teens.* Price 5s.—*Self-Cultivation.* Price 5s.—*Character essential to Success in Life.* Price 5s.—*Elements of Thought.* Price 4s. 6d. By Isaac Taylor.
3. *Display.* Price 6s.—*Essays in Rhyme.* Price 6s.—*Original Poems.*—*Hymns for Infant minds.*—*Contributions of Q. Q.* Price 9s. By Jane Taylor.  
—Hessey and Co.

WE announced in a former number, an intention, long since formed, of noticing altogether the works that have appeared by different members of this family; as it is in our plan to do with the works of Miss Edgeworth and others who have written for young people. However presumptuous and useless it may seem to those who are living in the reading world, to offer our opinion of works

on whose merits the publick has long since decided, it must be remembered that there are those at a distance who expect from us such opinions—who have not read these popular works, nor have time to read them; and yet wish to know what they are, before they purchase them for the libraries of their rising family, or give them to their humbler neighbours. With respect to the above works, we have been in the more haste to fulfil our intention, because it has been told us that some of our young friends have considered our late mention of Miss Taylor as in some sense depreciating her character and her works. If any have really received this impression, we beg them to put it aside, and amend what we are disposed to call their mistake, rather than ours. When we said that the fair beach-blossom which blows with so pure a petal, and dying leaves so exquisite a fruit, is not the brilliant Cestus that lives so gaily and dies so uselessly, we gave even the youngest of our readers credit for knowing which to value most. We do ourselves so truly love goodness better than talent, that when we painted the one feature more markedly than the other, we thought we sketched a favourable portrait. If our young readers are of another mind, a few years' trial of the metals in the world's furnace, will teach them which is gold—which, without a metaphor, is the highest praise. Ah! doubtless, could the sainted spirit speak from its abode of blessedness, and if there the talk of man can reach it, it would tell us that while the fame of genius, talent and distinction, is but as the vapour of a lamp that has expired, the praise of solid piety and enduring usefulness, is as a sweet-savoured sacrifice left burning on the earth, when the hand that has tended it is dismissed its task.

The first named set of these works, the productions of Mrs. Taylor, though each one aiming at some especial purpose, as designated in the title, are nearly all of the same character. They are either tales of middle life, or simple expostulatory addresses to females of that class, on

points of conduct and moral character, affecting the ordinary circumstances of domestick duty. As the class of persons for whom these works are intended, is, we suppose, the largest, Mrs. Taylor has chosen a wide field of usefulness, and she has chosen the style of writing most calculated to please and instruct them—plainness and truth in the writing, characterised by judgment and good sense; and grounded on religious principle when not intended for religious writings. Mrs. Taylor's *Stories* can never be objected to as approaching to the character of novels—a great objection to many works now written for the humbler classes of the reading world, to whom novel reading, under whatever colour, is more injurious even than to their superiors—because there is not the counteraction of extensive reading and more solid instruction. But these stories are the home scenery of common life—things as they occur to every body every day—not the picturesque varieties of character and circumstance that the novelist delights in; therefore they can neither excite the imagination, nor mislead youthful expectation. We much wish the writers of moral and religious fiction for the young of all ranks, would consider the difference between these two sorts of stories. It is no small commendation of these, and all the other works of this family of authors, that a lady can give them to her servants, her humbler neighbours, and, as far as suits their age and condition, to her children; without turning over the pages first to see if there is any mischief in them—a confidence that the name of very few, even of good writers, can inspire.

The second set of works, by Isaac Taylor, are designed to answer the same purpose to young men, and are full of wholesome advice to those to whom they are addressed. The *Elements of Thought* only is of a different cast. We have already recommended it as a very useful elementary work, with which we wish our young people to make themselves well acquainted as an introduction to the study of the human mind.



Of Miss Taylor's works we find no more than we have already mentioned. Their extensive circulation has marked their worth. With her pretty baby rhymes, so deservedly the intimates of every nursery, our readers are probably more acquainted than ourselves.

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## INTELLIGENCE

FROM A YOUNG LADY IN LONDON TO HER FRIENDS  
IN THE COUNTRY.

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MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

It was agreed, when my departure broke up our little parties, that I should still contribute to your entertainment, by telling you what people talk about in London. You guessed they must talk about something—that there must be some one thing of particular interest in the talking world, exercising the wisdom or occupying the idleness of the multitude. One thing our ignorance of London made us overlook—every body here is not interested in the same thing, as they are in our village. There, if you make a round of calls, every one addresses you on the same topics—and to make yourself agreeable you have only to repeat in one visit what you heard in the last—every thing is every body's concern. Here, you may just step from one street to the next, and if you mention what has occupied your whole heart in the last, they look strange, and wonder what you talk about. Perhaps this is good news to you—you think subjects of interest must be plenty, where every set has one to itself. But then, my dear, it is often interesting only to themselves, though they tell you all the world is talking about it. Among them, I do not despair of finding something that will interest you, at two hundred miles distance from this great world, or rather this congregation of little worlds.

I had not been many days in town, before different friends proposed successively to introduce me to Angerstein's Pictures, Madame Pasta, and the Freemason's Hall. With the last I shall occupy this letter, because it is that of which all *my* world is talking. And I can assure you we had very wrong ideas upon the subject. I remember when, last year, there appeared in our village a few pincushions which we bought, and a great many pamphlets which we did not read, on behalf of the Jewish, Hibernian, and some other societies, we gave our money because we did not want it, laughed at the good people who were going to convert the world by the sale of pincushions, and condescendingly giving them the credit of good intentions, took to ourselves the praise of better judgment, in that we expended our charitable pains on the poor of our own neighbourhood. Now I have seen those great undertakings at their source, I am cured of my contempt for its small extremities; and I do not despair to cure you of putting your initials in good Mrs. Butler's book; because you are ashamed to see your name there in full, and while you give willingly a shilling for her pincushions, remunerating yourself with full a shilling's worth of ridicule at her useless expenditure of time. The small droppings of the summer shower form springs that might inundate the world; and I find where Mary Butler's dribblets deposit themselves, that which, if human means might do it, would indeed seem sufficient to convert a world.

I cannot tell you all I felt on seeing assembled some thousands, I suppose, of persons—not of good old souls, like Mary Butler, or pious ranters, like our preaching shoe-maker—such as we wisely supposed to constitute these associations—but of the first, and best, and wisest of the land—men of learning, rank, and name, and ladies, than whom society can produce none more highly cultivated, more rational, sensible, and devout. I shall not give you an account of the proceedings, speeches, &c. I can send you better reports than mine, and I trust you will

now read before you consign them to the office of fire-lighting. I will rather tell you my impressions from the whole. Not the least surprise was the extent to which these societies have carried their work, the large sums they receive and expend, and the numbers to whom the benefit has been extended. It was mentioned in one society, that, since its establishment, a thousand pounds had been received by the sale of Ladies' work. I thought of Mrs. Butler's pincushions. At another, by penny collections—I forget how much—the report will tell you. It will tell you also the thousands of hitherto despised, neglected, and abandoned creatures, who in the remotest corners where wretchedness can hide, have been sought out and taught, or at least put into the way to learn, the truths and blessings of religion. For the first time I doubted whether I or Mrs. Butler had done the most good. I, in reading the Scriptures to the few poor people of our village, who, though they cannot read, have other means of hearing it; or she in sending that same word of life to the Irish cabin, whither no knowledge of it would ever else have penetrated. Another thing quite novel to my feelings, was to hear things sacred, that in our social circle we lower our voices when we speak of—words that we are not used to pronounce but in the office of devotion, or those communications that pass in private between minds agreed—to hear these names pronounced, and these things produced in such an assembly, had at the first an indescribable effect. I cannot say that the feeling was simply pleasurable—I believe for the first moments it was altogether painful. I had never been in a crowd of this sort, since I had found it at a rout or a theatre. It might be some remaining association in the memory, that made me at the first sounding of the words of Scripture and the name of the Deity, start at the seeming incongruity. A little reflection, however, changed the feeling. That the name of God should sound strangely any where, is the result of man's corruption. Had he remained in inno-

cence we should have talked religiously always. If it now startles us to hear the language of devotion out of church, in the hall, or in the market place; it is the feeling that is in the wrong; not the innovation. The language of devotion should never—no, never seem out of place: for it should be the language of our bosoms always; as it would have been the only language of our lips, had sin not divided us from our God.

Many persons present objected to what they called the theatrical applause—the clapping. I know not what I might say, reasoning of it at home—but while there, I could not willingly have foregone the feelings it excited, to hear the applause grow louder as the sentiments grew better—not humanly better, in the brilliancy of the expression, or the force of the oratory—but more bold in truth, more pure in principle, more exalted in piety. If it is gratifying to hear one man deliver truth, it is more gratifying to hear multitudes welcome it. You may think the applause is rather to the orator than to the sentiment—but had you been with me you would have perceived it otherwise. I took particular notice—it was not the finest sentence, but the purest truth, that brought the loudest approbation; and to the heart that loves truth, how gladdening was the sound that hailed it.

If every body goes to these meetings, of course every body talks about them—and some who do not trouble themselves to go, do yet venture to talk. Some people call it religious dissipation, and maintain that it is the same in effect as all other kinds of dissipation. This is a charge to be considered—because, if it be just, it is as much worse than the amusements of the world, as hypocrisy is worse than folly. On the part of those who conduct these meetings, I do not think the charge is worth a reply—their names are the best answer. On behalf of ourselves, who are the auditors, there needs, if not an answer, at least a serious examination, how far it is possible that we do indeed go to

be amused, to be seen, to be excited, to follow the fashion, and move with the crowd. But if this is possibly, it cannot be necessarily so. The secret motives of a few, or of many, however fatal to themselves, do not change the character of the thing. It is not true that a crowd in Freemason's Hall is the same thing as a crowd at Almack's or the Mansion House—it is in itself a very different thing. Here is no opportunity of personal display—no necessary excitation of evil passions—not much occasion of idle talk, and none of forgetfulness of God and immortality, the chief objections to fashionable assemblies. Multitudes came together when the Saviour preached—and though few indeed of that multitude came for good, we do not read that their assembling was lamented or condemned—the reproach was not that they assembled, but that they separated unimproved: by which I conclude, not that Christians are forbidden to be in a crowd, but that they are to beware of the motive with which they go, and the impression they bring away.

Again, I hear some friends of religion doubt, if these assemblies tend to our spiritual good. From my own experience, maturely reflected upon, I am inclined to think they do not. But this is an individual experience; and supposing it a general one, I know not that it is any reason against our being there. The soldier goes to the battle field, not to learn his duty, but to do it—the subject obeys his sovereign's call, not to increase his loyalty, but to shew it. If we can do good, or incite others to do good, the purpose is answered, though we may not receive that spiritual benefit to ourselves, which I am satisfied may better be looked for in the secret devotions of the chamber, or the calm of the Sabbath service. I think it is quite enough, if we are sure we get no harm. That is indeed an if of most deep importance: for in this only case, self-sacrifice is sin. No motive of benevolence, no desire for the glory of God, no prospective of good, though it

were the conversion of half a world, would be acceptable in Heaven, to the wilful injury of our own souls; because it is a certain evil for a presumptive good—God can do without our services, but he cannot away with our sins. If, therefore, it is the feeling of any individual, that his mind is dissipated, his passions excited, or his after devotions deadened by these tumultuous demonstrations of piety, it must be his individual duty to stay away. But this again, is not a general question, though personally an important one, especially to young Christians.

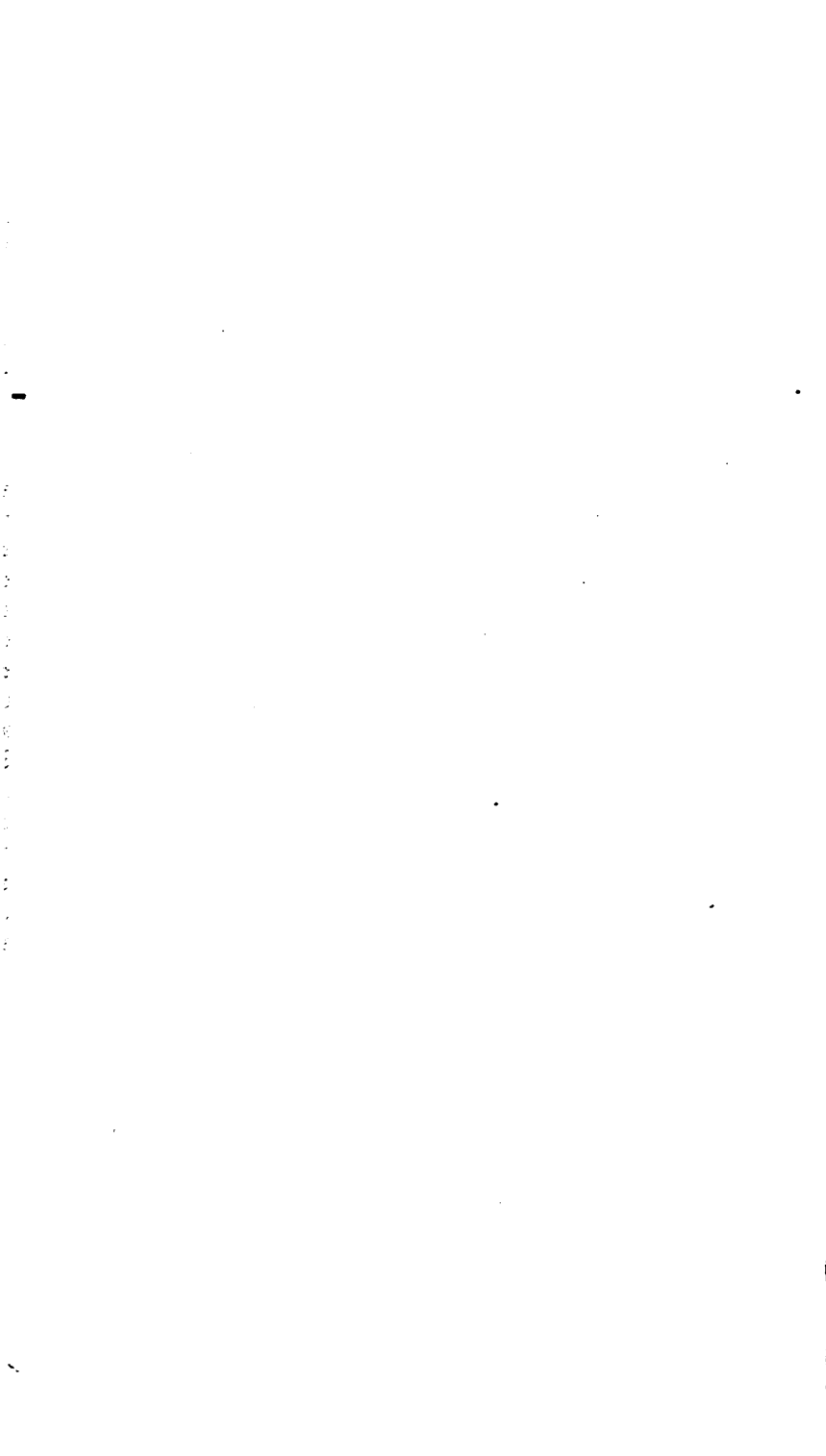
You see, dear E., I am very carefully answering all objections, because I wish you to take up the interest of these Societies; and you will have them to encounter in your own mind, if not elsewhere. I know not which of the all good, especially to recommend to you. I love the Jewish cause, because from my heart I love the Jews. Base and degraded as they are, they are the children of God's chosen people. How does he call them his Beloved! What curses has he written against those, who even in their degradation shall despise them! They have been the most distinguished beings upon earth, and they must be so again. Their unparalleled adversity gives them but the deeper interest in our hearts. It is as if we should see the once cherished offspring of our best and dearest friend in want and misery. The miraculous past, and the mysterious future, our whole salvation's history, associated with the name of Israel, give to them, I confess, no common interest in my feelings. And though this Society may do nothing towards converting them as a nation, it does much in rescuing their children from ignorance and misery, and bringing individuals to salvation.

But then again the Irish Societies—that interesting, wronged and neglected people, perishing in darkness at the doors of our habitations, while the light of God shines abundantly within, and we will not open them that they may see it. A Collector told me this morning that one

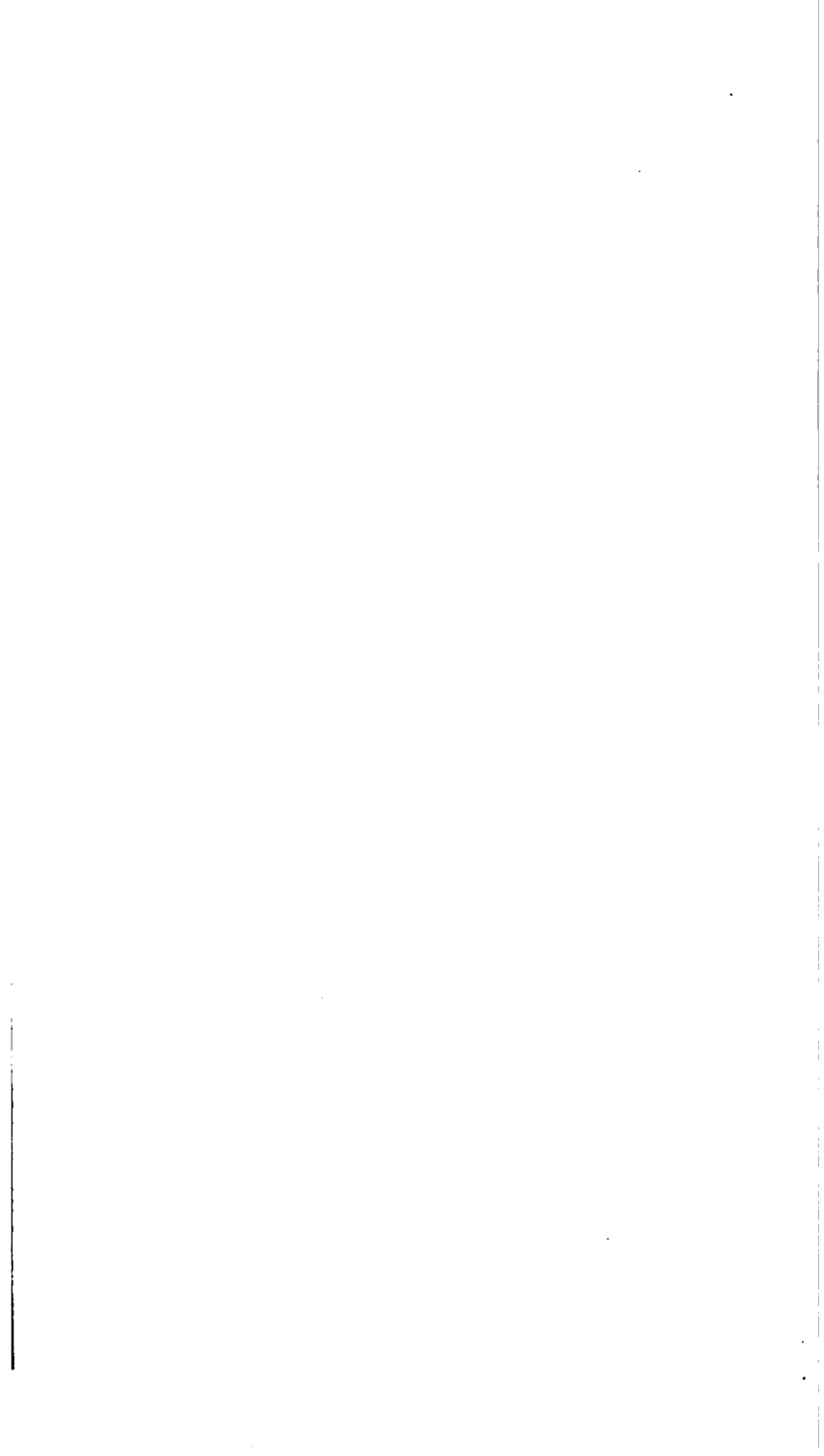
guinea would pay the expenses of instruction for five children. When I consider those moments in which I, with all the indulgences of life about me, am obliged to go to my Bible for the happiness they cannot yield, and find in its balm a cure for every painful feeling, I think of the poor Irish peasant in her smoky cabin—hungry, naked, vicious—her best enjoyment, just to escape pain—her best hope, not quite to starve. And she has no Bible! That she in her misery should want, what I in my prosperity cannot do without, is a thought that will not let me rest till I have done something to procure her one. But alas! she could not read it. Then I fancy the child who can read, taking its Bible home to the parents who cannot; and—but I must not fancy. The truth must be, that if people feel no interest about distributing Bibles, it is because they do not know the value of a Bible—their hearts never beat with gratitude at the sight of one—they never wept for joy at what it tells. Either their hearts have never ached, or they have never tried this method to relieve them. But we, dear E., who do know, must want humanity, to say nothing of piety towards God, if we feel no warmth in this matter, nor exert ourselves to the utmost to forward these undertakings. Whether you make pincushions or buy them, collect money or pay it, I leave to your choice—but something you must do. This is by far too long a letter—but I could not abridge my first attempt at news-telling. The next shall be shorter.

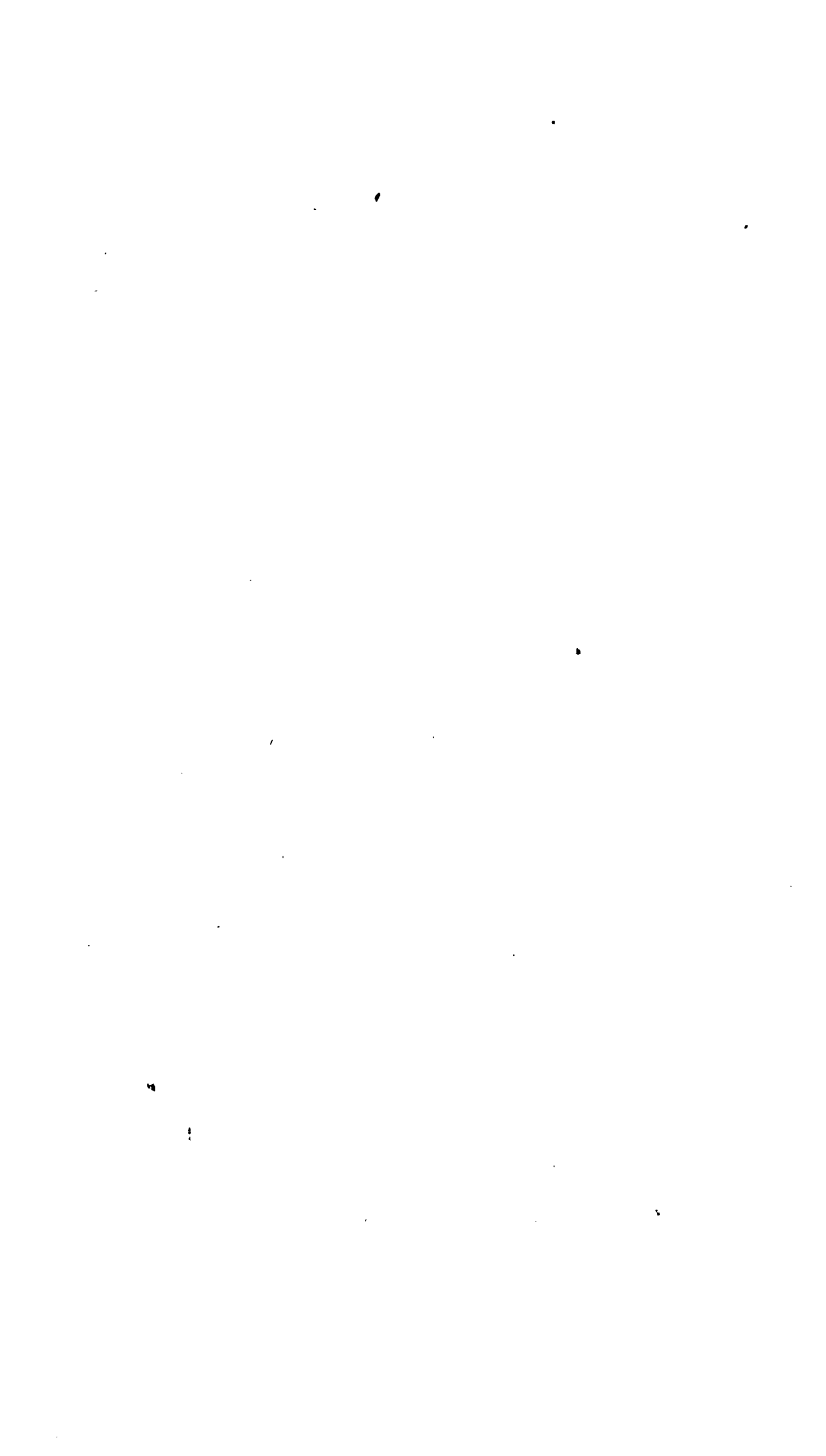
Yours, &c.

MARIA.











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